The Christmas Number of The Bookman.

"I AM A BOOKMAN."—JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of THE BOOKMAN, ST. PAUL'S HOUSE, WARWICK SQUARE, LONDON, E.C.4.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The portrait of Rupert Brooke on the cover of this Number is from a photograph by Sherril Schell supplied by Mr. Emery Walker, who is publishing a beautifully reproduced portrait of Rupert Brooke, mounted for framing, at a shilling.

The latest addition to Messrs. Williams & Norgate's admirable Home University Library series is "Serbia," a study of the people and their story from their coming to the Balkans in the sixth century to the present day. It is a timely and deeply interesting book by L. F. Waring, with a preface by Jovan M. Jovanovitch, the Serbian Minister in London.

H.M. the Queen has accepted a copy of "Motherhood and the Relation of the Sexes," by C. Gascoigne Hartley, recently published by Mr. Eveleigh Nash; the letter of acceptance stating that "the Queen is glad to possess the book."

Mr. C. H. Poole, LL.D., is editing a series of volumes, "The Poets of the Shires," which Messrs. N. Ling & Co. are publishing. The first volume, "Warwickshire Poets," is ready. To the Staffordshire volume Mr. Coulson Kernahan is to contribute the article on S. J. Stone, who wrote some of our most famous hymns. Stone is the subject of one of the essays in Mr. Kernahan's "In Good Company," which was published last spring by Mr. John Lane.

Photo by Bassano.

The Hon. Gerald William Grenfell, 2nd Lieut., Rifle Brigade,

who was killed leading a charge near Hooge, July 30th, 1915. Brother of Captain Julian Grenfell, referred to in our article on "Soldier-Poets who have fallen in the War." They were the sons of Lord Desborough.

From Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co. we have received the first section of "Wild Life of the World," by Richard Lydekker, F.R.S., a goodly volume of 128 pages containing some seventy illustrations in colour and black-and-white. Mr. Lydekker belonged to a family of Dutch descent which settled in Bedfordshire more than a century ago. He had been for many years preparing this work, and had given the sheets his final revision and passed it for press before his death in April, 1915. "Wild Life of the World" is a general natural history—a descriptive survey of the geographical distribution of animals—by one who had spent his life in this study, and had already proved by a long array of publications his intimacy with his subjects and his ability to write about them both learnedly and interestingly. The work will be published in twelve sections at 5s. each, each containing numerous black-and-white drawings and ten studies in colour handsomely mounted; it will be published also in three volumes, bound in cloth gilt, for £3 3s., and in half-morocco for £4 4s.

The American Expeditionary Force Library is now one of the many well-established war institutions in London, and Mr. F. W. Leighton, its energetic Secretary, has done wonders of organisation in a very short time. He has made special appeals to Americans resident in the British Isles for books of every description, and the response has been, as one might have anticipated, prompt and generous; but he is still, like Oliver, asking for more. With an army of millions coming, books by the hundred thousand will be required; the first supplies have continually to be reinforced, for every man reads many books, and all the books, passing from hand to hand, wear out pretty quickly and have to be replaced. So though the donations of books are large they are not large enough, and the Library is supplementing them with liberal purchases. The plan is to start each branch library with a collection of standard volumes, about 125 in number, consisting of books of a religious, poetical and purely literary nature, including a selection of the best fiction; to these are added books of a generally popular character, the whole constituting a permanent library for each centre of some 300 to 500 volumes. Such a library now exists at the Eagle Hut in the Strand; in numerous districts in England and Scotland and France where American troops are quartered; 20,000 volumes were dispatched to France over a month ago, and further big supplies are continually going in the same direction. We in this country have learned by long experience what a boon books are to the soldier and appreciate the wisdom of getting such a movement as this afoot early in the day. Americans resident over here who would like to help in the work should communicate with Mr. F. W. Leighton, American Expeditionary Force Library, 47, Russell Square, W.C.1.

Mr. W. Shaw Heath,

whose successful novel, "Woman Guides," was recently published by Mr. Heinemann.

Photo by Ella Malcolm

Frank Lewis,
Flight Sub-Lieut. R.N.A.S.,

who fell in aerial battle in France, August 21st, 1917. Some of his poems are to be included in Vol. II. of "Soldier Poets: More Songs of the Fighting Men," which Mr. Erskine Macdonald is publishing shortly.

Mr. Tinsley Pratt has finished a new romance of Scottish life which, the war permitting, will be published next spring. It is an adventure story with a love interest, entitled "The Braes of Appin," but has nothing to do with the famous Appin murder, which took place six years later than the date of these "adventures of Colin Dubh Stewart, after Culloden, in the service of Charles Stewart of Ardsheal."

The death of Mr. G. H. Whitcombe removes a prominent and picturesque figure from the publishing and bookselling world of the Antipodes. Mr. Whitcombe was head of the well-known Australasian firm of Whitcombe & Tombs Limited. He was the son of Captain Thomas Whitcombe, R.F.A., one of a distinguished Gloucestershire family. His father, Captain Whitcombe, on retiring from military service, settled down in Brittany, where G. H. Whitcombe was born, the youngest of a family of ten, in 1853. He was educated in France and at Lancing College, England. At

From Part 1 of "Generals of the British Army." Portraits in colours by Francis Dodd. With Biographical Notes. ("Country Life," Ltd.)

FIELD-MARSHAL SIR DOUGLAS HAIG.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

sixteen, the wander lust took him to New Zealand; the Maoris were in revolt when he arrived and he forthwith enlisted in a new force of Armed Constabulary to assist the Imperial troops in the bush fighting. On quitting the service, at the end of the revolt, he opened a small bookselling business at Christchurch, then little more than a country village, now a prosperous city of 90,000 inhabitants, and from this modest beginning his famous firm developed. He presently had to take a partner to assist him in the bookselling, and when this partner retired, Mr. Tombs, who had a job printing business, became a member of the firm. Some years later Mr. Tombs retired, and the business was then formed into a limited liability company, with Mr. Whitcombe as Managing Director, and as Whitcombe & Tombs, with printing, bookselling, stationery and publishing businesses at Dunedin, Wellington and Auckland, with branches at Melbourne and at St. Andrew's Hill, London, it has long since taken its place among the leading Australasian publishing houses. The firm's publications include all classes of literature, from history, biography, fiction, poetry and scientific works to guide-books and time-tables; its textbooks are used extensively throughout the schools and colleges of Australia and New Zealand and to a large extent in South Africa. Mr. Whitcombe leaves a widow, three daughters and eight sons. Three of his sons are in charge of the New Zealand branches of the firm, and four are at the front—Lieutenants E. and A. Whitcombe being with the Imperial Regiments, and Gunners H. and G. Whitcombe with the New Zealand Expeditionary Force.

Mr. Frank S. Brown.

Messrs. Sampson Low & Co. are now publishing an edition bound in leather of the "Contingent Ditties" of Sergeant Frank S. Brown, of the Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry, who was killed at St. Eloi in February, 1915. The book, which we reviewed on its first appearance, has a preface by Mr. Holbrook Jackson. Sergeant Brown was the son of the Rev. S. Gorley Brown, of Almonte, Canada. His poems are, as Mr. Jackson says, "good honest stuff, brave in thought and patriotic in ideal, as befits a soldier of the Empire. They have the spontaneity of folk-song, and should make a similar appeal to that made by the simple ballads, marching songs and chanties of men who have lived strenuously in the open air and mixed freely and lovingly with their kind."

Mrs. Marion St. John Webb,

whose new story for children, "Knock Three Times" (Harrap), is reviewed in our Supplements. Mrs. Webb's first book, "The Littlest One," a volume of children's verse also published by Messrs. Harrap, is now in its sixth thousand.

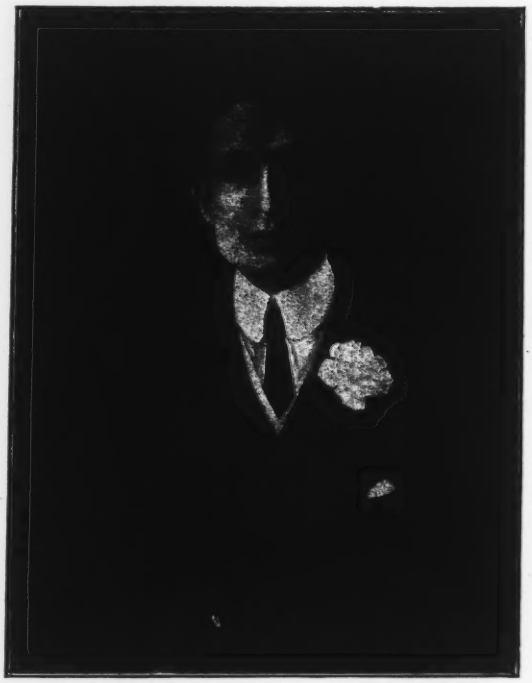
Lieutenant J. Howard Stables, of the Gurkha Rifles, whose quaintly named little book of poems, "The Sorrow that Whistled," was published by Mr. Elkin Mathews last autumn, was reported wounded and missing last February, and is supposed to have been taken prisoner at Sanna-i-yat when the Turks recaptured their first line of trenches there. Born no longer ago than 1895, he was educated at St. David's, Reigate, and at Winchester

J. Howard Stables.

College; he entered Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1913, and a year later, on the outbreak of war, enlisted in the 6th Hampshires, and was sent to India. In 1915 he received his commission in the 5th Gurkha Regiment, and in August, 1916, embarked for Mesopotamia. His letters home show the keen interest he took in his new profession. He was an accomplished musician, and mentioned in one of his letters that as he had no instrument and could get no music (until one of his Gurkhas, knowing his lack, fashioned a pipe for him) he had taken to writing verses. Some of these he sent over to Mr. Elkin Mathews, and his family knew nothing of his literary project until the book made its appearance. The poems in it have a strong individual note and met with a very favourable reception at the hands of the critics. These poems and others which he enclosed in his letters from time to time are largely coloured by his experiences in the East. One among those still unpublished is full of his great longing—"I have not heard music for so long a time":

" . . . Though from red ramparts I can see the city swarm
With press of life, look on the swinging caravans
Of camels come from Gwalior beneath the moon,
Hear all the glinting hum of things that take
The curious fancy, can they ever wake
Those slumbering tunes with all their wealth of jewelled fans?

Mr. Harold Shaylor,
head of Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co.'s book publishing department, now on service in the Artists' Rifles.



Mr. Julian Hinckley,
whose new novel, "E" (John Long), is reviewed in this Number.

And shall I hear again the swaying orchestras—
Those rhythmic cohorts—and low passionate songs sung
For Sorrow; the tense preluding of operas,
So rare and fraught; canorous harmony
Of bourdons; airs my mother played to me,
And sweet old fiddled strains I knew when I was young? . . . "

and so he ends as he began, with the sigh, "I have not heard music for so long a time!"

In some lines on leaving India for Mesopotamia he rejoices that:

"Now we can test Life's quickness, pay the fee
For splendid living;"

and he ends his last letter to his mother, dated February 14th, 1917, three days before he was wounded and is believed to have been captured by the Turks: "Dearest, how beautiful a thing life is!"

Mr. Julian Hinckley, whose new novel, "E," is published by Mr. John Long, is a clever American author a little over thirty years of age. After graduating at Harvard, he worked as a newspaper reporter, but gave that up to become a Wall Street broker and as such went through the famous financial panic of 1907. In 1908 ill-health caused his retirement from business and gave him leisure to follow his natural inclination for literature.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton have just published in book form "A Library for Five Pounds" by Sir William Robertson Nicoll (1s. 3d. net) which roused such widespread interest while it was appearing in *The British Weekly*. "It is a most admirable

guide," as one reviewer has said, "for anyone of limited means who wants to possess a small library that shall be also a really good one, for Sir William is a true bookman and his list of what can be done in this way with a little over five pounds could not be bettered. Not the least interesting things in the volume are the delightfully discursive comments on the authors chosen, and the reasons given for choosing them."

Most of the portraits of soldier authors in this Number are reproduced by permission from their books; others, including some of those in photogravure, have been lent to us by their relatives or friends, to whom we are much indebted for this kindness.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS FOR DECEMBER.

As it was necessary to go to press with the CHRISTMAS BOOKMAN in the first week of November, we are unable to announce results of the December Competitions. They will be given in our January Number.

The Index to Vol. LII. will be included in our next issue.

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

BEACH THOMAS.

"LET the men attack with hatchets and in evening dress, and this would win all the headlines in the land, because people at their breakfast tables would say: 'Here is something new in the war!'" The sentence is from Mr. Frederick Palmer's book on the Somme battle, and it suggests at least one problem that confronts the official correspondents attached to General Headquarters. Advances have a habit of resembling one another in almost every particular, yet day after day the correspondents have to furnish pictures that must contain some element of novelty if the interest of the reading public is to be maintained. All the world knows how effectively this has been accomplished by the writers who have been with the British Army in France and Flanders since the close of the year 1915. Only rarely does one get any hint of "staleness" from the columns that they turn out with a verve and regularity that are marvellous, the achievement surprising even those whose lifetimes have been spent in producing newspaper columns under adverse and trying conditions. "No war before this has ever been so fully and so well described, whether in the daily messages which modern means of communication have made so long and so regular, or in the more deliberate and more carefully balanced books that most of the correspondents are giving from time to time," said a writer the other day, and it is a judgment that all competent critics endorse. It is true that the correspondents do not supply the kind of "copy" that brought fame to such writers as Archibald Forbes and Bennet Burleigh, but it has to be remembered that the old-time correspondents were singularly untrammelled, and could give descriptions that were not always invariably in accordance with unembellished fact. One of the correspondents now at the front was in a campaign with a distinguished member of the old school, and was amazed at the gaiety with which his older confrère sometimes subordinated, often unconsciously, truthfulness of detail to the effectiveness of his "copy." Now we get ordered accuracy, carefully marshalled facts, and a coherent story that serves not merely its breakfast-table purpose, but will be the basis of history.

Daily Mail Copyright. **Mr. Beach Thomas.**

This country was particularly fortunate in the men appointed to represent the British Press. They are a small group, but each is a trained observer, and all are men of personality, which emerges in everything they write and makes it impossible to confuse the authorship of their articles, even when these describe the same scenes, the same happenings, and record the same interviews. That there is no suppression of individuality is made clear by a consideration of the work of two of the correspondents—Mr. W. Beach Thomas, of the *Daily*

Mail, and Mr. Philip Gibbs. Science would appear to be a watchword of Mr. Thomas, and sentiment a supreme factor with Mr. Gibbs (whose position and accomplishment have already formed the text of a BOOKMAN article). To a description of the most complex and complicated matters, Mr. Thomas brings the lucidity of a Huxley and the human touch of a Richard Jefferies, and his pen-pictures, while pre-Raphaelite in the minuteness of some of their details, are noteworthy chiefly for their comprehensiveness, breadth, and vision. An open-air man, who spent much of his time at Oxford in nature study, there is a freshness and exhilaration in all that he writes, and his similes and metaphors are those of a field naturalist, with a profound knowledge of birds and flowers. He never verges on the "precious," but the value of a battlefield lark or daisy does not escape him—which may account in some measure for the fact that not all of the men of the trenches are enthusiastic admirers of the frequency with which he introduces references to flowers, landscape effects, and the like, in descriptions of things horrible to themselves. Yet as contrasts for his Somme battlefield "smothered by the golden suns of innumerable dandelions," we have sketches from the same pen that are as grim as anything in "La Debacle," and few of his full-length canvases are not masterpieces of proportion and perspective. Every allowance has to be made for the necessity of giving seemingly trivial particulars on strenuous nights when time is short and material scarce, but all such find no place in the mature book from him which followed the Battle of the Somme. "With the British on the Somme" is, in all respects, a work that matters, and its high seriousness, its incisiveness and grace of diction, and its vivid impressionism make it remarkable even among the scores of remarkable books that the war has produced.

Mr. Thomas's style is not effectively indicated by sentences detached from their context, but this may be given:

"Yet war is wonderful as well as gross, majestic as well as muddy. That full sentence of Napier's, 'With what a majesty the British soldier fights,' goes ringing in the head even when a knock-kneed soldier from the slums falls gasping in the mud at the bottom of a crazy ditch. Humour and good humour laugh on the parapet of death, and health sprouts from the centres of mud and reek. Ideals, faith and loyalty, shine through the curses and blasphemy that often pour from the mouth of the fighter. Even the most insensate soldier will religiously exclude from his letters home anything that might breathe alarm or hint danger. What war is morally, it is also æsthetically. Its grandeur—to the eyes, though never to the mind—may be overwhelming. It may even be pretty, or, as soldiers say, 'amusing.' Its contrasts cover the field of contrasts. But, the nearer the uglier, is the rule; and soldiers have nothing more irritating to endure than the pictures of battles as they seem to distant observers."

Of Delville Wood he has this:

"The men never had a moment's leisure to use the spade, and they held every trench they reached till the last possible moment, perhaps too long. They had their crowded hour of glorious life if men ever had. . . . Our artillery went through the wood like a mower with his scythe; first one broad swathe, then a second at a certain remove, and, to conclude, a third, embracing the last of the wood. The mowers moved like old-time harvesters and with as steady progression. But the cutting was rough, as of a crop that has been 'laid' by wind and weather."

In a chapter called "Coming Out," Mr. Thomas writes:

". . . the spectacle of the men marching forward carries a deeper appeal. . . . The men walk more briskly and sing more readily; but the vivacity and expectancy of the hours before battle have a poignancy, peculiar and irresistible. At various attacks the attacking troops were marked with bright patches of colour, triangles of yellow or whatnot, fixed to their back. Ticketed and docketed, they went forward to the great adventure in a spirit and with a manner so matter-of-fact, so free from the flamboyancy of glory, the affectation of heroism, or the dullness of mere obedience, that your admiration and wonder were left without handle or, as it were, excuse. Their simplicity left you no sentimental refuge from hopes and fears already too poignant to endure."

A scholar, a critic, a nature student as well as a war correspondent, Mr. Beach Thomas was born in 1868, and from Shrewsbury School he passed to Christ College, Oxford. At the University he excelled both as a sprinter and as a long distance runner, and he held office as President of the Oxford University Athletic Club—a post never occupied except by men of great personal popularity and fine achievement on the track. Later he joined the teaching staff of Bradfield College, and he wrote for the *Outlook*, under the editorship of Mr. J. L. Garvin. In 1907 he joined the *Daily Mail*, his early contributions consisting chiefly of nature articles, all characterised by a display of first-hand observation and crispness of expression. Before the present recognition of the war correspondents came into force, he was one of the little band of harassed guerrilla workers who endeavoured to keep the public in touch with the doings of the British Expeditionary Force, and one of his earliest war messages describes heavy fighting in the disastrous autumn of 1914 near Albert where he was destined, in 1916, to witness the magnificently-equipped armies of the Allies marching to victory.

War correspondents are no longer figures of romance, glittering heroes of adventure tales for boys, but rare qualities are demanded for the performance of the duties that fall to them under the new conditions. Mr. Thomas has been tried, and assuredly he has not been found wanting. His peace-time work for Fleet Street had sterling merit, and with the Great Adventure of the war he has entered into a much fuller possession of his intellectual kingdom. The "Englishness" of his outlook and gospel is emphasised in the conclusion of his book, where he says:

"The parts of the Empire that are not England have contributed to the common stock zeal and talent and devotion that have woven the stuff of victory. No one who thinks Imperially desires distinctions; but we may recognise that the readiness of the English to acknowledge and indeed proclaim the virtues of all the rest has been the mastercause of the welding of this varied army into a united force moving with one will and intention. Home is home, and is called home because of a sort of magnanimous modesty in the English people. And that is why the refrain of the Hymn of Hate is: ENGLAND."

Those who have views as to the employment of the words "England" and "Britain" may take exception to the passage and wish to alter it as the Scottish soldier is said to have altered the "Gott strafe England" inscription on a Flanders dyke.

DAVID HODGE.

THE READER.

FOR REMEMBRANCE.

SOLDIER-POETS WHO HAVE FALLEN IN THE WAR.

By A. St. John Adcock.

"'Twere man's perdition to be safe
When for the truth he ought to die."

Emerson.—*Sacrifice.*

Brooke, Brian. Capt., 2nd Gordon Highlanders. "Poems." With a Foreword by M. P. Willcocks. (John Lane.)

Brooke, Rupert. Sub-Lieut., R.N.V.R. "1914, and Other Poems." (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

Coulson, Leslie. Sergeant, London Batt. Royal Fusiliers. "From an Outpost." (Erskine Macdonald.)

Craven, Arthur Scott (A. K. Harvey James). Capt., Buffs. "Joe Skinner"; "Alarums and Excursions"; "The Last of the English." (Elkin Mathews.)

Crombie, Eugene. Capt., 4th Gordon Highlanders. "Soldier Poets." Vol. II. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Dennys, Richard. Capt., Loyal North Lancs. Regt. "There is no Death." With a Foreword by Capt. Desmond Coke. (John Lane.)

Field, Henry Lionel. Lieut., Royal Warwickshire Regt. "Poems and Drawings." (Birmingham: Cornish Bros.)

Freston, H. (Rex). Lieut., Royal Berkshire Regt. "The Quest of Truth, and Other Poems." (Oxford: Blackwell.) "Collected Poems" to be issued shortly.

Grenfell, Julian, D.S.O. Capt., Royal Dragoons. "Soldier Poets." Vol. I. (Erskine Macdonald.)—"Julian Grenfell." By Viola Meynell. (Burns & Oates.)

Hodgson, W. N., M.C. Lieut., Devon Regt. "Soldier Poets." Vol. I. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Kettle, T. M. Lieut., Dublin Fusiliers. "Poems and Parodies." Preface by William Dawson. (Duckworth.)

Ledwidge, Francis. Lance-Corpl., Inniskilling Fusiliers. "Songs of the Fields"; "Songs of Peace." With Introduction by Lord Dunsany. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Lewis, Frank. Flight Sub-Lieut., R.N.A.S. Fell in action, in aerial battle in France, August 21st, 1917. "Soldier Poets." Vol. II. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Morris, Francis St. Vincent. Lieut., 3rd Sherwood Foresters. Attached R.F.C. "Poems." (Oxford: Blackwell.)

Robertson, Alexander. Corpl., 12th York and Lancaster Regt. "Comrades." (Elkin Mathews.)

Sorley, Charles Hamilton. Capt., Suffolk Regt. "Marlborough, and Other Poems." (Cambridge University Press.)

Streets, John William. Sergt., 13th York and Lancaster Regt. "The Undying Splendour." (Erskine Macdonald.)

Ratcliffe, A. Victor. Lieut., 10/13th West Yorks. Regt. "Soldier Poets." Vol. I. (Erskine Macdonald.)

Tennant, E. Wyndham. Lieut., Grenadier Guards. "Worple Flit, and Other Poems." (Oxford: Blackwell.) A Memoir is in preparation, to be published shortly by John Lane.

Thomas, Edward. Lieut., Royal Garrison Artillery. "Poems." (Selwyn & Blount.)

Vernède, R. E. Lieut., Rifle Brigade. "War Poems." With Introduction by Edmund Gosse, C.B. (Heinemann.)

White, Bernard Charles de Boismaison. Lieut., 1st Tyneside Scottish. "Remembrance, and Other Verses." With Memoir by V. Payne-Payne. (Selwyn & Blount.)

Wilkinson, Walter Light. Lieut., 8th Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders. "Soldier Poets." Vol. II. (Erskine Macdonald.)

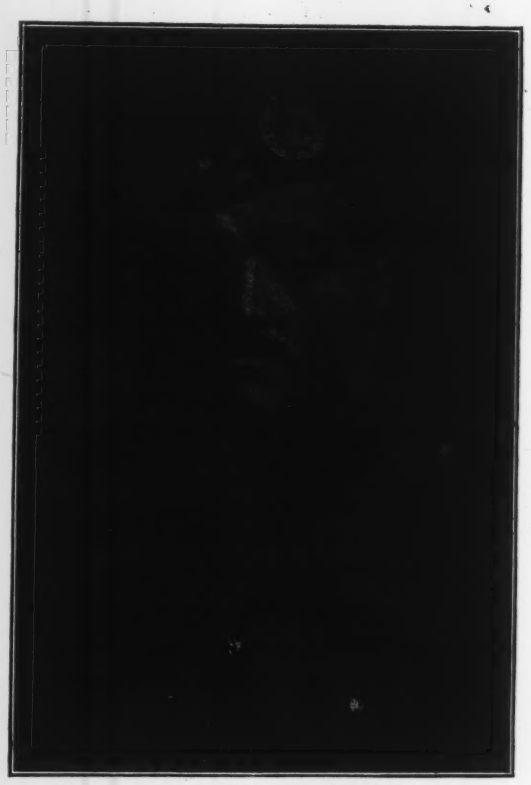
Wilkinson, Eric Fitzwater. Lieut., West Yorks (Leeds Rifles). "Sunrise Dreams." (Erskine Macdonald.)

BEFORE Armageddon was upon us, and the old world came to an end, we used to say that all the great war songs were written by soft-handed civilians who had never seen a battle. This was true enough when we used to say it, but it is true no longer. The poets seldom became soldiers then; if they did, they seemed to find war less inspiring at close quarters than when idealised from a safe distance. So it was the scholarly poet-antiquary, Michael Drayton, who enriched our poetical literature with the vigorous, triumphant "Battle of Agincourt"; the civilian Campbell who sang the most bellicose and immortal lyrics about our naval victories; the recluse dreamer, Tennyson, who thrilled us with "The Charge of the Light Brigade"—he and the even less soldierly Swinburne, indeed, gave militant patriotism the noblest utterance it has achieved since Shakespeare, another man of peace, voiced it in proud phrases that stir us still like the sound of a trumpet.

E. Wyndham Tennant,
Lieut., Grenadier Guards.

But since August, 1914, a new world and a new order of things have been rising out of a new chaos. Civilian poets have written memorable songs of this war, but not in the old strain; and the finest and truest songs of it have come from certain of the fighting-men themselves. For when Germany, mad for power, started to run amok through the freedom and common rights of humanity, and the young manhood of our race rose to answer the challenge, they were of all sorts and conditions who swarmed to the recruiting stations—aristocrats and navvies, artisans and university professors, tradesmen, artists, farmers, actors, stockbrokers and poets, and these

last, drawn also from every grade of society, have coalesced into a separate class which is of itself a sort of microcosm of our great Armies. Before the war, Rupert Brooke, a Fellow of King's, Cambridge, and son of a master of Rugby, was devoting himself to scholarship and literature; Francis Ledwidge had been a scavenger on the roads of Ireland; Edward Thomas was already a distinguished critic and essayist; Hugh Reginald Freston was at Oxford, reading for his B.A. degree; and John William Streets had been a Derbyshire miner, striving after self-culture and writing verse in his leisure. Leslie Coulson was a brilliant young London journalist; R. E. Vernède a successful novelist; Charles Hamilton Sorley fresh from Marlborough and Oxford; Alexander Robertson a lecturer on History at Sheffield University; Arthur Scott Craven (A. K. Harvey James) had made a reputation as an actor in London and America, had published a play, two volumes of verse and one novel of considerable power*; Francis St. Vincent Morris had entered his name on the books of Wadham, Oxford, but went from Brighton College to take a commission in the Sherwood Foresters; Henry Field was an art student; Bernard de Boismaison White had been on the staff of a London publishing house, and in the publicity department of the Marconi Company; "Tom" Kettle was an Irish barrister; Richard Dennys had taken his degree as M.R.C.S. and L.R.C.P., but never practised—he was in Florence when war was declared, "working with Gordon Craig at his school for the improvement of the Art of the Theatre," and at once returned to England, and was gazetted to a regiment of the line.



Brian Brooke,
Capt., 2nd Gordon Highlanders.

One might go on, and having completed this list of the homeland's soldier-poets who have been killed in action, add to it as long a list of such poets who are still in the fighting ranks, and you would discover that, till the German onslaught left them no honourable choice, they were, with one or two exceptions, men of peace; they belonged to or were preparing for almost any trade or profession but that of the soldier. They were the real pacifists, so sincere in their devotion to Peace that they were ready to fight and die for her; the authentic conscientious objectors, loathing bloodshed, yet not hesitating when they were called to shed their own for the good of their fellows, not afraid to put aside private scruples and, in a spirit of self-sacrifice, risk losing their personal souls that the freedom of the world and the general soul of the race might be saved.

In saying this, I am not trying my hand at rhetorical flourishes; I am merely summarising, as best I may, the thoughts, the gospel, the aspirations that are enshrined in their war songs. There is a wide world of difference between those romantic old war songs that the civilians used to write, and the grim realism or high spiritual significances of these that were written by soldiers in the mud and squalor of the trenches, or just before they advanced into action, or just after they had returned. They are the strangest, most intimately human poems of war that our literature has known. There is no hymn of hate among them; no note of boastfulness or blatancy, but a deep love of country, a rational sense of the tragedy and dire necessity of what their writers are doing, a clear vision of the end they are fighting for, and such qualities of self-sacrifice and heroic purpose as you might look for in men who had gone forth on what they believed to be a last crusade against war, and gone in the right knightly mood, following the Holy Grail of a great ideal.

I.

There are inevitable contrasts in the appeal of war to the man who became a soldier from natural inclination, and the man who never would have adopted that profession from choice and did so only from a deliberate realisation of patriotic or altruistic duty. Both live and die by the same code of chivalry, honour, indomitable courage, for the New Army has grown up in the proud traditions of the Old. Given a decent cause, the one goes eagerly into battle, Berserker-like, for the sheer joy of it; the other goes with equal readiness, pluck and grim resolve, feels the same fierce joy of it in the heat of conflict, but in his before-and-after thoughts cannot get away from haunting compunctions—from a consciousness of the pity and pain, and mad waste of it all.

The two types have their spokesmen among the poets who have fallen in the war. The Old Army speaks through Captain Brian Brooke and Captain Julian Grenfell; the soul of the New Army reveals itself in the songs of a score of singers. Brian Brooke was a born soldier. He came of a notable fighting stock; his father and two brothers were in the Army, and two other brothers had entered the Navy. From his childhood he revelled in stories of military prowess, "his greatest longing had always been to be a soldier,"

* "A Fool's Tragedy." (Martin Secker.)

but his sight was defective, and he could not pass the medical examination. Making the best of his disappointment, he went to British East Africa, won the adoration of the natives by his good comradeship and boundless daring, and grew famous there as a big game hunter. When the war came, he fought as a trooper in the British East African Force, but news that his brother had been killed in action brought him home, and he succeeded in getting gazetted Captain in his brother's regiment, the Gordon Highlanders. "He refused a good appointment on the staff of the force then advancing into German East Africa," went to France early in 1916, and within three weeks was commanding in the Great Push at Mametz on July 1st. Twice wounded, he still led his men over two lines of German trenches, but at the third fell torn with terrible wounds, and died after three weeks of agony, his sole regret being that he could not get back to his troops.

This is the man as he discloses himself in his book —an ardent, downright man of action, full-blooded, intensely alive, not troubled overmuch with brooding introspection and the pale cast of thought, but full of a breezy humanity, a rugged common-sense philosophy, that find outlets in his stirring ballads of hunting, fighting and adventure. Danger and hardship exhilarated him; he would risk his life in a gamble as keenly as others risk their money. When the war was on us, he was scathingly contemptuous of:

> "The courage of the dauntless few who dared to stay behind";

and he has condensed his creed—the creed, after all, of our Armies new and old—into "A Father's Advice":

"Never look for strife, he's an ugly brute,
But meet him whenever and where he likes,
Only draw your gun when you mean to shoot,
And strike as long as your enemy strikes.
Never force a fight on a smaller man,
Nor turn your back on a stronger clown.
Keep standing as long as you darned well can,
And fight like the devil when once you're down!"

There's the dogged heart of the Old Contemptibles in that; it was so that they quitted them on the Great Retreat, and made defeat as glorious as a victory.

In Julian Grenfell, eldest son of Lord Desborough, the characteristic qualities of the soldier of the past and of the present were to some extent blended. He went from Eton and Oxford, four years before the war, to take a commission in the Dragoons. Delighting in the profession of arms, he was also something of a visionary, a mystic, and when he wrote of battle and death transfigured them to shapes of spiritual loveliness. In letters from India and Africa he wrote home, "I hate material books, centred on whether people are successful. I like books about artists and philosophers and dreamers, and anybody who is a little off his dot." "I agree with what you say about success, but I like the people best who take it as it comes, or doesn't come, and are busy about unpractical and ideal things in their heart of hearts all the time." "I am so happy here. I love the Profession of Arms, and I love my fellow officers, and all my dogs and all my horses." Then from Flanders he wrote that he longed to be able to say he liked it: "But it's beastly. I pretended to myself for a bit that I liked it, but it was no good, it only made one careless and unwatchful, and self-absorbed; but when one acknowledged to oneself that it *was* beastly, one became all right again, and cool." Later, he wrote of the hard times he was enduring, "It is all *the* best fun. I have never, never felt so well, or so happy, or enjoyed anything so much. It just suits my stolid health and stolid nerves and barbaric disposition. The fighting-excitement vitalises everything, every sight and word and action." There are unforgettable stories of his gallantry on the day when he was mortally wounded. He volunteered to carry a message through to the front line, and got there and back under heavy fire. As he rejoined his General on a hill, he was struck in the head by a shell splinter, and said as he lay bleeding, "Go down, sir, don't bother about me. I'm done." The General helped to carry

Leslie Coulson,
Sergt., London Batt. Royal Fusiliers.

Photo by Vandyk.

Arthur Scott Craven
(A. K. Harvey James), Capt., Buffs.

him down, and Grenfell told a brother officer, "Do you know, I think I shall die," and being contradicted, said casually, "Well, you see if I don't." At the dressing-station he asked for the truth, saying, "I only want to know. I'm not in the least afraid"; and a fortnight after, on the 26th May, 1916, he died of his wound. Early in that month he had sent home his one great poem, "Into Battle," which in character and temperament chimes perfectly with those passages from his letters:

"The naked earth is warm with Spring,
And with green grass and bursting trees
Leans to the sun's gaze glorying,
And quivers in the sunny breeze.
And Life is Colour and Warmth and Light,
And a striving evermore for these;
And he is dead who will not fight,
And who dies fighting has increase.

"The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth,
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth,
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth. . . .

"In dreary, doubtful, waiting hours,
Before the brazen frenzy starts,
The horses show him nobler powers:
O patient eyes, courageous hearts!

"And when the burning moment breaks,
And all things else are out of mind,
And only Joy of Battle takes
Him by the throat and makes him blind——

"Through joy and blindness he shall know,
Not caring much to know, that still
Nor lead nor steel shall reach him, so
That it be not the destined Will.

Henry Lionel Field,
Lieut., 6th Royal Warwickshire Regt.
From a chalk drawing by L. Leslie Brooke.

"The thundering line of battle stands,
And in the air death moans and sings,
But day shall clasp him with strong hands,
And night shall fold him in soft wings."

Bernard C. de B. White,
Lieut., 1st Tyneside Scottish.

The essential difference in the feeling and outlook of the new soldier is manifest at once, I think, in the "Before Battle" of W. N. Hodgson, who was killed in the Somme advance of July, 1916:

"By all the glories of the day,
And the cool evening's benison:
By the last sunset touch that lay
Upon the hills when day was done;
By beauty lavishly outpoured,
And blessings carelessly received,
By all the days that I have lived,
Make me a soldier, Lord.

"By all of all men's hopes and fears,
And all the wonders poets sing,
The laughter of unclouded years,
And every sad and lovely thing:
By the romantic ages stored
With high endeavour that was his,
By all his sad catastrophes,
Make me a man, O Lord.

"I, that on my familiar hill
Saw with uncomprehending eyes
A hundred of thy sunsets spill
Their fresh and sanguine sacrifice,
Ere the sun swings his noonday sword
Must say good-bye to all of this:—
By all delights that I shall miss,
Help me to die, O Lord."

The sturdy, sober courage of this matches Grenfell's brave ecstasy; the difference between them is only of tone and manner—the same fighting blood is in each, as it was in the long-ago Cavalier and Roundhead. Maybe it is that our race is compact of those two elements, the Cavalier and Puritan have intermarried and are inextricably mixed in us all, but in very varying proportions. They came near, perhaps, to striking a balance in Rupert Brooke. His greeting of the war shouts, in that first of his sonnets, "Peace," with all the exultation that is in Grenfell's lines, but not because he foretasted the joy of battle. He was supremely satisfied because he felt that in the years of peace our souls had put on too much flesh, we had become gross and sordid, and lost our ideals, and now the war had suddenly uplifted us from the slough, restored our manhood to us, and touched us to noble issues:

"Now, God be thanked Who has matched us with His hour,
And caught our youth and wakened us from sleeping,
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,

XUM

XUM

Supplement to the "THE BOOKMAN"
Christmas, 1917.

Photo by Howell & Fox.

JULIAN GRENFELL, D.S.O.

(Captain, Royal Dragoons.)

"The fighting man shall from the sun
Take warmth, and life from the glowing earth;
Speed with the light-foot winds to run,
And with the trees to newer birth;
And find, when fighting shall be done,
Great rest, and fullness after dearth."

JULIAN GRENFELL.—*Into Battle.*

Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary,
Leave the sick hearts that honour could not move,
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,
And all the little emptiness of love." . . .

And again, there is this rush of joyance in his rapturous requiem:

"Blow out, you bugles, over the rich Dead!
There's none of these so lonely and poor of old
But, dying, has made us rarer gifts than gold. . . .

"Blow, bugles, blow! They brought us, for our dearth,
Holiness, lacked so long, and Love and Pain.
Honour has come back, as a king, to earth,
And paid his subjects with a royal wage;
And Nobleness walks in our ways again;
And we have come into our heritage."

II.

None of the poets of the New Army has written finer poetry than Francis Ledwidge, and none has found less inspiration in the war itself. The first of his books, "Songs of the Fields," made its appearance in the early days, while he was still a civilian, the second, which he named "Songs of Peace," after he had put on khaki, and was on active service. He fought on the Serbian Retreat and in Gallipoli; then was sent to Flanders, where he was killed in action last July. "I have taken up arms," he said, "for the fields along the Boyne, the birds and the blue sky over them"; and in that second book of his you see him moving through the scenes of conflict still dreaming and singing of the things of peace and home. Though his poems are divided into those written in barracks, in camp, at sea, in Serbia, in Greece, in hospital in Egypt, and again in barracks, there is not a war song among them. In barracks, he sings of love, of May, of a place he knew in Ireland where the birds used to sing:

"And when the war is over I shall take
My lute a-down to it and sing again
Songs of the whispering things amongst the brake,
And those I love shall know them by their strain.
Their airs shall be the blackbird's twilight song,
Their words shall be all flowers with fresh dews hoar,—
But it is lonely now in winter long,
And, God, to hear the blackbird sing once more!"

In camp, and on the sea, his verse is all of clouds, flowers, the sky and the trees and hills of Ireland; the hints of darker things are few and faint, and elusive, as in his "In the Mediterranean — Going to the War":

"Lovely wings of gold and green,
Flit about the sounds I hear,
On my window when I lean
To the shadows cool and clear.

"Roaming, I am listening still,
Bending, listening overlong,
In my soul a steadier will,
In my heart a newer song."

H. Reginald (Rex) Freston,
Lieut., Royal Berkshire Regt.

So it is with him always. In hospital his thoughts turn to Ireland, "My Mother":

"God made my mother on an April day
From sorrow and the mist along the sea
Lost birds' and wanderers' songs and ocean spray,
And the moon loved her wandering jealously. . .

"Kind heart she has for all on hill or wave
Whose hopes grew wings like ants to fly away.
I bless the God Who such a mother gave
This poor bird-hearted singer of a day."

The war makes only a pensive undertone even in "Evening Clouds":

"A little flock of clouds go down to rest
In some blue corner of the moon's highway,
With shepherd winds that shook them in the West
To borrowed shapes of earth in bright array,
Perhaps to weave a rainbow's gay festoons
Around the lonesome isle which Brooke has made
A little England full of lovely noons,
Or dot it with his country's mountain shade."

Ledwidge proved himself a doughty soldier; his heart was in the war, though the war was not in his heart—there was no room in that for anything but his love of home and the treasures of peace that he was fighting for. His Helicon, like the Kingdom of Heaven, was within him; he drew inspiration from his memories of Ireland, and there is no lyric in his "Songs of Peace" more exquisite in feeling and utterance than "A Little Boy in the Morning":

"He will not come, and still I wait.
He whistles at another gate
Where angels listen. Ah, I know
He will not come, yet if I go
How shall I know he did not pass
Barefooted in the flowery grass?

"The moon leans on one silver horn
Above the silhouettes of morn,

And from their nest sills finches whistle
Or stooping pluck the downy thistle.
How is the morn so gay and fair
Without his whistling in the air?
The world is calling, I must go.
How shall I know he did not pass
Barefooted in the shining grass?"

Photo by Searle Bros.

J. Eugene Crombie,
Capt., 4th Gordon Highlanders.

We are to have a book of Ledwidge's later poems presently, and whether there is more of a war strain in any of these I do not know, but I hazard a guess that there is not. What we have of his, anyhow, is sufficient to indicate what our literature has lost by his early death, and to justify Lord Dunsany, who discovered his genius and introduced his work to the world at large, in saying, "I give my opinion that if Ledwidge had lived this lover of all the seasons in which the blackbird sings would have surpassed even Burns, and Ireland would have lawfully claimed, as she may even yet, the greatest of peasant singers."

The mental detachment that characterised Ledwidge, the same readiness to escape in hours of leisure from his grim, abnormal surroundings into an atmosphere that was native to him, characterises Wyndham Tennant's one small volume, "Worple Flit, and Other Poems." A lieutenant of the Grenadiers, he was killed in action on the Somme, in September, 1916, at the age of nineteen—one year older than Chatterton. He passed the proofs of his book on the eve of his last battle, and finished a last letter that night to his mother, Lady Glenconner, with the quotation that he uses on his title page:

"High heart, high speech, high deeds, 'mid honouring eyes."

He so literally lisped in numbers that he used to dictate quaint little poems even before he could write, and I have a copy of one he addressed to his mother when he was eight years old that is full of his love and admiration of her put into the most childishly simple terms, with here and there a touch that flashes with sudden beauty:

". . . She is full of love and grace,
A kind of flower in all the place. . . .
Even the trees give her salutes,
They seem to know who's near their roots. . . .
She is something quite divine,
And joy, O joy, this mother's mine."

Two of the poems in his book were written whilst he was at Winchester College, but the rest are dated from shell-shattered towns, whose names have become familiar to us, along the Flanders front, and the war but rarely and intermittently intrudes into them. The longest, "The Nightingale," a love story adapted from Boccaccio, was written at Ypres and Poperinghe during June and July, 1916. At Ypres, Poperinghe, Ecques, Hullach Road he wrote the old-world ballads of "Worple Flit" and "The Knight and the Russet Palmer"; some thoughtful lines on reincarnation, and a song or two of lighter fancy. When the war does enter his verse, as in "Home Thoughts in Laventie," it comes somewhat as a Dream-Pedlar carrying dreams that are not of itself:

"Green gardens in Laventie!
Soldiers only know the street
Where the mud is churned and splashed about
By battle-wending feet;
And yet beside one stricken house there is a glimpse of grass,
Look for it when you pass.

"Beyond the Church whose pitted spire
Seems balanced on a strand
Of swaying stone and tottering brick
Two roofless ruins stand
And here behind the wreckage where the back wall should have been
We found a garden green. . . .

"So all among the vivid blades
Of soft and tender grass
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels
That pass and ever pass
In noisy continuity, until their stony rattle
Seems in itself a battle.

"At length we rose up from this ease
Of tranquil happy mind,
And searched the garden's little length
A fresh pleasaunce to find;
And there some yellow daffodils and jasmine hanging high
Did rest the tired eye. . . .

"Hungry for Spring, I bent my head,
The perfume fanned my face,
And all my soul was dancing
In that little lovely place,
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and shattered towns,
Away . . . upon the Downs.

"I saw green banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
A-courting on the leas;
And meadows with their glittering streams and silver scurrying dace:
Home—what a perfect place!"

If the war has left little or no trace in the pages of one or two other of these poets it is because most of their poems date from before it came. I know of nothing that was written by Scott Craven since he became a Captain in the Buffs. His "Joe Skinner" is a tale in the Ingoldsby manner, told with much of Barham's irresponsible humour and rhyming and metrical cleverness, with passages of tenderness and subtle pathos such as Barham seldom attempted. He had written a play, "The Last of the English," that had real poetic and dramatic qualities, and a little before the war was telling me, in his eager, sanguine fashion, of another play he meant to write, a romance

of modern life that should get away from the squalor of the realists, and preach a more idealistic philosophy —but all that ended when he fell last April gallantly leading his men into action.

Henry Lionel Field, who was killed in the Great Push of July 1st, 1916, wrote the best of his poems, "Ploughman, Dig the Coulter Deep," in his Oxford days. He was the favourite grandson of Mr. Jesse Collings, and was descended on the distaff side from Cromwell. From Marlborough he went to Oxford, and matriculated for Lincoln College, but instead of going there preferred to start on what he meant to be the real work of his life, and became a student at the Birmingham School of Art. In July, 1914, he was taking holiday at a sketching school at Coniston, when the outbreak of war brought him hurrying home to enlist. He was persuaded to wait for a commission; was gazetted to the Royal Warwickshire Regiment, and sent to France with his men in February, 1916. For five months he was in the trenches and wrote home saying he was enjoying himself: "I am much happier than I ever thought I should be in the Army. After all, I am in my destined place, and doing or about to do what I should be doing or about to do. In some way or another home seems nearer, and thank God I don't flinch from the sound of the guns." On another occasion, he wrote about himself and his brother, who was also in the firing line, "It is our birthright to do something of this sort once in our lives. I honestly don't wish things otherwise, neither does Guy. I don't mean to talk about Spartan mothers and that sort of thing. . . . But remember we are all part of each other, and think of it like this—when we leave you it is not so much you losing us, as you fighting through the medium of your sons." He died at the head of his men; they had swept over the first and second German trenches; he had called a laughing remark to a brother officer, and was raising his hand as a signal for a further advance when a bullet struck him down. The trail of the war is over the drawings reproduced from his pocket sketch-book, and over some half-dozen of his twenty-six poems, and it is a sense of its tragedy and waste that moves him in these, as in an unfinished "Carol for Christmas, 1914":

"On a dark midnight such as this
Nearly two thousand years ago,
Three Kings looked out towards the East
Where a single star shone low"——

it moved him to pray for the safety of the home-folk, and that the purpose of all the welter of death into which he is going may be made clear to him.

Richard Dennys,
Capt., Loyal North Lancs. Regt.

Until he became an artilleryman, Edward Thomas had written all his poetry in prose. There was a delicate play of fancy and imagination and a lapidary cunning in the verbal artistry of his essays and criticisms which make it less surprising that he should at last have found a medium of expression in verse than that he did not find it earlier; but none even of his intimates can have foreseen that, with his gentle manners, his diffident self-distrust and bookish preoccupations, he had in him the makings of a soldier. Certainly, he was no lover of war; he took up arms solely because he felt that to be his duty, then, with his usual thoroughness, he was not satisfied to make a pretence of doing what he had set out to do. He devoted himself as keenly, as conscientiously to his military work as he had done to the work that was more properly his. It was this impulse, since he was a soldier, to be the real thing, that took him to his death in the British advance of last April. For, says Mr. John Freeman,* "in France he was detached from his battery for staff duties, and was dissatisfied until he had succeeded in returning to his old post of danger. Just the same scrupulous spirit had moved him years before when he gave up a permanent appointment sans duties, because there was no way in which he could earn or was expected to earn his pay. There were things he could not endure; no one who knew him could be surprised."

But though all his poems were written in the atmosphere of war, except for a rousing call in "The Trumpet"

"To the old wars,
Arise, arise!"

the "In Memoriam" quatrain for Easter, 1915, and a stray line or so glooming in some picture of country life like a cloud that drifts momentarily across the sun, there is little of the touch of war in them—as little as there is in the songs of Ledwidge. The war stirred both profoundly and absorbed all their energies for the time, but when they had leisure to withdraw into themselves, for them as for others of their temper old sources of inspiration reopened, old habits of thought closed round them again, and in such hours of respite the war dwindled to a beating of rain on the window, a wind that roared in the darkness and rattled at the door which had shut it out.

III.

What finally emerges from the songs of these dead singers is a gracious but unconquerable spirit of humanity

* Preface to "The Tenth Muse." By Edward Thomas. (Martin Secker.)

that was common to them all—a sane and civilised spirit that hated war and was only strengthened and intensified by contact with the horrors and primeval barbarities of it. The burden of their singing is always that they fight not for fighting sake, but to break the last stronghold of savagery, to enthrone right above might, to blaze a trail through the dark forest by which the men of to-morrow may find their way into a new and happier world where war shall be no more. From the heights of their idealism this was the promised land they could see. They had no hope of it for themselves, but hoped only to give their lives as the price of it and leave it as an inheritance for the generations to come.

"My day was happy—and perchance
The coming night is full of stars,"

writes Richard Dennys in one of his "Ballads of Belgium," and in another,

"Death flies by night, Death flies by day,
He calls the gay, he calls the sad,
And if he summon me away,
Be sure my going will be glad!"

The same calm premonition is in Rex Freston's "Garden of Death," in his "When I am Dead," in "The Gift," which was to be of his life that his country might live:

"For to him and many like him there seemed no other way . . .
And so he goes unshrinking from those dearest paths of home,
For he knows, great-hearted England, that whatever fate may come,
You will never let him die!'

Walter L. Wilkinson,
Lieut., 8th Argyll & Sutherland Highlanders.

Alexander Robertson,
Corpl., 12th York. & Lancaster Regt.

and these lines seem to foreshadow vividly the very manner of his death:

"Suddenly a great noise shall fill my ears,
Like angry waters or the roar of men;
I shall be dizzy, faint with many fears;
Blindly my hands shall clutch the air—and then

"I shall be walking 'neath the quiet skies
In the familiar land of former years,
Among familiar faces. I shall arise
In that dear land where there are no more tears"

—for it was so death came to him; he was struck by a shell and engulphed instantly in that whirl of noise and darkness.

Making even for such a cause such a deliberate renunciation of life and all it had meant to him, a man must have been more or less than human if there had not been moods in which he knew the full bitterness of it and could have wished that the cup might pass from him. The shadow of this mood is over Freston's

"Let's suppose that I am dead";

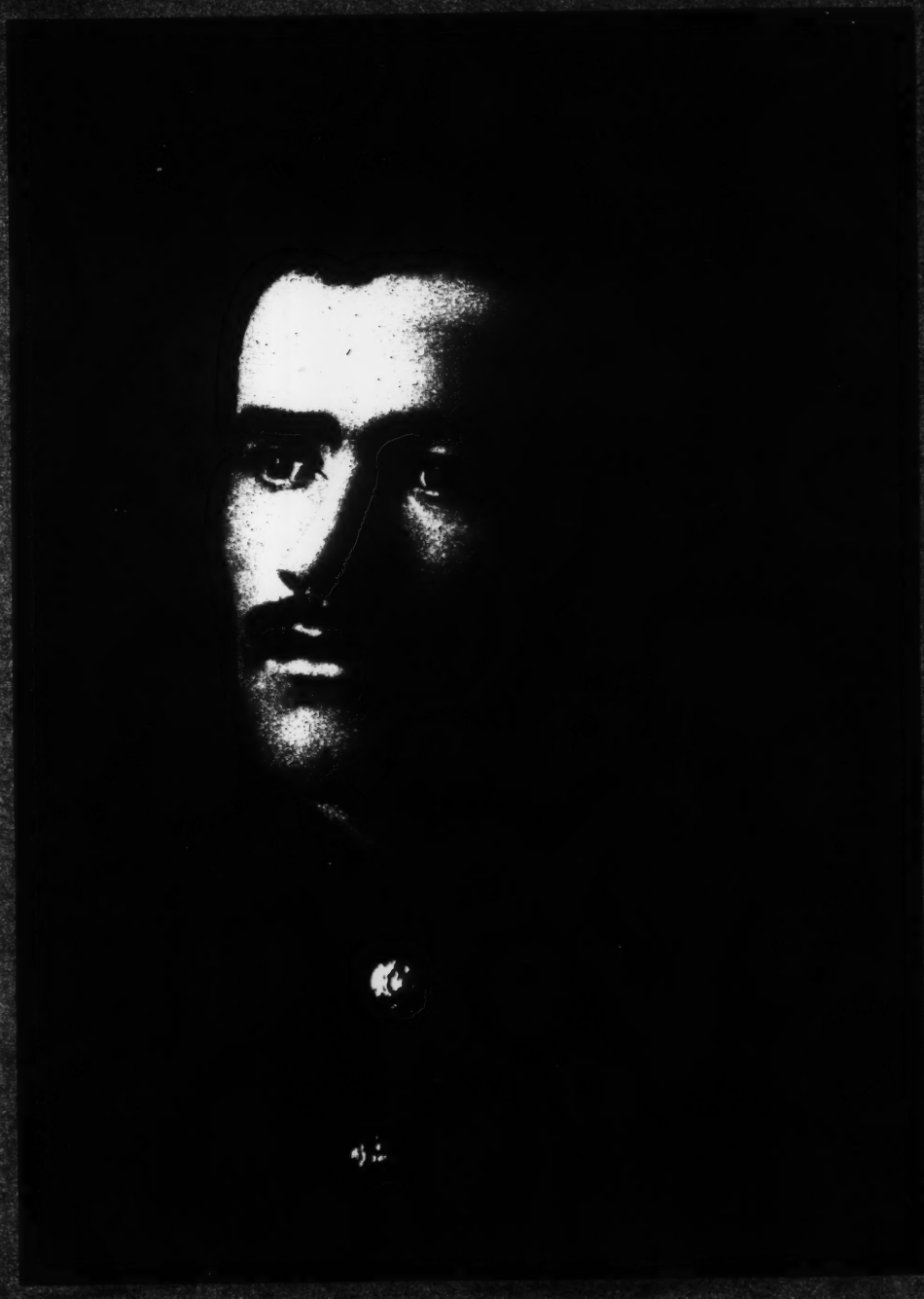
and over his vision of himself in "Renunciation":

". . . Yet oftentimes to me there cometh one
With sorrow in his eyes, whom half I know:
Who loved to paint the flowers and the sun,
In gentle language musically slow:
Who grieves to leave his life-work scarce begun,
Who hoped so much, but now must turn and go."

It edges with irony Alexander Robertson's "We shall drink to them that Sleep," and by turns with irony and poignant pathos some of Leslie Coulson's verses:

"Our little hour—how short a time
To wage our wars, to fan our hates,
To take our fill of armoured crime,
To troop our banners, storm the gates.
Blood on the sword, our eyes blood-red,
Blind in our puny reign of power,
Do we forget how soon is sped
Our little hour?"

XUM



FRANCIS LEDWIDGE.

(Lance-Corpl. Royal Inniskilling Fusiliers.)

"I have taken up arms for the battle along the Boyne, for the birds and the blue sky over them."

FRANCIS LEDWIDGE.
In a Letter to Lord Dunsany.

XUM

His song "From an Outpost" pulses and glows with joyous recollection:

"I've tramped South England up and down,
Down Dorset way, down Devon way,
Through every little ancient town,
Down Dorset way, down Devon way.
I mind the old stone churches there,
The taverns round the market square,
The cobbled streets, the garden flowers,
The sundials telling peaceful hours,
Down Dorset way, down Devon way. . . ."

But another, an unpublished poem which is to appear in the forthcoming second volume of "Soldier Poets," was found among his papers, after he had fallen in action in the forefront of a charge against the German position near Lesboeufs on October 7th, 1916. In this, which he named "From the Somme," he recalls again those past delights of tramping English highways, or loitering through English forest paths, or by the sea, and resting in roadside taverns, and realises sharply for a moment that these things are gone from him for ever:

"I played with all the toys the gods provide,
I sang my songs and made glad holiday,
Now I have cast my broken toys aside
And flung my lute away.

"A singer once, I now am fain to weep,
Within my soul I feel strange music swell,
Vast chants of tragedy too deep—too deep
For my poor lips to tell."

Written in that or a darker mood, and found also among his papers, was one of the most impressive and powerful of protests against the folly, the waste, and cruelty of war:

"Who made the Law that Death should stalk the village?
Who spake the word to kill among the sheaves?
Who gave it forth that Death should lurk in hedgerows,
Who flung the dead among the fallen leaves?
Who made the Law? . . ."

And he spoke for what is deep in the hearts of the fighting men of these days no less in such sombre outbursts as that than in his wistful, never-to-be-realised dreams of "When I Come Home":

". . . When I come home, and leave behind
Dark things I would not call to mind,
I'll taste good ale and home-made bread,
And see white sheets and pillows spread.
And there is one who'll softly creep
To kiss me ere I fall asleep,
And tuck me 'neath the counterpane,
And I shall be a boy again
When I come home!"

Walter Wilkinson, a godson of William Sharp, combats this reaching after lost happiness when he imagines, in the spring of the year, how his dead comrades may, at such a time, be disturbed with blind yearnings towards home and murmuring in their graves:

"Peace! Vex us not—we are dead!
We are the Dead for England slain.
(O England and the English Spring,
The English Spring, the Spring-tide rain:
Ah, God, dear God, in England now!)
Peace! Vex us not: we are the Dead!
The snows of Death are on our brow:
Peace! Vex us not!

"Brothers, the footfalls of the year
(The maiden month's in England now!)—
I feel them pass above my head:
Alas, they echo on my heart!
(Ah, God, dear God, in England now!) . . .
Peace! Vex me not, for I am dead;
The snows of Death are on my brow;
Peace! Vex me not.

"Brothers, and I—I taste again,
Again I taste the Wine of Spring
(O Wine of Spring and Bread of Love,
O lips that kiss and mouths that sing:
O Love and Spring in England now!)—
Peace! Vex me not, but pass above,
Sweet English Love, fleet English Spring—
Pass! Vex me not! . . ."

T. M. Kettle.
Lieut., Dublin Fusiliers.

Then the still living man makes answer, urging them to a quiet acceptance of their loss:

"Brothers, I beg you be at rest,
Be quite at rest, for England's sake;
The flowerful hours in England now
Sing low your sleep to English ears;
And would you have your sorrows wake
The Mother's heart to further tears? . . .
Nay, be at peace, her loyal dead.
Sleep! Vex her not!"

Since then he, too, has made the great acceptance—he was killed on Vimy Ridge on April 9th last.

Eric Fitzwater Wilkinson, who won his M.C. for bringing in wounded under fire in 1915, and was killed in action in Flanders, "very gallantly leading his company," six weeks ago, tells his mother, in a letter written just before he went into his last action, and received after he was dead, that apart from "a shrinking of the nerves which I always have to conquer, I can honestly say that I have not the slightest fear of death in me, which makes it vastly easier." This cheerful carelessness of self, which animates the whole Army, breathes through his poem on "Death":

"What is it? Though it come swiftly and sure
Out of the dark womb of fate:
What that a man cannot dare and endure,
Level heart steady—eyes straight? . . .

"The fight shall roll o'er us—a broad crimson tide,
Feet stamp, shells wail, bullets hiss—
And England be greater because we have died:
What end can be finer than this?"

And he dedicates himself to death for victory with a note of still loftier triumph in his "To My People Before the Great Offensive," charging them not to sorrow overmuch for him if he falls, for

"I have been
For months of an exalted life a King—
Peer for these months of those whose graves are green
Where'er the borders of our Empire fling
Their mighty arms,"

and adjures them not to grudge the price when he has paid it, but to

"Lift your heads in pride for evermore."

It were easy to write so bravely if one wrote as a distant onlooker dramatising the ideals of the fighting-men, but the glory of these soldier-poets is that they were fronting the very death they made light of, and that they lived up to the highest words they had penned. If they could have died without any passing regret, their sacrifice would have been nothing; but they were all young; they had but just begun to live and had much to live for; yet they could trample regret underfoot and die unflinchingly that the world might remain worth living in for the rest of us. Charles Hamilton Sorley was just turned twenty when he was killed in action near Hullach in October, 1915, and see what a little thing he could make of the death he was to die:

"All the hills and vales along
Earth is bursting into song,
And the singers are the chaps
Who are going to die perhaps.

O sing, marching men,
Till the valleys ring again,
Give your gladness to earth's keeping,
So be glad when you are sleeping.

"Cast away regret and rue,
Think what you are marching to.
Little live, great pass,
Jesus Christ and Barabbas
Were found the same day.
This died, that went his way.
So sing with joyful breath,
For why, you are going to death.
Teeming earth will surely store
All the gladness that you pour. . . ."

Charles Hamilton Sorley,
Capt., Suffolk Regt.

Photo by J. Bacon & Sons.

Eric F. Wilkinson,
Lieut., West Yorks (Leeds Rifles).

This is the rapt sense of mystical ecstasy in dying for a great cause that burns in Grenfell's "Into Battle," in Rupert Brooke's:

"If I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign land
That is for ever England . . ."

and it is the prevailing note in J. W. Street's poems. His love of life is so passionately strong that he never doubts but he shall pick up the thread of it again on the other side of night:

"And if thy twilight fingers round me steal
And draw me unto death—thy votary
Am I, O Life, reach out thy hands to me!"

There is this ecstasy also in his many references to the privilege of offering up one's youth on the altar for the realisation of a splendid purpose:

"The soul of life is in the will to give
The best of life in willing sacrifice:
Youth only reaches greatness when he dies
In fullest prime that love and truth may live;"

and his Requiem over the Dead is a rejoicing:

"For these like some great planet spheric-whirled
Have swung into the orbit of a greater world.
These topped the hill of Youth; stood on the verge
Of vision; saw within the furthest star
Spiritual presences, Love's own avatar;
These the twin worlds of soul and flesh did merge
Into a dream, a consciousness that stole
Around their spirits like an aureole."

He greets the dead as

"Youth triumphant, greater than his fate,"

and elsewhere exults that he and his fellows, dying, will have given their all, even their heritage of Youth, that the reign of humanity shall be restored:

"We march to death singing our deathless songs,
Like knights invested with a purpose high,"

and foresees how the Youth of years to be

"Will hear our phantom armies marching by"

and learn from them how to die for liberty.

There is no militarism here nor in any of their poems; no print of the goose-step, no glorification of slaughter nor lust of conquest for its own sake, nor any of the dazzling blatancies that belong to the militaristic spirit. These men were too finely human to cherish hatred, except of war and the folly or ambition of those who had plunged the world into it. At the outset, before we knew the full iniquity of the Hun, Sorley could find it in his heart to write a largely-tolerant, compassionate sonnet, "To Germany," commiserating her and ourselves on the woe that had overwhelmed both:

"You are blind like us. Your hurt no man designed,
And no man claimed the conquest of your land.
But gropers both through fields of thought confined
We stumble and we do not understand. . . ."

John William Streets, Sergt., 13th York & Lancaster Regt.

And Alexander Robertson, finding on the body of a dead German soldier letters, a prayer-book and photographs of wife and children, writes, in some lines he calls "Thou Shalt Love Thine Enemies":

"They were not meant for our too curious eyes
Or our imaginations to surmise
From what they tell much that they leave untold.
Strangers and foemen we, yet we behold,
Sad and subdued, thy solace and thy cheer. . . ."

If I have stressed that essentially human note, it is because it is one of the commonest and most insistent notes in whatever the soldier-poets of this war have written. They went into battle soberly or exultantly, expecting to die in it but with a will to victory and a settled courage and enthusiasm that nothing could shake. They descended into the pit and fought with beasts but remained unconquerably human. Hodgson coming out of the desperate fighting at Loos wrote on his way back to the rest camp:

"We that have seen the strongest
Cry like a beaten child,
The sanest eyes unholy,
The cleanest hands defiled;
We that have known the heart-blood
Less than the lees of wine,
We that have seen men broken,
We know man is divine."

And Dennys, on the eve of death, can send up from amidst the carnage and desolation a vastly different message from that which Achilles shouted over his trenches:

"But now I know that nought
is purposeless,
And even in destruction we
can find
A Power whose steady motive
is to bless
The ultimate redemption of
mankind. . . .

"'Ours is the privilege of sacrifice,
And cheerfully we heap the
sacred pyre,
Our willing selves the offering—the price
Demanded to make fierce
the cleansing fire.

"Ourselves we set the light,
and know it wise
(Seek not, O faint of heart,
our hands to stay),
That, Phœnix-like, a nobler
world may rise
From out the ashes of a
dead to-day."

Belief in a divinity that is shaping the unspeakable brutalities of war to beneficent ends shines as clearly in one of Eugene Crombie's slender sheaf of poems, "The Shrine":

". . . Returning through the
woods at evening's hour
I lay before Thy shrine my
offering,
My candle-flame a yellow crocus flower,
Its life but newly lit, to Thee I bring,
In thanks that I can see Thy guiding Hand
In every flower that decorates the land."

He wrote this at his billet in France last March, and before the next month was past had fallen in battle. Surely it is more wonderful that he and others like him could keep such faith there where the vast menace of death was all about them than that the saint of old, in no immediate peril, should say, "Even though He slay me, yet will I trust Him."

IV.

I am not attempting anything of criticism here; I am attempting nothing more than to show in their own words what was in their hearts and at the backs of their minds when these men of peace, these civilians in grain, made soldiers of themselves, and the real end for which they were fighting. On their everyday business in the trenches or in the hurly-burly of battle, they were like the rest of that incomparable fellowship of our fighting-men who, as Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson says

in one of his letters from the front,* "wear their crown of thorns as if it were a cap and bells"; but behind the scenes, waiting for their cues to go on again, they opened their inmost hearts in these verses of theirs, laid bare their ideals and the secret sources of their strength.

St. Vincent Morris, youngest son of Canon Morris, of Ashbourne, Derbyshire, was eighteen when the war came, and in "The Eleventh Hour" he has set down something of the feeling that made it impossible for him not to respond to its summons:

"Is this to live?—to cower and stand aside
While others fight and perish, day by day?
To see my loved ones slaughtered and to say—
'Bravo! bravo! how nobly you have died!'
Is this to love?—to heed my friends no more,
But watch them perish in a foreign land
Unheeded, and to give no helping hand,
But smile and say, 'How terrible is War!'

"Nay this is not to love, nor this to live!
I will go forth; I hold no more aloof;
And I will give all that I have to give
And leave the refuge of my father's roof:
Then, if I live, no man will say, think I,
'He lives because he did not dare to die!'"

Out on active service he was transferred from the Sherwood Foresters to the R.F.C., and died in France last April.

A yet more compelling cause to action than this love of comrades, was the martyrdom of Belgium. Suppose I had made excuses and not gone, says Rex Freston, I should have wakened at night,

"Hearing the cry of innocent blood,
From over the eastern wave,
Voices of little children
I cou'd but would not save;"

* "Khaki Courage." (John Lane.)

Photo by Elliott & Fry.

R. E. Vernède,
Lieut., Rifle Brigade.

and beyond and above sympathy with a wronged nation came the irresistible call to defend the sanctities of civilisation from the destroyer and make the peace of the world impregnable for the future—a call that rings like a toscin in some of the noblest poetry of the war.

There are frivolous and satirical things in Tom Kettle's "Poems and Parodies" that justify the prefatory description of him as "a genial cynic," but what the preface says further of his personal charm and his love of humanity are also justified in his impassioned appeal "To Young Ireland," in the subdued pathos of his lines, "On Leaving Ireland" (when he could think only of bayonet-flash and bugle-call and "knew that even I shall fall on sleep"), and in that sonnet to "My Daughter Betty," written on the field before Guillemont, and enshrining his reasons for going the way he had taken:

". . . So here, while the mad guns curse overhead,
And tired men sigh, with mud for couch and floor,
Know that we fools, now with the foolish dead,
Died not for Flag, nor King, nor Emperor,
But for a dream, born in a herdsman's shed,
And for the secret Scripture of the poor."

His "Song of the Irish Armies" is the song of all our new Armies:

"To Odin's challenge we cried, Amen!
We stayed the plough and laid by the pen,
And we shouldered our guns like gentlemen,
That the wiser weak should hold. . . .

"Then lift the flag of the Last Crusade,
And fill the ranks of the Last Brigade!
March on to the fields where the world's remade,
And the Ancient Dreams come true!"

So it is with the young Scotsman, Alexander Robertson. His "Lines Before Going" tell how he and his comrades are steeled to look upon "the utmost that life has of horror" and remain "calm and the masters of fear," drawing strength and resolve from

"Hope that the truth of the world is not what appears,
Hope in the triumph of man for the price of his tears."

But I think you have the typical new war-song and the whole soul and purpose of the New and Old Armies distilled into R. E. Vernède's "Before the Assault":

"If through the roar o' the guns one prayer may reach Thee,
Lord of all Life, whose mercies never sleep,
Not in our time, not now, Lord, we beseech Thee
To grant us peace. The sword has bit too deep.

"We may not rest. We hear the wail of mothers
Mourning the sons who fill some nameless grave:
Past us, in dreams, the ghosts march of our brothers
Who were most valiant . . . whom we could not save. . . .

"We have failed—we have been more weak than these betrayers—
In strength or in faith we have failed; our pride was vain.
How can we rest, who have not slain the slayers?
What peace for us who have seen Thy children slain?

"Hark, the roar grows . . . the thunder reawakens—
We ask one thing, Lord, only one thing now:
Hearts high as theirs who went to death unshaken,
Courage like theirs to make and keep their vow,

"To stay not till those hosts whom mercies harden,
Who know no glory save of sword and fire,
Find in our fire the splendour of Thy pardon,
Meet from our steel the mercy they desire. . . .

KUM

XUM

" Then to our children shall there be no handing
Of fates so vain—of passions so abhorred. . . .
But Peace . . . the Peace which passeth understanding . . .
Not in our time . . . but in their time, O Lord."

He asked, in " A Petition "—

" That now when envious foes would spoil thy splendour,
Unversed in arms, a dreamer such as I
May in thy ranks be deemed not all unworthy,
England, for thee to die "

and wrote in a touching dedicatory poem to his wife :

" Little you'd care what I laid at your feet,
Ribbon or crest or shawl—
What if I bring you nothing, sweet,
Nor maybe come home at all ?
Ah, but you'll know, Brave Heart, you'll know
Two things I'll have kept to send :
My honour, for which you bade me go,
And my love—my love to the end."

The end has come to him, as to all these others—he fell mortally wounded leading an attack on Havrincourt Wood on the 9th of last April.

In easier times we have sorrowed over the fate of the young poet who has died with all his promise unfulfilled. Here is not merely one such, but a goodly company, and in face of a tragedy so immeasurable, a loss so beyond reckoning, words become idle and meaningless. It is something to all those whose sons, husbands, brothers, they were, that their country shall hold them for ever in grateful remembrance, something that these songs of theirs shall live and that their names are written imperishably in the records of these terrible years ; but the greater consolation has been uttered by one of themselves. There are several poems I had marked for quotation in St. Vincent Morris's book, and one of them is to a friend whose home had been made desolate by the war, bidding her be comforted :

Photo by Wykeham.

Francis St. Vincent Morris,
Lieut., 3rd Sherwood Foresters, attached R.F.C.

" Because he died that others might not die. . . .
Comfort, Sad Heart ! Beyond that little grave
Rests an immortal soul in God's repose :
'Others he saved : himself he could not save,'
This was the task he chose.
Your love is crucified on that small cross,
That lonely Sentinel where he has trod,
Leaving thereon all trace of grief and loss.
* * * * *
And then your love
Will rise to find him where he waits above,
Before the Throne of God."

ON READING HORACE.

BY DR. WILLIAM BARRY.

An Epistle to A. H., Professor of Classic Literature, M.A., Ph.D., etc., etc.

MY DEAR PROFESSOR,—In all these years of our friendship we have certainly never spent many days in each other's company without looking into the Greek tragedians, reading large passages from the Old Testament, and—a curious but true collocation —quoting Horace. The late George Long once wrote, " There are only few books worth reading often or much," an opinion which seems to me more than a little severe ; you and I, however, do most heartily agree with his immediately following judgment, " but Horace is one of them." A story used to be current in Oxford that the late R. Ellis, whose edition of Catullus brought him such renown, was once asked why he did not take Horace in hand. " Horace ? " he is reported to have said, " no, I could never attempt Horace ; I have gone through him only thirty times." You and I, like George Long, have been acquainted with the most Roman of all the Latin poets during some half a century ; and we feel how much more than a brilliant repartee was the saying of R. Ellis. Now does not this hesitation, in the case of so perfectly equipped a scholar, throw the very light which we should pray for on that confused quarrel between the " Humanities " and the " Sciences," revived of late by solemn manifestos in *The Times*, with signatures as weighty as, for instance, Professor Ray Lankester's ? The captains of science imply, when they do not affirm it outright, that their knowledge is the only, or the most essential knowledge ; and that literature, especially if in a dead language, is idle fancy or amusement, or at any rate waste of time in man's brief hour ; therefore let us put our Horace on the shelf and take a turn at making explosives or improving airplanes and submarines. Would acquaintance with Alcaics and Sapphics, with hexameters, and the rest of it, help the chemistry of self-defence ? If not, the ancient classics are doomed, because superfluous in our great need.

Yet, my dear friend, nothing is more certain to you and me than that Horace will be read when our deadliest explosives have gone into the limbo where the axes and

celts of the Stone Age repose. Science passes, literature abides. Why is it so? and how come the gifted Ray Lankesters of the Royal Society to be reaping for themselves disappointment, as beyond a doubt they are doing? Surely the reason is that literature deals with life and science with things. When I have improved my airplane as much as ever I can, it is still to be used by a Briton, an American, or a German; apart from such use it will be only a toy to illustrate the parallelogram of forces; but "the play's the thing," and for us human mortals it will rule over scientific problems and interests till the end of the chapter. Let me recall Sir William Hamilton's favourite and profound sentences, "In the universe there is nothing great but man; in man there is nothing great but mind." Giving to the word "mind" its full connotation of genius, will, character, the first cause of all insight and human achievement, is it not clear that literature which exhibits or records these attributes of our kind, casting them into permanent moulds, opens before us a universe never accessible to mere science? The "masters of those that know" are not chemists, or anatomists, or even mathematicians. They are prophets, poets, philosophers, writing in prose or verse, framers of epic or romance or novel, but always endowed with a vision of life, seers not of dead energies but of the heart of man. Such in a rare degree was the South Italian singer and satirist whom we call, not without affection, simply Horace. He may smile at the changing fame of scientific experts. While scholars can read Latin he will be read. Men like ourselves, knowing every line he has left, will quote and meditate upon and admire while they quote, the Odes, Satires, and Epistles of a friend so companionable, so charmingly wise, so human. In literature he has had many imitators, but no second, not Alexander Pope nor Jonathan Swift. He stands alone, and he stands for ever.

I am led into this train of reflection by a delightful volume from Maynooth on "Horace and His Age—a Study in Historical Background," the author, Dr. J. F. D'Alton, being like yourself (happy man!), Professor of Ancient Classics.* It is a book to commend, to spread abroad, to give in prizes, but for us old teaching hands to value as a token and specimen of sound Latin culture in Ireland. Whether it was delivered in lectures at St. Patrick's College we do not learn. Dr. D'Alton brings to his task an illuminating idea, exhaustive knowledge of the Horatian text, scholarship which overlooks none of the recent authorities on his wide range of subjects. He is lucid and unaffected in style, and thinks for himself. These are excellent qualities which you, with so keen a sense of restraint, of balance, and of solid not showy learning, will appreciate. I may indicate the scope of this volume by quoting George Long once more, who tells us why we are justified in reading Horace much and often. "He lived with some of the chief men of an age," says Long, "when the Roman polity was changing into a form which has had a lasting influence on Europe, and through Europe on the rest of the world; and his writings have made us familiar with the man himself, with the times in which he lived, the character of his contemporaries, and the manners of the day. Horace's good sense makes his Satires and Epistles almost as intelligible and instructive as if they were written now." To bring back the vanished times would be a feat of magic, wonderful as life from the dead. In teaching the classics on a framework of grammar only, no magic was invoked or desired. The men of the text, familiar to us and strangely inept, could see nothing beyond their "letter," with which they often played fantastic tricks before high Heaven, so that we lost Sophocles and gained "Hermann the German." But now it is understood that Horace, for example, lived in one age, not in another, and belonged to his own. We may illustrate him from the streets of Pompeii and the modern suburbs of Naples leading thither. I could wish that Dr. D'Alton had lingered over the landscapes of Apulia more than perhaps lay in his power—that silent wild country down by the Adriatic, not now tamed by Western civilisation. And much is to be gleaned from Naples yet, the city of the evil eye, with its sorceries and superstitions. My author has travelled all through the Horatian realm, observant as he moved. His book is a small encyclopædia of the poet, which enables the reader to seize upon and separate for study any one feature of the Augustan age depicted in the Poems or necessary to their full understanding. It is not, however, dry or formal; and the result is a deeper insight where the textual reader fails. We wanted a guide to Horace; Dr. D'Alton provides one, and we feel, on saying good-bye to him, that he deserves a handsome *buona mano*.

For he has talked to us pleasantly, with copious information from all sides, of Roman politics in the days when Horace saw the Republic fall into ruin and the Empire begin with the Augustan revival; of economic problems and the growing luxury; of the religions that came in as philosophic schools, and popular beliefs in all their luxuriant growth. At every point he touches life, how far more instructively than if he were discoursing on inorganic compounds! He has an eye upon folk-lore; and he does not overlook the currents of literature which Horace went with or resisted. While we turn from one subject to another, we feel more and more sensible of the great and peculiar influence a poet like Horace cannot but exert on the education of mankind, on opinion, temperament, and human happiness. Such a poet is a never-ceasing well of life. He binds past and present; he confers a true immortality on those whom he celebrates; he conquers time. It is from men like this amiable and sensitive poet that we learn what human nature really was in periods little resembling our own. Thus there is in him something that makes the whole world kin. He justifies the office of a man of letters while exemplifying it in most attractive form. But why tell you these things who have known and taken them to your heart since days far past? I am only rehearsing them as a motive for commending this one more book on Horace to your attention and, as I am confident, to your praise.

On page 171 a passage from St. Jerome, on the mercantile genius of the Syrian trader, is quoted out of Friedländer's well-known "Roman Life and Manners." The original, which is very striking, occurs in the Saint's commentary on Ezekiel, Chap. xxvii. (Vallarsi, Vol. V., pt. 1, page 313). *Omnia fausta tibi,*

WILLIAM BARRY.

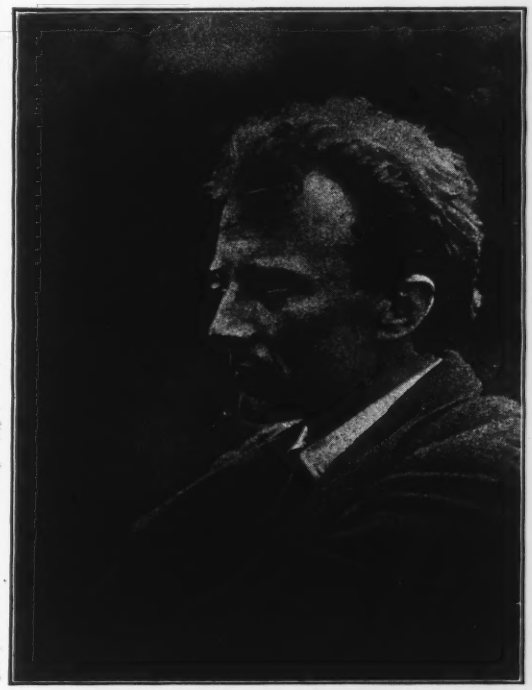
* 6s. net. (Longmans.)

EDWARD THOMAS.

By JOHN FREEMAN.

TWO of the books lying before me now—"Poems"[1] and "A Literary Pilgrim in England"[2]—are the latest but perhaps not the last to come from the pen of Edward Thomas. The first will be read by many with surprise, and the second with a renewal of the pleasure which his prose writings never fail to stimulate. The third book, "The Tenth Muse,"[3] is a reprint of a chapter or so from "Feminine Influence on the Poets," a volume showing much that is acute and delightful, but nothing more remarkable than the complete unostentatious intimacy with English poetry which was conspicuous in Edward Thomas's lightest critical work. Into this small book there is distilled the knowledge of a lifetime, making an essay such as no other writer could easily match for matter or approach for style.

Edward Thomas wrote with an ease and dignity that taught others to envy him; and indeed to some of his fellows he was one of the two or three finest contemporary prose writers. He found his own expression as a stream finds for itself a path and a voice. He poured the freshness of his personality even into what must for convenience be called a guide book; and into any review, as readers of THE BOOKMAN will know, he put his own strength of judgment and the virtue of a transparent style. "Light and Twilight" and "The South Country," "Richard Jefferies" and "Walter Pater" bear witness, in their widely different ways, to his individual qualities; and even when (on the eve of joining the Army from which he obtained an heroic discharge) he turned to "The Life of Marlborough," the style, though curt and severe, still had the strength and clearness and easy competence of his earlier books.



Edward Thomas.

From "Poems," by Edward Thomas (Selwyn & Blount).

And now that "A Literary Pilgrim in England" is at length published, the old quality is purely seen again. He reviews his wanderings through English scenes and English writers, and out of a familiarity untouched with tediousness he writes of the home counties and Blake and Lamb, of the Thames and Shelley, of the downs, the west country, the east and the north, and of those poets and prose writers with whose spirit his own was deeply acquainted—Coleridge and Clare, Gilbert White and Cobbett, Mr. Hardy and FitzGerald—weaving biography so deftly with criticism and bringing before you so clearly the local habitation of body and spirit, that you end the book with a freshened sense of the influence of English scenes upon our English writers. In this Edward Thomas was doing deliberately what he was always doing unconsciously—discovering the England he loved in the writers he loved; and so this present volume is to be read and remembered with his admirable biographies of Jefferies and Borrow, as well as with "The Heart of England." His physical familiarity with a great part of the English countryside, especially with the southern and western counties, was almost unique: no one knew better what Edward Thomas knew; but it is surpassed by the spiritual intimacy which gave him happiness and us our delight. Luckily he did not drift into indifference towards the vision of other men, and so he writes, in "A Literary Pilgrim," of Blake's England:

> "His England, then, is just this: meadows and streets and cold churches, with children playing in twilight or weeping, lions and lambs mingled, birds singing, angels clustering in trees, venerable, seraphic old men pacing, harlots and soldiers plying, mighty figures descended from those in Westminster Abbey and the Italian churches and galleries, peopling the clouds and a misty mid-region of 'Where?' and Blake himself, a sturdy, half-Quakerish revolutionary, with rapt forehead carrying home his pint of porter."

Neither does he allow the sense of the landscape to thwart his judgment, in noting that Crabbe's saturnine verse is very far from being impersonal. "If he became 'Nature's sternest painter,' Nature first made him stern"; and he saw that the sombre effect of Crabbe's poetry comes not from the mere photography of harsh life and scenery, but is the expression of Crabbe's own mind. "This drab, monotonous verse, only not drab when it is fierce or rarelier soft, is a large part of Crabbe's personality." It is significant that the best chapter in the book is concerned with a living master, W. H. Hudson, with whom beyond any other man of his time Thomas had an instinctive sympathy; and hence much that he says of Hudson's spirit and work might be read with satisfaction of his own.

The "surprise" of the volume of poems consists in two things. One is obvious and exciting—their rare excellence; the other is the circumstance of their conception. For twenty years Edward Thomas had worked in prose, passing from decoration to simplicity, from a style in which there was beauty and, inevitably, little-

[1] "Poems." By Edward Thomas ("Edward Eastaway.") With a Portrait. 3s. 6d. net. (Selwyn & Blount.)

[2] "A Literary Pilgrim in England." By Edward Thomas. 7s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

[3] "The Tenth Muse." By Edward Thomas. 2s. 6d. net. (Martin Secker.)

Old Somersby Rectory, Tennyson's Birthplace.

A drawing by W. E. F. Britten.
From "A Literary Pilgrim in England," by Edward Thomas (Methuen).

personality, to a style of which the main beauty was the beauty of personality. Then, astonished and abruptly, he began the poems now published—not an exhaustive collection—written under the name of "Edward Eastaway," as though he wished them to stand without the support of his reputation. The identity could not be easily concealed, and the advantage of its discovery is that one is able to observe how finely the verse maintains, how startlingly it develops and brightens, the noblest and most characteristic qualities of the prose writings. All the loves and passions which moved in them are here in the verse, but enlarged with finer life, more free, more nervous, more natural and more secure. The mind is the same, but quickened, exalted, deepened. Take this from "The Heart of England":

"Over all is the stillness of after harvest. Long ago the gleaners went home under the frosty moon, and the last wain left its memorial wisps in the elms. The rain possesses all, and a strange, funereal evocation calls up the bronzed corn again, and the heavy waggon and the grim, knitted chests of the bowing horses as they reach the bright-fruited walnut tree. The children laugh and run —who remember it in the workhouse now—and in a corner of the field the reaper slashes hatefully at the last standing rows. The harvest-queen sits on the topmost sheaves. They dance in the barn. Their voices are blithe and sweet; for the rain has washed away their flesh and quieted them now and recalls only golden hours, which linger in this idle autumn place and do not die but only hide themselves as sunlight hides itself in yellow apples, in red roses, in crystal water, in a woman's eyes"——

and match or overmatch it with

THE COMBE

"The Combe was ever dark, ancient and dark.
Its mouth is stopped with bramble, thorn, and briar;
And no one scrambles over the sliding chalk
By beech and yew and perishing juniper
Down the half precipices of its sides, with roots
And rabbit holes for steps. The sun of Winter,
The moon of Summer, and all the singing birds
Except the missel-thrush that loves juniper,
Are quite shut out. But far more ancient and dark
The Combe looks since they killed the badger there,
Dug him out and gave him to the hounds,
That most ancient Briton of English beasts."

Or on a more plainly personal note read from "The South Country":

"It is a thing as remote from me here on the dusty road as is the green evening sky and all its tranquillity of rose and white, and even more so because the man in the manor house behind the oaks is a puzzle to me, while the sky is always a mystery with which I am content."

"A mystery with which I am content"—is not that a true ecstasy of the mind, in which one is content with the mystery? . . . These lines from a poem called "Liberty" may be set beside it:

"If every hour
Like this one passing that I have spent among
The wiser others when I have forgot
To wonder whether I was free or not,
Were piled before me, and not lost behind,
And I could take and carry them away
I should be rich; or if I had the power
To wipe out every one and not again
Regret, I should be rich to be so poor."

But it is impossible to show in brief quotations what Edward Thomas gained in passing from prose to verse. It was the final gift, the closer expression of himself, and at last and rarest, a spheral light completing and changing the earthly beauty which touched all his work.

Nothing was more easily noticeable in Edward Thomas's work—in literary criticism, for instance—than the honesty and frankness of his mind. He wrote straight from his sense of truth and intention. Now when he became a poet the same sincerity leapt into every verse. He wrote straight from his own experience of life, from his mingled sense of joy, pain, exaltation, mystery; he could not but look into his heart, and write. The things that move him spring plain and sweet into his poetry, with the simplicity and natural freedom of a man running naked and swift into the sea. There is great passion in this directness. Hearing drums and fifes at the changing of the guard:

"The men, the music piercing that sol' le
And silence, told me truths I had nc dreamed,
And have forgotten since their beau passed.'

Supplement to the "THE BOOKMAN"
Christmas, 1917.

Photo by Jacques Langlois, Cabaret.

DIXON SCOTT

(Lieut., Royal Field Artillery.)

"One fights for the sake of happiness—for one's own happiness first of all, certain that did one not fight, one would be miserable for ever—and then, in the second place, for the quiet solace and pride of those others, spiritual and mental sons of ours, if not actually physical—the men of our race who will depend for so much of their dignity upon the doings of the generation before."

DIXON SCOTT.—*Men of Letters.*

A cottage in a wild night reminds him, by its very stillness in uproar, of his own transience:

"It stays there
While I shall roam,

Die, and forget
The hill of trees,
The gleam, the wet,
This roaring peace."

In another poem, "It Rains," he finds his own joy and his own sadness not merely in the rain but in the thought of one who will walk alone where two walked before. A chance remark, "The lattermath will be a fine one," heard when he stands "flushed with desire," becomes an unaccomplished prophecy when he asks himself, "What of the lattermath to this hoar Spring?" Looking at an old grassy and neglected house, he is looking at himself:

"I am something like that:
Not one pane to reflect the sun,
For the schoolboys to throw at—
They have broken every one."

Egotism this cannot be called, unless a stigma is to be attached to pure lyrical poetry—to Shelley as to Milton, to Mangan as to Wordsworth. The value of this candour in preserving a rare individuality and in adding its weight to the else unsteady beauty of verse, cannot be judged too highly. What, in fact, Edward Thomas has done in this volume more clearly than ever before is to impress his firm and distinct personality upon his work and make of fine poetry a spiritual record.

That spiritual record could not be complete if it left out those moments in which the image of beauty is caught in its thrilling apparition, as in "Two Pewits" whose cry "is the one sound under the sky." There are other such moments when the vivid delight of human contact is uttered in "Like the touch of rain she was"; and when loveliness past challenge is reached and held firm, as in "Adlestrop." . . . Nor could it be complete if it left out the moments in which Edward Thomas remembered the men who served what he served, the "soldiers and poor, unable to rejoice," for whom he sees the cherry trees casting down their petals as if for a wedding when there is none to wed, and for whom he wrote the beautiful and now too-painful "In Memoriam (Easter, 1915)." And here, too, one is touching that most vital, deep-thrusting passion, the passion which Thomas had for England and which, clearly as the prose books expressed it, was never fully expressed until these poems were written. The associations of that unlucky word "patriotism" are all too coarse and mean to permit its use in indication of this profound, warm tidal movement of the heart towards the native country; for England was as much a part of himself as his own Wales. But what moved in his bones and brain, what woke in his eye and heart, was something which no single phrase can do more than hint at. It shines in this passage from the last poem in the book:

"Make me content
With some sweetness
From Wales
Whose nightingales
Have no wings,—
From Wiltshire and Kent
And Herefordshire,
And the villages there,—
From the names, and the things
No less."

RODEN NOEL.

By S. M. Ellis.

RODEN NOEL is of that select category termed Poet's Poets, that is to say he is read and appreciated mainly by those who possess some measure of literary expression either creatively or critically. But he deserves to be far more widely known and loved, for his work is of extensive ambit and appeals to many tastes. He pictures in vivid colours the loveliness of Nature and Physical Beauty; he touches the lute of life with delicate little lyrics that transfigure death and sad things; he is the singer of wistful memories; he recovers an echo from the deep woods of pagan joys and the reeden pipes of Pan. His mental development, too, offers as remarkable a contrast as his poetry. Brought up as a Calvinist (so he termed the ultra-Protestant faith of his mother's family), frankly pagan and Hellenic in youth, he next passed through a period of despairing unbelief and hopeless agnosticism, finally, by the way of a great bereavement, finding consolation and peace in Christianity. Though an aristocrat by all lines of descent and laws of heredity, he was not in sympathy with his own order: he leaned to Socialism, and was ever preoccupied by the sufferings of the poor and the wrongs of the oppressed.

Roden Noel as a boy,
with his sisters, Lady Victoria and Lady Catherine Noel.
From the painting by G. F. Watts, R.A., in the possession of Sir T. F. Victor Buxton, Bart.

The Honourable Roden Berkeley Wriothesley Noel was the fourth son of Charles Noel, first Earl of Gainsborough (of the second creation) and the only son of his fourth wife, Lady Frances Jocelyn, daughter of Robert, third Earl of Roden (the

ardent Protestant and Grand Master of the Orange Society—"bigoted, obstinate, and virtuous," as Greville described him), who married Maria, daughter of Thomas, Lord Le Despencer. Born on August 27th, 1834, Roden Noel's childhood was spent mainly at his father's seats, Exton Park, Rutland, and Barham Court, near Teston, in Kent, which latter property had come to the Noel family from his paternal grandmother, Diana Middleton, Baroness Barham in her own right. He was also a good deal at Tullymore Park, County Down, the seat of his grandfather, Lord Roden, and he travelled abroad with his parents. The happiest recollections of his happy childhood were associated with Barham Court in the company of his mother and his little sister, Lady Victoria Noel. Long years after, when Lady Gainsborough died at Barham Court, in 1885, and was buried at Teston, her son recalled these early memories in one of his most beautiful poems, "To My Mother."

Charles Noel, Earl of Gainsborough, 1781-1866.
Father of Roden Noel.
From the miniature by Sir W. Ross, R.A., in the possession of the Rev. C. Noel.

At the age of twelve Roden Noel went to Harrow, where he remained two years, and then became a pupil of the Rev. Charles Harbin at Hindon, in Wiltshire. In due course he proceeded to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated M.A. in 1858. His most intimate friend at the University was Henry Sidgwick, with whom, later, he carried on an intimate correspondence. As Sidgwick said: "We talked and wrote to each other, in the eagerness of youth, on all things in heaven and earth." Through Sidgwick, Noel became a close friend of John Addington Symonds (with whom he had much in common temperamentally), Frederic Myers, and Thomas Woolner, R.A., the sculptor.

In the spring of 1859 he travelled in Egypt with his friend, Cyril Graham, later proceeding to Syria. Here he was attacked by sunstroke, but managed to ride to Tyre, whence he was taken in a felucca to Beyrout. He was now seriously ill, and the family of M. de Broë, a Swiss and manager of the Ottoman Bank at Beyrout, took compassion on him and nursed him back to health in their own house. There was a romantic and happy sequel, for in 1863 Roden Noel married Miss Alice de Broë, the banker's eldest daughter—a marriage, as Robert Buchanan put it, that proved "to be the crown of a fortunate life." It saved him from the dangers and the sorrows and the vain regrets which threaten those who seek to recover Hellas and pagan things. For Roden Noel was a seeker after the Ideal of Beauty, which found wonderful expression in his early poems. As Robert Buchanan said: "Out of the portals of a temple of white marble, glimmering through the fogs and clouds of contemporary literature, Roden Noel stept like a young god, with a message from the old Greek world which is ever new. The joy of earth was with him, the sunlight of a lost Divinity clung around him, and so light was his footstep that he seemed to walk on air. Even so I saw him approaching, many years ago, and my heart went out to meet him, in the full certainty that he could speak to me of the hidden things of Hellas, of the vanished Wonderland where gods were born."

This was the period which generated Roden Noel's poems, "Pan" and "Ganymede," the latter being described by *The Athenæum* as "an idyll thoroughly Greek, a bit of work which reads like Theocritus in the original"; and by Sainte-Beuve as "ce petit chef-d'œuvre de *Ganymede*."

"Azure the heaven, with rare and feathery cloud;
Azure the sea, far-scintillating light,
Soft, rich, like velvet, yielding to the eye
Horizons haunted with soft dreamlike sails;
A temple hypæthral open to sweet air
Nigh, on the height, columned with solid flame,
Of flutings and acanthus-work instinct
With lithe green lizards and the shadows sharp
Slant, barring golden floor and inner wall.

* * * *

A youth, bare-limbed, the loveliest in the world,
Gloatingly falling on his lily side,
Smoothing one rounded arm and dainty hand
Whereon his head, conscious and conquering,
All chestnut-curled, rests listless and superb.

* * * * *

The bird hath seized him, if it be a bird,
And he, though wildered, hardly seems afraid,
So lightly lovingly those eagle talons
Lock the soft yielding flesh of either flank,
His back so tender, thigh and shoulder pillowed
How warmly, whitely in the tawny down
Of that imperial eagle amorous.

* * * * *

Behold! he fades receding evermore
From straining vision misting dim with tears,
Gleaming aloft swan-white into the blue."

These heart-outpoured songs, redolent of Greek atmosphere and superb sensuousness, appeared in the volume entitled "Beatrice, and Other Poems," published in 1868. Noel's first volume, "Behind the Veil, and Other Poems," had been issued in 1863 by Macmillan in London and Cambridge, but afterwards he tried to suppress it. He wrote of this book:

"I wanted it forgotten. It is so very crude in style, though it is a quarry for poetry, and I have used some of it,

and may use more elsewhere, for poems. . . . Before this I wrote very fluent poetry by the yard, but with no ideas in it. Then I fell back on deep thought and study of prose, and when I tried to embody this in poetry, I made this fiasco of a book. I was brought up a Calvinist. Then, under the religious influence of F. D. Maurice, and philosophers like Swedenborg, I wrote this book, which, on the whole, is religious. Afterwards I gradually lost my beliefs, and became partly agnostic, partly pantheistic."

After travelling further in Greece and Turkey, Roden Noel returned to England in 1864. He had essayed business in Beyrout without much success, and had abandoned his early intention of entering the Church. From 1867 to 1871 he acted as Groom of the Privy Chamber to Queen Victoria, but Court life was not to his taste. He stayed for a time in Onslow Crescent, where his daughter Frances was born; and he also occupied a house near Warlies, Waltham Abbey, the home of his sister, Lady Victoria, who had married Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton in 1862. But during most of this period of his Court duties he lived at Kew Cottage (now known as Royal Cottage) on Kew Green, a house which was lent to him by the widow of his uncle, Viscount Jocelyn. At Kew, the poet's eldest son, Conrad Le Despencer Noel (now Vicar of Thaxted), was born in July, 1869; and here Roden Noel wrote much of the verse which was published in his next volume, "The Red Flag, and Other Poems," 1872. Some of these poems reflect the charming surroundings of his home, which at the back communicated by a private gate with Kew Gardens, and in front the Thames was but a few steps away across the Green. Thus in "Early Spring" (Kew, 1870) he interprets the scene as he wanders along the path by the river; "On Richmond Hill" expresses the pantheistic thoughts inspired by that wonderful panorama of nature; and in "Palingenesis" there is a vignette of Petersham in spring, when hawthorns and chestnut trees "sunsmitten to the core, froth over in dumb ecstasy of bloom," and its "little church, with golden vane aglister in the sun, ancient, rich red and weather-worn." This book of poems won the admiration of Tennyson, who said "Azrael" was "very lovely," and "A Vision of the Desert" and "The Dweller in Two Worlds" some of the finest things he had ever read. Also "The Water-Nymph and the

Barham Court, Teston, Kent.
Home of Roden Noel in childhood.
Photograph sent by Colonel C. E. Warde, M.P.

Frances Countess of Gainsborough.
Mother of Roden Noel.

Boy," though he thought it immoral. He sent for Noel, and gave him much advice and encouragement, and concluded by observing, "You don't mind my saying all this? I should not do it if I did not think it worth while. Coleridge did exactly the same for me when I was beginning." Years after, shortly before his death, Tennyson wrote to Noel: "You are no minor poet. Your book is full of true poetry."

In 1874 appeared "Livingstone in Africa," a long descriptive poem in seven cantos, containing much picturesque diction and vivid imagery; and in 1877 "The House of Ravensburg," a tragedy, in which the author did not fear to introduce the supernatural in the manner of "Hamlet." Curiously enough, Noel regarded this play as his finest work. He wrote to Mr. Havelock Ellis:

> "'Ravensburg' is the most human thing I have done and expresses my pity for all tremendous problems of human destiny. 'Ravensburg' expresses the idea of Nemesis or Heredity which so got hold of the Greeks and which I believe in as strongly—adapted to more modern ideas."

And he told his sister:

> "In 'Ravensburg' immortality is purely dramatic, and I did not believe in it. I am not the poet of free-will as Browning was."

But a change of views was about to dawn. In 1871 the Noels had removed to a house (now called Firlands) on Maybury Hill, Woking, which was then a very charming and sequestered place amid the pine woods and heathlands. Here was destined to occur

the great joy and the great sorrow of the poet's life; the event which changed his spiritual outlook and brought him, after sore travail, from unbelief to Christianity; the grief which, out of the furnace of suffering, was transmuted into his finest creative work. At Maybury Hill in November, 1871, was born Noel's youngest child, Eric, who became the idol of his father's life and was loved with a devotion beyond all belief. In January, 1877, the boy died at the age of five years, and the world was darkened and all was changed for the desolate father. Plunged in the deeps of the blackest despair, his own bitter grief, and the misery and pain he found in the world everywhere, shattered his belief in all creeds. Faithless, hopeless, and convinced that he would never see his child again, he realised that he was verging on madness.

Roden Noel
as a child.
From the miniature by Sir W. Ross, R.A., in the possession of Miss Frances Noel.

"For more than a year," he said, "I cared for nothing, not literature, not even Nature. Yet Nature was something to me even then, I suppose, for I went alone to Sark and swam a great deal in the sea among the wonderful caves."

He had always been interested in the doctrines of Swedenborg and in Spiritualism, but he found that these were not able to comfort him in his dire distress or place him in communion with his loved and lost one. Then it came about that he found consolation and hope in the New Testament. His soul-searing experience and mental progress found expression in the series of poems he wrote during the three years following his son's death. They were mainly composed at San Remo, where the winters were passed, and were published in 1881 as "A Little Child's Monument." He wrote to his sister:

"After Eric's death a complete revolution took place in my thoughts very gradually. My first book inspired by faith, gradually restored after his death, was the 'Monument.' That is the record of doubt and despair at first, and of faith only towards the end."

There are forty-two poems in this volume which reflect his changing moods in turn. Despair is the key-note at first, exemplified most pitifully in "Dead":

"Where the child's joy-carol
Rang sweeter than the spheres,
There, centre of deep silence,
Darkness, and tears,
On his bed
The child lay dead.

"There a man sat stolid,
Stupefied and cold,
Save when the lamp's flicker
To poor love told
Some mocking lie
Of quivering eye,
Or lips that said
'He is not dead.'

"Weary night went weeping,
Moaning long and low,
Till dim Dawn, awaking,
Found them so—
The heart that bled,
And his dim dead.

"*'Measure him for his coffin,'*
He heard a stranger say;
And then he broke to laughing,
'God! measure my poor clay,
And shut me in my coffin,
A soul gone grey!
For hope lies dead,
Life is fled.'"

What a poignancy of sorrow and mental torture there is in the line, "A soul gone grey." But gradually grief gives way to memories of the past, and in "Music and the Child" and "Old Scenes Revisited" he recalls the boy's brief life at Maybury Hill, and lingers by his deserted garden beneath the windows of the nursery in the now empty house:

"Surely in the dim pinewood,
Or in the garden where he leapt,
In the enchanted solitude
Under the window where he slept.

* * * *

Ah! may I not thy semblance find
In the low light, or the low wind?
Do I not yearn to clasp thy ghost,
My own beloved, O my lost?

* * * *

There in the days that are no more
Thy mother sang thee soft to sleep;
There sang thee into rest more deep,
Hushed to sleep for evermore.

* * * *

But while bereft of thee we roam,
Thou art more near us, love, indeed,
More near than in thy earlier state,
Although we seem so desolate.
The dead from our wan eyes depart,
Only to nestle in our heart."

Exton Park, Rutland.
Home of Roden Noel in boyhood.
Photograph sent by the Countess of Gainsborough.

Then, step by step, consolation and belief are achieved, culminating in "The Desert Shall Blossom as the Rose" and "That They All May be One."

"Whene'er there comes a little child,
My darling comes with him;
Whene'er I hear a birdie wild
Who sings his merry whim,
Mine sings with him:

Sincerely yrs
Roden Noel

From the portrait by G. Richmond, R.A., in the possession of the Rev. C. Noel.

RODEN NOEL, AT THE AGE OF 34.

THE LIBRARY
OF THE
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

If a low strain of music sails
Among melodious hills and dales,
When a white lamb or kitten leaps,
Or star, or vernal flower peeps,
When rainbow dews are pulsing joy,
Or sunny waves, or leaflets toy,
Then he who sleeps
Softly wakes within my heart. . . .

* * * *

Lo! an eyelid fluttered;
I know the bosom heaved;
Now his arms have uttered
All I disbelieved.
Dear eyes, long held in durance,
For ever open wide,
To yield my soul assurance
Of all she hath denied."

"A Little Child's Monument" ranks with "In Memoriam" as a perfect tribute to one very dearly loved; but it has a more human appeal to the bereaved than Tennyson's great poem, which is always in the lofty regions of restrained thought and cold glittering technique, whereas Roden Noel is unrestrained in his grief and [illegible] for sympathy with warm pulsing [illegible] passion:

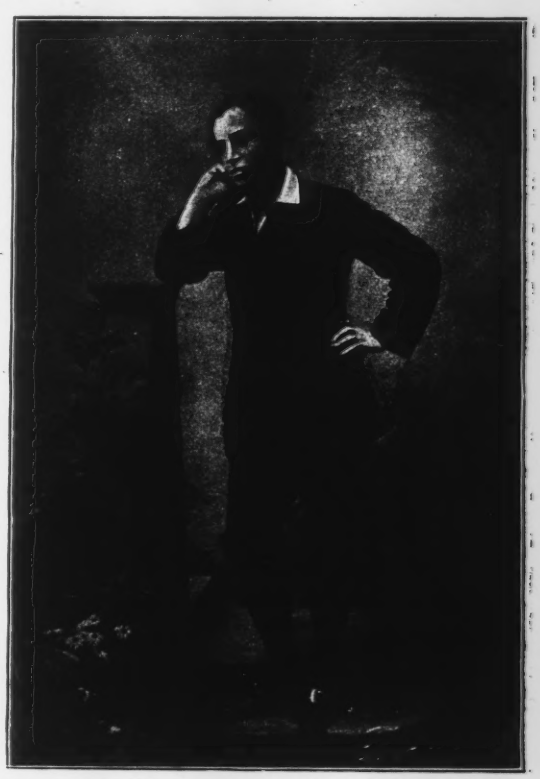
Eric Noel,
younger son of Roden Noel.
His death at the age of five inspired 'A Little Child's Monument."
Photograph sent by his aunt, Mrs. Baldwin.

"I would embalm
thee in my
verse:
To loving souls
it shall rehearse
Thy loveliness
when I am
cold,
And, fragrant with it, may enfold
For other hearts in misery
Faint solace; words were sweet to me
From hearts, who mourned what seemed to be
Dear, like thee:
These are thy swathings of rare spice,
A golden shrine with gems of price,
A monument of my device."

On returning to England, the Noels stayed for a time with Lady Gainsborough at 17, Hyde Park Square. In 1882 the poet published "A Philosophy of Immortality," a prose argument for the permanent reality and survival of human personality, which reveals his interest in the manifestations of spiritualistic agencies. In 1885 appeared "Songs of the Heights and Deeps," which included several fine poems, particularly "Thalatta" and "Suspiria," whose metres were suggested by the surge of the sea, and "Melcha," regarded by the author as the best of his long allegorical poems: "It is the philosophy of my ante-Christian years, a sort of pantheistic evolution philosophy." "Thalatta," written at Land's End, is as fine as the magnificent sea poems of Swinburne, with an added touch of the "eerie tones

The Hon. Mrs. Roden Noel,
wife of the poet.

of some who passed, wailing in the wind's wail, shadows drifting desolately." It is curious that Roden Noel was not more in sympathy with Swinburne, for both poets shared an intense love for the sea and swimming, Sark, children, and the work of Victor Hugo. But Noel rather resented the popular success which had come to the other and never to him. At this period, 1883–7, he was living at 57, Anerley Park, and saw a



Roden Noel
at the age of fifty.
Photograph sent by Mr. Havelock Ellis.

Back view of house on Kew Green.
Occupied by Roden Noel (1868–71).
Photograph by Miss MacDonald.

good deal of Havelock Ellis, with whom he carried on an extensive and intimate correspondence. There are some interesting references to Swinburne in Noel's letters.* He writes:

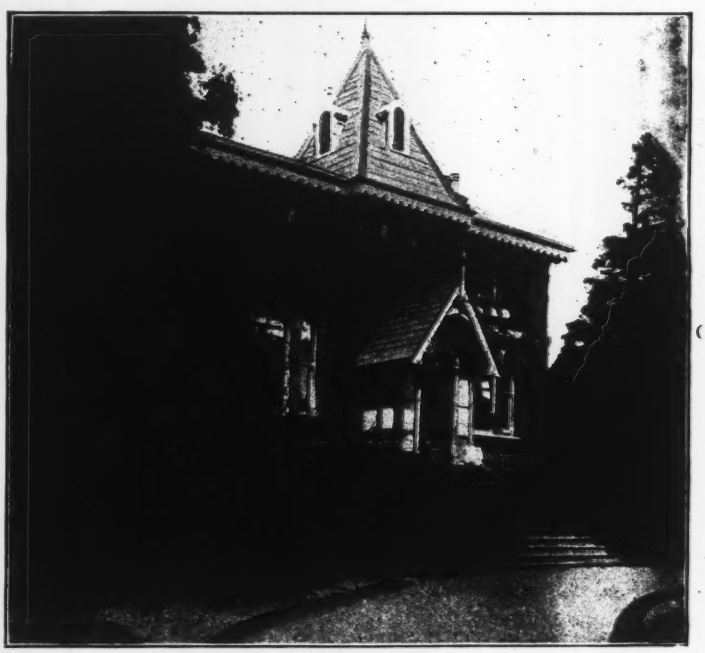
"I don't think Rossetti and Swinburne nearly so good as Tennyson and Browning. But James Thomson, I should say, was nearly so. He, and Buchanan, and William Morris, and, may I be so conceited as to add, your humble servant, stand reverently (but not abjectly) in their several niches below them, and I think above (but anyhow on a level with) Rossetti and Swinburne. I *do* think Rossetti a genuine and original poet. I only demur to the extravagant over-estimate of him and Swinburne formed by their admirers and disciples. The style in each case seems to me so artificial and fantastic, and the substance so *comparatively* thin. . . . Swinburne's endless strophe and antistrophe rhapsodies are surely very windy and truly of very dubious inspiration as poetry. . . . How few thoughts, how little help for life! I must, however, except 'Songs before Sunrise.' . . . His imitators are absolutely detestable. Never was there so much fatal facility, so much gift of the pure gab, such a hæmorrhage of words! 'Like a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong,' as Tennyson said of something of Swinburne's. 'Full of sound and fury, signifying nothing.' He is not a master of words, for the words run away with him. However, I don't ask you to agree with me. A poetical young man must have the Swinburne fever now, just as babies must have measles!"

The poets most admired by Roden Noel were Keats, Shelley, Chatterton, Wordsworth, Hugo, Walt Whitman, and Byron. He wrote for the leading reviews some very illuminating studies of these and other poets which he afterwards elaborated and republished in a volume entitled, "Essays on Poetry and Poets" (1886). For Byron he had an intense sympathy both as poet and man—"I know I am irrationally fond of Byron, from a certain affinity, I suppose," he wrote. They had both been educated at Harrow and Trinity, Cambridge, and Noel, with his similar temperament, understood and could interpret certain phases in the life of Byron. He offered a remarkable solution to the mystery of the identity of the person to whom the Thyrza poems were addressed in his "Life of Lord Byron," published in 1887, one of the most sympathetic and valuable contributions to the literature inspired by that wayward and deeply interesting personality.

During Noel's time at Anerley Park he often lectured on Byron and Wordsworth, devoting the receipts mainly to the benefit of a fund for providing poor children of the district with food. His solicitude for the poor, and particularly the children, never abated, though the early ardour of his views on Socialism became modified. As he told Havelock Ellis:

"I am not a socialist that I know of . . . I suppose I am an advanced liberal with views of my own. *I don't see my way to any great scheme of Socialism*, though I have hankerings that way, and advocate some socialistic views. . . . I know I am a strange compound of aristocrat and democrat, man of culture and man of the people. But I am all for eccentricity, individual idiosyncrasy. Socialism would not allow that."

Roden Noel was inclined to assume the conventional aspect of a poet. He is still remembered, when revisiting the locality of his early home in Kent, standing in a rapt attitude, gazing at the scenery, with a cloak flung in picturesque folds over his shoulder. He wore open Byronic collars, and in the evening a sort of Court dress of black velvet, cut to show the lines of his figure.



House at Maybury Hill, Woking.
Home of Roden Noel, 1871–7, and where his son Eric died.

* Kindly placed at my service by Mr. Havelock Ellis.

Miss Frances Noel,
only daughter of Roden Noel.

Discussing costume and "Æsthetics," when that subject was prominent in 1885, he wrote:

"My unconventional 'evening dress' was adopted from an old Catholic family I am intimate with, and was worn by me before 'Oscar' was born.'

In 1886 he was at Davos, and proceeded in the autumn to Stuttgart. In 1887–8 Noel edited new editions of Edmund Spenser and Thomas Otway (the latter for the Mermaid Series), and in 1888 appeared his last volume of collected verse, "A Modern Faust, and Other Poems." "Poor People's Christmas" was published separately in 1890. Two little volumes of additional poems were issued posthumously in 1896–7, with introductions by his friends, S. and Percy Addleshaw; and Roden Noel's complete "Collected Poems" (excepting those in "Behind the Veil") were published in one volume, 1902, edited by Lady Victoria Buxton.

It is not possible here to offer any exposition of Noel's long philosophical poems. They were not his best work. Although he said he had tried all his life to write philosophical and allegorical poetry, he was pre-eminently a poet of Nature. His delicate lyrics and sad, sweet songs will surely survive, whereas his long didactic epics like "The Red Flag" and "A Modern Faust" can well rest in oblivion. It is these long poems which have affected his popularity. Propaganda by means of poetry does not appeal; but in avoiding Noel's heavy work the public has missed the melody and beauty of a rare order to be found in his short poems.

Roden Noel felt keenly the lack of appreciation he met with, and he resented particularly the sparse and incompetent criticism of his work in journals which professed to lead literary opinion. But he went forward on the lines he believed right, and voiced his message in notes harsh or musical as his mood might be. As Henry Sidgwick said after his friend's death: "I have always felt that though he was keenly disappointed by the world's inadequate recognition of his genius, he did his work in life none the less resolutely, and brought out his great gifts, and remained nobly true to his ideal."

In 1889–90, Noel lived at Livingstone House, Burgess Hill, Sussex, and the last few years of his life were spent at 9, St. Aubyn's, Hove. In 1894 he went to Germany to visit a sister-in-law, and on reaching Mainz railway station he was suddenly prostrated by a fatal heart seizure. He died there in this tragic manner, with no relative or friend beside him, on May 26th, 1894, at the age of fifty-nine. He was buried in the English Cemetery at Mainz.

Roden Noel.
A photograph taken during his last years.

The Rev. Conrad Noel,
Vicar of Thaxted.
Elder son of Roden Noel.
Photograph by Miss F. Noel.

Thus came death mercifully to Roden Noel, for he was spared that pathetic waiting and longing for release which is the portion of those who are world-weary with pain at the last. He had voiced that desire for rest in one of his most exquisite poems, "Dying":

"They are waiting for the boat,
There is nothing left to do;
What was near them grows remote,
Happy silence falls like dew;
Now the shadowy bark is come,
And the weary may go home.

"By still water they would rest,
In the shadow of the tree;
After battle sleep is best,
After noise tranquillity."

And he sums up the sadness of life, its brevity and its loveliness, in "The Pity of It":

"Who may dream of all the music
Only a lover hears,
Hearkening to hearts triumphant
Bearing down the years?
Ah! may eternal anthems dwindle
To a low sound of tears?

* * * * *

And now a few poor moments
Between life and death,
May be proven all too ample
For love's breath.

Seed that promised blossom,
Withered in the mould.
Pale petals overblowing,
Failing from the gold.

* * * * *

An hour may yet be yielded us
Or a very little more—
Then a few tears, and silence
For evermore."

So he plays upon the muted strings of memory, and his low haunting strains bring back the sad-joyousness of the past and dim visions of old long-lost days.

THE AVENGERS.

(AN INTERLUDE.) BY CALE YOUNG RICE.

[*A road in Belgium, desolate as only night, destruction and the cruelty of men can make it. Three unearthly forms seem gathered together on it—the ghosts of a Belgian child who has starved, of a Frenchwoman who was raped, and of a slain German soldier. They are hand in hand and have paused helplessly, as if so recently dead as to be uncertain of their state. Beyond them are impalpably felt the ruins of a church, a windmill, and a house or two. Farther down the road an unreal light seems to shine from some door or window. The child is whimpering. The woman peers anxiously. The soldier looks hopelessly on the ground. All are like shapes in a dream.*]

THE CHILD: My mother—did my mother starve too?
I want her! . . . Is this Heaven?

THE SOLDIER: No, little one,
I do not think so; for it seems so dark.
And yet I do not know: perhaps it is.

THE WOMAN: It is not. We are lost. Or it may be
There are so many dead the gates that lead
To the other world are thronged and we must wait.
Or it may be that God—if still He cares—
Has yet some earth-aim for us.

THE SOLDIER: It may be . . .
So many things may be. And yet it seems
That the aims of God are too like those of men.
My Emperor avowed it was God's will
That I should leave my wife and little children
To take up arms and kill.

THE WOMAN: Yes, kill and ravish,
Until we kill ourselves—as I have done.

THE SOLDIER: No, no; not that. I had a wife I loved.

THE CHILD (*again whimpering*): My mother loved me.
Is it far to Heaven?
Why did God let me starve?

THE SOLDIER (*shudders*): Hush, little one.

THE CHILD: But why?

THE WOMAN: For this: to feed the German Emperor,
Who might have starved for glory, had you eaten.

THE SOLDIER: Ah, that is terrible. Do not say that.
We are dead now, and truth alone is left.

THE CHILD: I did not want to starve. Why did God
let me?

THE SOLDIER: We must go on. Perhaps we shall find out.
That light may lead us to the gate we seek
Out of the world: for surely one is near.

THE WOMAN: I think we are kept here for some
avenging.

THE SOLDIER: Must even the dead avenge? God
should not ask me
To kill again! I cannot!

THE WOMAN: Come: let's on. [*They start.*]

THE CHILD: I could walk better if I had not hungered.
Will there be bread in Heaven? plenty of bread?
[*A Shape in the gloom before them stays the answer. It is that of a German Sentinel. They halt helplessly.*]

THE SOLDIER: We cannot pass. We have no countersign.

THE WOMAN: The dead need none. See, he is unaware.
To him we are invisible and soundless.
We can be known, I think, only by those
For whom we are kept here. Come.

THE CHILD (*as they pass*): I am afraid.
Will any take our bread from us in Heaven?

THE SOLDIER: No, little one Ah! . . . (*stops by sentinel*). It is my brother, Gustav.
He is with the Emperor—in the Emperor's Guard.

THE WOMAN: That light, then, is within the Emperor's
quarters.
And now—at last!—I seem to understand.

[*The scene darkens as she speaks, and then is slowly transformed. It becomes a dim-lit room in which is the Emperor. He sits at a table, but starting cries out as the Three appear spectral before him: cries and his sword falls clanging. An Officer enters.*]

THE OFFICER: You called me, sire.

THE EMPEROR (*still a-stare*): No, no, I did not call.
[*The Three have faded.*]

THE OFFICER (*surprised*): Then, sire, good-night again.

THE EMPEROR: Good-night . . . good-night.
[*With more terror, however, when the Officer has retired.*]
Am I distempered, still? I thought I saw them.
Will the Almighty never ease my eyes
With angels or archangels? but send ever
These dead, with their undying misery?
Is He not with me, His divinely chosen,
With me to give my armies victory?
[*Then trembling as the Three again appear.*]
Once more you come? Begone. What do you seek?
[*They gaze at him.*]

THE WOMAN: You raped me, sire.

THE EMPEROR (*hoarsely*): Not you nor any. Away!

THE WOMAN: You raped me—and raped France.

THE EMPEROR: Lies! It is lies! [*Half strangles.*]

THE SOLDIER: No, sire; but truth. For I was made
to do it:
I and my German comrades.

THE EMPEROR: Traitor! Traitor!
Your Fatherland was ringed by enemies.
[*Tries to rise.*]

THE CHILD (*to the Woman*): That is the man who
took away my bread.
And let me starve.

THE EMPEROR: No; it was war did it!
Take her away!

THE WOMAN: Yes, sire; but there will come
Others and yet others who are dying,
And who are dead, on every hour of the night—
Starved and ravished, murdered and slaughtered
others.
For you shall never again look on the living
But there shall be about you, ever escapeless,
The pale, piteous and accusing presence
Of the unnumbered dead. . . .

THE EMPEROR: Help! . . . Help! [*He has swooned—his head falling forward upon the table.*]

THE WOMAN: Now we can find the gate out of the
world.

[*They pass slowly through the walls again hand in hand. The scene darkens and once more becomes the desolate road—with only the wind now sighing along the waste.*]

XUM

XUM

Supplement to the "THE BOOKMAN"
Christmas, 1917.

Photo by G. C. Beresford.

DONALD HANKEY.

(Lieut., Royal Warwickshire Regt.)

"There is hardly a man who will not return from the War bigger than when he left home . . . . . He may be rougher in manner. But it will not be for nothing that he has learnt to endure hardship without making a song about it, that he has risked his life for righteousness' sake, that he has bound up the wounds of his mates, and shared with them his meagre rations."

DONALD HANKEY.—*A Student in Arms.*

New Books.

THE FRENCH NOVEL.*

A book by Mr. George Saintsbury on the inexhaustible subject of French literature is to be received with deep respect. There is no student of that literature but has profited by the immense learning of the writer, copiously poured out. By reason of familiarity his very foibles have become amiable rather than distressing. Should the student be in general agreement with the conclusions of the distinguished scholar he will prefer to consider as convictions what he might otherwise regard as prejudices, and to palliate the weaknesses of the critic's literary style by dwelling rather on the value of the information conveyed and the distinction of the thought.

Mr. Saintsbury's "History of the French Novel" has been awaited eagerly, and the first instalment is now on the market. It is a portly volume of some 490 pages, and is concerned with fiction in France from its origins to the commencement of the nineteenth century. That so much space was necessary to do simple justice to the theme is proof of the riches of France in the lightest—as in every other—department of literature. By implication it expresses also Mr. Saintsbury's view of the relative wealth and importance of the fiction written in that country during the remainder of the nineteenth century, since the second volume is to be devoted entirely to that period. This seems a little startling, but it is unlikely that a scheme so carefully considered and mapped out should err on a point of capital importance. We must wait the publication of the completed work before we can see it in its true perspective. On several occasions the author expresses the hope that, in spite of advancing years, he may be permitted to finish his study. Every reader must emphasise the wish, since it would be a serious misfortune should the block remain but a torso. For in this book Mr. Saintsbury has attempted something which, at such length, he has never attempted before, viz., "the history of a Kind, and a Kind which has distinguished itself, as few others have done, by communicating to readers the *pleasure* of literature." Now the reading of novels is not generally necessary to salvation. It is a recreation (or should be) and not a duty; and one of the outstanding merits of Mr. Saintsbury's "History" is that it can be read for pure pleasure, even as its subject should be read. Cheerfulness breaks in all the way, and this in a book of such length and import is no small matter. The author, indeed, is determined not to be dull at any cost. For this reason biographical details are ignored. The ship is lightened by the relegation of dates to a conspectus at the end. Translation is resorted to freely, and abstracts of romances and novels are bestrewn with a liberal hand, to the reader's great exceeding comfort. The advantages of this method, as the author truly says, are obvious. Incidentally it has some defects, which need not here be insisted on. But when a learned book of some five hundred pages can be perused with the most pleasurable interest, one feels sure that, after all, the style is scarcely so "gritty" as to the purist it must inevitably appear.

Mr. Saintsbury traces the main current of French fiction from its origin in the "Sequence of St. Eulalia" to the Empire—a matter of some nine hundred years. The French novel derives its waters from a curious spring, and certainly the casual reader would not expect to find that source in the lives of the Saints. The uninstructed reader—should this scholarly volume light upon such a person—will notice also that these lives are written in verse, and seem, therefore, foreign to an art more generally associated with prose. Mr. Saintsbury, however, is undoubtedly right in incorporating this early verse into the fabric of his book. A very large portion of early mediæval fiction was composed in verse, and verse bearing in too many instances the most slender relation to poetry. Lives of saints, fabliaux, romances of chivalry, many of the stories dealing with the Arthurian legend, all are in verse, and all are included correctly in a history of fiction. It may be objected that the knack of writing novelettes neatly in verse was a gift common enough in France throughout the centuries, and that it is illogical to permit to the Middle Ages what is refused to the Renaissance and after. But man does not live by logic alone, and the necessity of keeping a huge subject within reasonable limits will not allow stories in assonance or rhyme to be dealt with beyond the borders of mediævalism. The mediæval artist learned to write admirably in prose, and found a very remarkable instrument fashioned to his hand, as witness the romances included in the crimson-covered volumes of the "Bibliothèque Elzévirienne," but this prose was born later than his poetry. I am not sure that the long section devoted by Mr. Saintsbury to mediæval literature is not the most delightful portion of his delightful book. He is steeped in mediævalism, and writes on the matter—not with greater knowledge—but with greater gusto than possibly on any other period. I fancy it a period with which he is in especial sympathy, and that its art, religion, and political philosophy are peculiarly acceptable to his taste and judgment. I can permit myself only two remarks on this subject. The first concerns a sin of commission; the latter a sin of omission. I would suggest that the observations of the author on the "Song of Roland" are quite inadequate to the theme, and stand sorely in need of amplification. Undoubtedly the style of the epic is one of extreme concision, but to speak of the great moment of the horn as being so summarised "as if it had been censored by somebody," seems not in accordance with the evidence. The incident is one of the triumphs of literature, wonderfully prepared and presented, and the picture of Roland, with the blood trickling from his mouth, and the temples of his head broken, yet blowing on his ivory horn, heroic

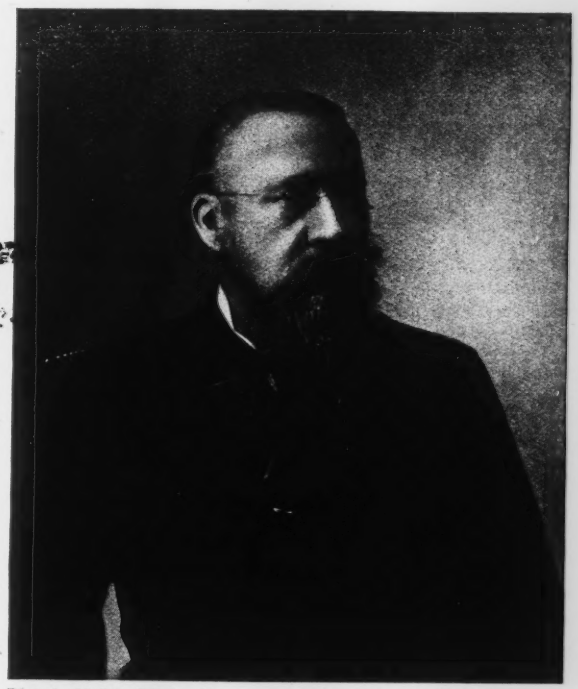


Photo by Moffatt, Edinburgh. **Mr. George Saintsbury.**

* "A History of the French Novel (to the Close of the Nineteenth Century)." By George Saintsbury. Vol. I.: "From the Beginning to 1800." 18s. net. (Macmillan.)

and altogether unforgetable. Did the memory of the critic play him a trick for a space? The sin of omission to which allusion has been made is the neglect to mention Marie de France in these pages. It is quite unlikely that the neglect is other than deliberate. Her Lais make very interesting footnotes to the Arthurian legend, which is copiously treated, and, indeed, the title of "Launfal"—one of her finest pieces of story-telling—is cited with disapproval, as casting a slur on Guinevere, our English Helen. Moreover, Chrestien de Troyes (who lived at much the same time, worked on similar subjects, and may be considered as, in a sense, her rival) receives due consideration. This intentional neglect is unfortunate, for Marie was a very gifted romance writer, and thoroughly deserves recognition. I can only think that since she resided in England, Mr. Saintsbury has determined to class her as English, despite language, extraction, probable birth, and the undeniable fact that she is no part of English literature. Sent from pillar to post the lady seems likely to find no home anywhere.

I have lingered over the earlier sections of this "History," because, to the present reviewer, they are the most fascinating, but the chapter on Rabelais follows closely after. The object of that chapter is to prove Rabelais one of the supreme novelists of his land. It is a claim which even the fervent Pantagruelist may accept with mental reservation. Is it not glory enough to be the outstanding genius of earlier French literature: the master of wit and humour: the lord of language: a profound thinker: a marvellous teller of *contes*: the creator of Panurge? Is not this glory enough for mortal man, without addition! For my part I shall bear Mr. Saintsbury's argument in mind, but I cannot away with the sprawling shapelessness of the masterpiece, and, judging it more wonderful in the component parts than as a whole, I prefer to honour Rabelais not primarily as novelist.

The three principal novels, following after Rabelais, that come within the scope of the first volume of this "History," are Le Sage's "Gil Blas"—that marvel of picaresque adventure—Prévost's "Manon Lescaut"—a masterpiece of passion, as it were by a fluke—and Rousseau's "Nouvelle Heloïse." Of these three novels Mr. Saintsbury has much to say of extreme interest. The action and interaction of two literatures can well be illustrated by such discussion. Their influence on the craft of the nineteenth century novelist cannot easily be exaggerated. That the second volume of this "History of the French Novel" may be completed, must be the sincere wish of every student. The first is a monumental work of the veteran scholar, and any suggestions made in my paper have been made just "to show that this is a criticism, and not a mere panegyric."

EUGENE MASON.

THE EYES OF A CHILD.*

Robert Louis Stevenson has said somewhere that any man who could faithfully remember his own childhood might write a great book. Unfortunately for literature memory is one of the most uncertain of human faculties. Facts and events are remembered easily enough, but the mental atmosphere which makes them into ideas, so that they become lights within the mind, shining brightly or shining murkily, illuminating sudden pictures of the world, *that* is a thing as fleeting as a morning mist, yet it is the only part of memory which is worth anything at all. Probably it is for this reason that there have not been many great books about childhood, and very few even passable ones. Most authors who write about children drag them in for purposes either of sentimentality or humour—to die pathetically like the little boy in "East Lynne" or to excite laughter by being most comically bad. Even so great a master as Dickens, although he undoubtedly knew better, was not above bringing in child characters for the express purpose of having them slobbered over, and it is only the memory of the Marchioness that makes one forgive him for the killing of Little Nell.

The best books that have been written about children are free from any trace of sentimentality, no matter from what angle their author views his subject. Witness "Huckleberry Finn," or Kenneth Graham's "Golden Age" and "Dream Days," or Stephen Crane's "Whilomville Boys," the last a book which is not so well known in England as it ought to be. Each of these works is in some sense a creation, an imagined thing; and they are essentially true in spite of the fact that like all works of art they are selective. Their incidents are consciously shaped and set one upon another with an eye to the artistic beauty of the whole, as an architect plans a house. Mr. Edwin Pugh's new book, "The Eyes of a Child," differs from them in its very conception, for it is plainly an effort in autobiography. A character here and there may be touched up, the lights and shades emphasised, the incidents arranged, but the essential truth of the whole record is unmistakable. Not even so fine an artist as Mr. Pugh could have written this book unless he had himself passed through the experiences he describes. On the other hand, if Mr. Pugh had not been an artist we might never have had—and I say this after full consideration of all it implies—one of the most profoundly moving, one of the most significant and searching books that have ever been written about childhood.

Mr. Pugh's title indicates his method of approaching his subject. He attempts to recreate the vision of the world as seen by the eyes of a child between the ages of five and fourteen. The limits of that world were the limits of a dreary London suburb in a poor district, and its inhabitants were just ordinary people, such as you may see every day in Wood Green or Camberwell or Stratford. The child himself was like thousands of other children, highly sensitive, with an infinite capacity for happiness or suffering, and peculiar only in so far as in him the soul of the artist was stirring. For lodging he had a two-storied house in Garden Row, for recreation ground the streets, for the things of the spirit, penny novelettes, a Salvation Army mission, a church with a choir, and an "abominable slaughter-house of hapless childhood" called a school. Quite simply and sincerely, without ever a trace of sentimentality, he describes how such an environment reacted upon his soul. It is all personal and particular; seldom does he indulge in generalities; his method is that of the artist and not of the preacher; yet it is all so vividly realised, so wonderfully imagined—for vivid realisation is the true meaning of imagination—that it becomes at once a vigorous sermon and a social satire. There is no hope for the man who can read it unmoved; it should stir the responsive to fiery indignation. If our bishops and clergymen had any sense of reality they would, at this time above all others, stand up boldly in their pulpits and preach their sermons on its text.

It must not be thought, however, that Mr. Pugh is bitter. On the contrary, he is, for so intimate a record, curiously detached, and he has a sense of humour. There is hardly a page that does not provoke a smile. Over and over again some perfectly vignetted character sketch—like that of the boy's literary godfather, Tobias Price, author of "Poems of a Humble Muse," or his first love, Sophie Garment, or Uncle Midgeley, makes the discerning reader purr gratefully. The tale of the lad's calf-love is amusing too, as such tales must be, but infinitely tender none the less. Only in the description of his school does a little bitterness manifest itself, and even that is dissipated in the hope that such crimes against childhood no longer exist. Alas! in such a hope the author is mistaken. Schools nowadays are more hygienic than they used to be (although I have been within the last three years inside a school that, materially, might have served Mr. Pugh as a model for his description). Babies no longer sit in those horrible galleries, blown on by draughts, catching colds in winter and fleas and fever from each other in summer; the old examination system and payment by results are abolished;

* "The Eyes of a Child." By Edwin Pugh. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

our teachers are better trained, better paid, better chosen than they used to be, but many of the spiritual evils of the olden time still remain. Let our teachers read this book, and then, without fear or favour, stand up and bear witness.

If I were the Minister of Reconstruction, I would prescribe "The Eyes of a Child" for study by members of the Committee. It strikes deep down to the roots of our social disorder, and it does it all the more effectively because it is not a tract, but a work of art. Perhaps it will go farther than any tract or sermon to make us see the truth of the quotations with which the book ends:

"Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted and become as these little children, ye shall not enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. . . . Whoso shall offend one of these little ones, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea."

C. S. EVANS.

WILKES AND THE CITY.*

It is a coincidence which happens not infrequently in the world of books that some person or some subject receives no attention for several decades, and then works on the person or subject come from the press hot upon one another's heels. John Wilkes has been ignored by the biographers for many years: a few weeks ago we had a "Life" by Mr. Horace Bleackley, who had long been engaged upon this task, and now we have "Wilkes and the City" by Sir William Treloar, who has been collecting material for a considerable period. It is quite in keeping that an account of a former Lord Mayor should be written by one of his successors at the Guildhall. Sir William Treloar, one of the best known and most deservedly popular of recent Lord Mayors, tells us that he has always been interested in the career of Wilkes, and that from the time when he became a member of the Corporation of the City of London in 1881, representing the very ward—Farringdon Without—over which Wilkes had presided, he has read all that he could about his hero and about the times in which he lived. Sir William Treloar does not claim to have written a biography. At the outset he disarms the critic by remarking that he has merely collected "shreds and patches about Wilkes's City life from contemporary sources about this amazing man," and publishes them "for the amusement and interest of other citizens."

It is clear that Sir William Treloar is fascinated by the subject, and rather in love with the man. He can see, and frankly admits, Wilkes's faults, but he dwells on the brighter side of the man's character. He especially admires him as a fighter—and a very doughty antagonist was John Wilkes:

"He had been expelled from the House of Commons; he, like Bradlaugh, lived to make the House expunge from their records all account of his expulsion; he was most improperly prosecuted by the Government, and disgracefully persecuted by it; he fought against great odds and won. He did all this under great difficulty, without means and against powerful opponents. He became Lord Mayor in spite of his brother Aldermen, for which I applaud him. After his Mayoralty he became Chamberlain of the City; and when asked by his fellow-Aldermen to retire from the Court because of his being elected Chamberlain, he said he would see them further first, as it was his intention to live and die an Alderman of the City of London. It was quite wrong, of course; but he did it. A few men like him, *without* his faults, might do the City good even now. There is no doubt that Wilkes would have done his best to maintain, preserve, and keep all the rights and privileges of the Corporation."

This, there can be but little question, is the right spirit; but it is not advisable to follow the author into the vexed question of the present-day rights of the Corporation of London, for which, as a matter of course, he holds a brief. His summing-up of the subject of his book gives the key-note to the volume:

"I have no desire to make a hero of Wilkes. He lived in times when the vices and virtues of public men were exaggerated by their friends and foes, but we must not make one man the scapegoat of a generation. If we study his life carefully and honestly, and consider the age in which he lived, we must confess he was not so bad as many of his contemporaries, nor worse than some of the men of the present enlightened age. He married a woman of thirty-two when he was twenty years of age. He was a bright, gay, highly-educated boy, full of spirit and buoyant humour, with plenty of money at his command; she had been brought up in the strictest forms of Dissent, living a dull, contented life in Red Lion Court. As a husband he was not a success; as a father he was in every respect exceptionally kind and affectionate. His daughter Polly was always his chief care, and she, on her side, was always loving, dutiful and considerate. In her will, she desired to be buried by his side. I do not think he could have been so bad as his enemies made him out to be, or his daughter would not have loved and honoured him so completely."

Sir William Treloar's arguments, it may be submitted, err on the human side. A man may be a kind father according to his lights, his daughter may love and honour him, and yet he may not be either a good or a great man. It does not come within the scope of this article to discuss Wilkes as a father or a husband, and we are concerned mainly with Wilkes the politician and Wilkes the City man. The value of the book before us is in the light it sheds on Wilkes in the City, and, perhaps more—though the author may not agree—with the light it throws upon the Corporation of the City of London in Wilkes's day.

Painted and engraved by Richard Houston, 1769.

Serjeant Glyn, Wilkes, and Rev. John Horne.

From "Wilkes and the City" (Murray)

* "Wilkes and the City." By Sir William Treloar. 12s. net. (Murray.)

The interest of the volume is mainly to be found in this. "Wilkes in the City" is, as a matter of fact, principally valuable as a contribution to the history of the Corporation of London. The author is the first person who has had access to, or, at the least, the first person who has taken advantage of, certain records. It is the record of these annals which makes this book valuable. No student of the history of the City can ignore them, nor can any biographer of Wilkes. Sir William Treloar has given us a reprint of Wilkes's Diary of Dinner Engagements, reprinted as an appendix from the British Museum, and this alone is to the student of the period a feast of joy. A few extracts may be given:

1770. *May* 2.—Dined at the Beef Stakes at Appleby's.
May 30.—Dined at Dr. Brocklesby's. Present, Serjeant Glynn and Trevenion (6).
June 1.—Dined at the Chevalier D'Eon's, Petty France. Prest. Cotes, Mons. and Mad. and Mlle. Vignolles.
July 10.—At the London Tavern with the supporters of the Bill of Rights.
August 1.—Attended Mr. Horne's trial at Guilford. . . .
1771 *May* 27.—At Royal Oak, Vauxhall, with Sir Joseph Mawbey, Mr. Thrale and the parishioners of St. Thomas, Southwark.
1772. *Dec.* 20.—In Prince's Court, with Sheriff Lewes, Rev. Mr. Northcote, Jack Churchill, and Miss Wilkes.
1773. *May* 5.—Supp'd Mr. and Mrs. Garrick at the Adelphi.

The entries might be multiplied for the benefit of the reader, but these will suffice to send him to the volume. Each entry arouses a train of thought. D'Eon, Jack Churchill, the Garricks, suggest pictures to those familiar with the period. The Diary of Dinner Engagements, bald as each entry is, conjures up a series of pictures full of interest.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

THE HEART OF MAN.

The full heart, full to overflowing with strange and terrible and beautiful experiences, has in our days come to relieve itself by means of poetry or verse. Poetry is the open confessional ear of the world into which you can pour everything and be sure of its inviolate secrecy. "The Seal of Confession" is on all those little books which one may buy in the bookshops. Here one may tell one's innermost secrets to the world "under the seal."

Mrs. Harold Nicolson[1] has a delicate poetic gift. It is a pensive voice, but there is a vitality and a feeling for the common things of everyday life which do not go with pensiveness. Her poetry is very lyrical. It has the true singing quality. She has only happy things so far, things over which one may smile and be pensive, to confess in poetry: love, memory—the short sweet memory of youth—regrets for beloved places. It is a felicitous Muse. There is something of a fresh charm in "My Spirit like a Shepherd-Boy," and in many others of these songs. But here is a memory faithfully observed and candidly expressed—a memory of Knole:

"Pictures and galleries and empty rooms!
Small wonder that my games were played alone.
Half of the rambling house to call my own,
And wooded gardens with mysterious flowers.
My fingers ran among the tassels faded,
My playmates moved in arrases brocaded,
I slept beside the canopied and sheeted
Beds of forgotten Kings.
I wandered shoeless in the galleries,
I contemplated long the tapestries,
And loved the ladies for their histories
And hands with many rings.

"Beneath an oriel window facing south
Through which the unniggard sun poured morning beams,
I daily stood and laughing drank the streams,
And, catching fistfuls, pressed them in my mouth."

This is a voice for which we shall listen again. "Black and White Magic"[2] arrests with its odd cover, a chessboard of cats and owls and frogs astride a toadstool and all sorts of queer cabalistic things. What kind of sorcery lies between these covers? There are two wizards, E. H. W. M. and Wilfrid Blair. There is no black magic here: it is all white, for it is all good. There is the very spirit of fantasy. Witches are here, dreadful witches sometimes, and not always to be foiled by Queen Mab. Oberon and Titania are here, all the merry rout: and it is a delightful, gay, gladsome, gruesome world to step into out of hearing of the hammers of Thor. Mr. Blair's work has a delightful lyrical swing and dance. It is packed with fancy. The elfin ointment has been on his eyes. His fairies keep the most delicious places, those fairily-named English places the very names of which are magic. I love Mr. Blair's fairies better than his collaborator's witches, although he has a witch or two of his own of uncommon quality. Here is a fairy woven out of the moonlight. For some transgression she must serve in a mortal's house.

"Ere her trouble she was tiny;
'Tis her doom to be so tall:
Thus her hair no more will fall
To her feet, all shimmering and sunshiny.

"O her eyes like pools at twilight,
Mournful, whence pale radiance peers;
O, her voice that throbs with tears
In the attic neath the staring sky-light!

"Day long does she household labour,
Lights the fires and scrubs the floors,
Washes up and answers doors,
Ushers in the dread, stout stuffy neighbours.

"Then at night she seeks her attic,
Parts her clothes with those pale hands,
Slips at last her shift and stands
Moon-caressed, most yearningly ecstatic."

Delicious fooling—with a touch of Herrick in it. We give thanks to those wizards.

"Days of Destiny,"[3] if it does not give us glamour, has nothing that is not dignified and worthy of its topics. It is a book of England and the war. The poems are full of the beauty of England and the patriotism she awakes: there are many stirring war poems. There is something very tender and pitiful in "To the Little Children Fatherless." And here is a charming lyric:

"They tell us some far glory lies
Where the great waters meet the skies.
Sail there, they say, and you shall see
The cliffs of Immortality.

"It may be so: I am content
Even here, where Earth is wracked and rent
And Death and Anguish sweep the air—
Content, if nothing waits me there.

"No greater glory floods the heaven
Than that which I have here been given.
Profoundest love and heart-linked laughter
Are mine, whatever follows after.

"Not mine alone, but hers and mine:
Of all God's gifts the most divine.
Is that two hearts on earth may rise
Into a single paradise."

"Odes, and Other Poems,"[4] by R. C. K. Ensor, is the work of a true poet, with a delicate and sensitive mind, a choice vocabulary and an ear for silvery music. It is enough to say of the "Ode on European War" that it is not unworthy. But amid the great multitude of war poems which are being produced one turns gratefully to the clear-coloured, lightly-phrased, most deft poems of the closing section of the book. These are always in season like love and youth.

[1] "Poems of West and East." By V. Sackville West (Mrs. Harold Nicolson.) 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

[2] "Black and White Magic." By E. H. W. M. and Wilfrid Blair. 3s. 6d. net. (Blackwell.)

[3] "Days of Destiny." By R. Gorell Barnes. 2s. 6d. net. (Longmans.)

[4] "Odes, and Other Poems." By R. C. K. Ensor. 2s. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

XUM

"The Flood of Life,"[5] by Richard Church, is sensitive and refined. He has read many poets and he has answered to many and the result is a book of love, of nature, of the eternal things. "Rarely, rarely comest thou, Spirit of Delight!" is true of many volumes of poems, even when they have quality; but delight comes with this stanza of daffodils in a churchyard:

"Love raised her golden head,
Love called upon the sky—
Called from the mounded grass and mossy stone
The unseen calling to the wide unknown—
Sorrow aflame with song."

A good many booklets of verse come from the soldier-men, and one would, if one could, have a word of praise for all. Now and again comes one which asks neither mercy nor kindness, but simple justice. Captain Stewart has something of the root of the matter in him. These are no sing-songs but a really poetic mind has gone to the plucking of "Grapes of Thorns."[6] "The Road that runs up to Messines" makes its appeal: but one turns to this confession:

"I was afraid of Fear,
Not of the foe,
And when I thought that those I held most dear,
My craven soul must know,
And turn away ashamed who praised before
Ashamed and deep distressed to find it so—
I was afraid the more.

"Lo, when I joined the fight
And bared my breast
To all the darts of that wild hellish night
I only stood the test.
For Fear, which I had feared, deserted then
And forward, blithely at the foe I prest—
Lord of myself again."

KATHARINE TYNAN.

GREAT JAMES.*

I have never read the works of Cornelius Agrippa; the writings of the Master of the Sentences are very unfamiliar to me, and even the great S. Thomas himself has reached me only by devious ways. And no one is even surprised at this. You can go out to dinner—or you could before the war—and no one would even suspect you of being uncultured, or unread, if you were ignorant of the mediæval masters; but then and now you are expected to be familiar with the works of Henry James. More falsehoods have flown about over James than over any other great author. There have always been people who made a cult of the difficult, people who preferred Sordello to Pompilia, and the Egoist to Rhoda Fleming; but, so far as I had opportunity to notice, the people who professed to love Sordello or the Odes on France had read the poems they admired. This may sometimes be so with the ardent Jacobeans. There are men of letters, I know, who read avidly and more than once "The Wings of the Dove" and "The Golden Bowl"; nay, I know a girl who is not a universal reader who has listened to "The Golden Bowl," read aloud. But I have also met many earnest and fervent idolaters who have evidently never read the later James's books. That is the first and primary objection to them. It is easy and pleasant to read the early James—him of "Daisy Miller" and "The American": it is, to my thinking, impossible *not* to read the middle James, him of "The Other House," of "What Maisie Knew," of "The Spoils of Poynton" and a dozen supreme, superb stories . . . and it is, oh! so fatally easy, not to read the late, the final James. Of the style, of the subtlety, of the minute care and delicate weaving it is impossible to speak too highly. Every one must praise James . . . the later James . . . but need we read him? Is he really, in these later books, a step further in advance, or is he, as I have suggested, really only turning back to that infinitely ingenious playing with words, toying with ideas which occupied the almost infinite leisure of the scholastic age?

Dr. Whewell of Trinity once denounced Tennyson's "Northern Farmer" as a work in which "the poet has wasted a great deal of dialectic ingenuity in describing a very *wuthless pussonage*." The sentence of sturdy Philistine condemnation springs to my mind as I turn over these two beautiful books. Here we are admitted into the very secret workings of Henry James's mind, the very heart of his method . . . and it arouses, oh! admiration, of course, and awe and the very greatest respect; but just this cold doubt overspreads one's admiration: was he wasting time? It has often been remarked that, however lacking the older novelists may be in dialectic and subtlety and psychological effect, they differ greatly from the moderns in this: the power of making and individualising character. You may—if you are clever and young—laugh at the way Thackeray prates about Becky Sharp or moralises over Dobbin, but you cannot dispute the almost painful vividness, the insistent reality and distinctness of the individuals in his novels. They are not "worthless" personages: they are as fully worth-while as any flesh-and-blood friend or enemy. And this is true of Ibsen's people, of Tolstoy's, of Turgenev's—and of the best in Hardy and George Moore. It is true, too, making allowances for the fact of his dealing with a less robust folk, of the people in the middle James—but is it true of these later creations?

I have felt for some time that Henry James was retreating further and further into himself: that he was viewing his characters not as they were, nor even reflected in a mirror; but he drew them from the reflections of photographs in a mirror. The more remote, the more difficult, the less human . . . all that was appealing to him. And he was getting, in consequence, more and more preoccupied with the externals of his personages: we had to see them, but not to understand them; he worked to baffle rather than create. Difficulties appealed to him not that he could solve, or show by the inability to solve that they had their own meaning, but just as difficulties. What was in origin an art became a game . . . the worst of all games, a game of skill, and in these two torsos one feels that the line which separated James from a chess-player is getting very thin.

And all this over-elaboration did not always achieve even his own effect. Take for instance, from the Notes for "The Ivory Tower," the passage about the Girl.

"My Girl, in the relinquished thing, was Cissy Foy; and this was all right for the figure there intended, but the girl here is a very different one, and everything is altered. I want her name, moreover, her Christian name, to be Moyra, and must have some bright combination with that; the essence of which is a surname of two syllables and ending in a consonant—also beginning with one. I am thinking of Moyra Grabham, the latter excellent thing was in *The Times* of two or three days ago; its only fault is a little too much meaning, but the sense here would not be thrown into undue relief, and I do not want anything pretty or 'conventionally' pleasing. Everything of the shade of the real. Remain thus important the big, the heavy Daughter of the billionaire, with her father; in connection with whom I think I give up Betterman. That must stand over, and I want, above all, a single syllable. All the other names have two or three; and this makes an objection to the Shimple, which I originally thought of as about odd and ugly enough without being more so than I want it. But that also will keep, while I see that I have the monosyllable Hench put down; only put down for another connection. I see I thought of 'Wenty' Hench, short for Wentworth, as originally good for Second Young Man. If I balance that against Haughty Crimper, I incline still to the latter, for the small amusement of the Haughty. On the other hand, I am not content with Hench, though a monosyllable, for the dear Billionaire girl, in the light of whom it is alone important to consider the question, her Father so little mattering after she becomes by his death the great Heiress of the time. And I kind of want to make *her* Moyra; with which I just spy in *The Times* a wonderful and admirable 'Chown'; which makes me think that Moyra Chown may do. Besides which, if I keep Grabham for my 'heroine,' I feel the Christian name should there be of one syllable. All my others are of two; and I shall presently make the case right for this, finding the good thing. The above provides, for the time, for the essential."

[5] "The Flood of Life, and Other Poems." By Richard Church. 1s. net. (Fifield.)

[6] "Grapes of Thorns." By Captain J. E. Stewart, M.C. 1s. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

* "The Ivory Tower."—"The Sense of the Past." By Henry James. 2 vols. 12s. net. (Collins.)

It is not that this minute discussion as to names is unimportant—all serious novelists have a love for naming their characters suitably . . . it is that for James I feel the name is as important as the person. He does not so much want a good name to fit a preconceived character, as a character whose growth he at any rate suspects: he will, if a name occurs to him, force his man or woman to play in with it. "Chess" is perhaps too purposeful a game with which to compare this minute detail . . . it is more like jig-saw: and has the same evident and maddening fascination for the player. But what disappoints is his final choice. No one can doubt that he hit on the right name when he noticed the good old Cornish Chown in *The Times*. It is astonishingly right; but James did not know it. And he kept (it is true, dissatisfied) to Cissie Foy, a name quite unusually unbecoming for the girl he was thinking of.

Now although in this comparatively small thing I feel Henry James was no longer the master, but the slave, of his methods, it remains to consider the effect of his methods on the broad results of his art. That art did not, it must be remembered, differ essentially from the art of the novel as practised by Richardson. Its aim was illusion. Whatever the accidental effect in such work as "The Two Magics," James showed no signs in this later work of trying to practise on expressionist lines. He is essentially an old master, and his cursory dismissal of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, in a paper on the younger men, showed that his interest was still bounded by the novel as understood by Flaubert. What is it then precisely that marks the difference between say "Madame Bovary" and "The Golden Bowl"?

It is surely this: Flaubert aimed at truth and illusion and verisimilitude; James, in his later work, abandons verisimilitude altogether. Now the fantastic, the mystic, the expressionist may abandon verisimilitude safely; they do not want to produce illusion; they want to force a revelation. But if your observant novelist, or student of moods and manners forsakes verisimilitude, he is put in an awkward case: he has to support his truth and his illusion on nothing but his bare word, so to speak. And, frankly, the security is not good enough.

In dialogue, for instance, both in "The Ivory Tower" and "The Sense of the Past" all effort at verisimilitude is abandoned. James gives us the familiar colloquialism perking up in his great blossoming sentences . . . but there is no effort to differentiate essentially between one person's talk and another's. Here is a scrap from a discussion between the dying Mr. Betterman and his nephew, Gray Horton:

"Oh, please understand that I *am* a blatant ass. Let there be no mistake about that," Gray touchingly pleaded.

"Yes—but not on the subject of anything but business."

"Well—no doubt on the subject of business more than any other."

Still the good eyes rested. "Tell me one thing, other than that, for which you have not at least some intelligence."

"Oh, sir, there are no end of things, and it's odd one should have to prove that—though it would take me long. But I allow there's nothing I understand so little and like so little as the mystery of the 'market' and the hustle of any sort."

"You utterly loathe and abhor the hustle! That's what I blissfully want of you," said Mr. Betterman.

"You ask of me the declaration——?" Gray considered. "But how can I *know*, don't you see? When I *am* such a blank, when I've never had three cents' worth of business, as you say, to transact?"

Such a conversation is no more unactual than the dialogue in "King Lear": but it has none of those high qualities which make ideal speech possible. The difficulty is to reconcile this purely Jacobean method of discussing a youth's business capacity with the scene as the author desires you to envisage it. One is distracted by the method. One's attention is given to it, and not to the subject, until in the end one reads, if one reads at all, for the pure pleasure of watching the rings which Henry James so industriously blows. Is there enough smoke for another one? And then the imperial lips purse again, and there emerges, ever so perfectly formed, yet another smoke-ring, shadowy, scanty, but round and engaging.

It would be ungracious to end on a harsh note. If I resent this ring-blowing, it is only because I believe it absorbed the energies of a novelist who, with wider interests, would have ranked with the greatest. To me it is indubitable that James suffered from being an American. In that country the mere noise and dust of action is so monstrously overvalued that he, in his revolt, esteemed mere leisure as something almost to be prized for itself: and so we have him becoming remoter and remoter, less and less involved in the vital aspects of his people: and I cannot help believing that posterity will read his later books as we read those scholastic discussions as to how many angels could stand on the point of a needle. That is a subject full of interest . . . but we prefer the art of those who rendered for us angelic beauty or angelic music.

R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

THE WAYS OF WAR.*

The two most compelling influences which induced the late T. M. Kettle to exchange the professor's gown for the soldier's uniform were a passionate love for the freedom of all nationalities and a no less passionate love for France, as the noblest and most unselfish exemplar of the spirit of liberty for all the peoples of the world. Unlike many of his brother patriots who find abundant occupation in the discussion and solution of the national problems immediately affecting their own country, Kettle had learned, so to speak, to think Europeanly. He believed that Ireland, before she could recover her old position in the world, must cease to hold aloof from the currents of European and, more especially, of French thought. The late John O'Leary used to say: "The Irish can never be like the English, the best they can hope for is to be like the French," and Kettle writes somewhat similarly: "The Irish mind is moreover like the French—lucid, vigorous and positive, though less methodical, since it never had the happiness to undergo the Latin discipline. France and Ireland have been made to understand each other." It was natural, nay, almost inevitable, that Kettle should take up politics, for his father, the late Andrew Kettle, who survived his son only a few days, had been the grand old man of the Agrarian movement and to the end one of Parnell's staunchest supporters. Young Kettle escaped the narrowing influence of the cramming system by which monetary payments were made according to the number of marks obtained in every conceivable subject from Greek to domestic economy—a system equally degrading to teacher and pupil—and he failed in book-keeping!

After a successful university career Kettle was called to the bar, having already established his reputation as a brilliant speaker and master of pungent and witty epigram. What can be more happy than his definition of the difference between the Catholic and the Protestant religions—"The Catholics take their beliefs *table d'hôte*, the Protestants theirs *à la carte*"? Mr. Healy he described as "a brilliant calamity," and Mr. George Moore as suffering from the sick imagination of the growing boy. Of the Royal Irish Constabulary he said: "It was formerly an army of occupation. Now, owing to the all but complete disappearance of crime, it is an army of no occupation."

"Home Rule," he wrote, "may be a divorce between two administrations; it will be a marriage between two nations. You are in any case free to choose for your inspiration between alimony and matrimony, the emphasis in either case is on the last syllable."

In 1906 Kettle was returned for East Tyrone by a narrow majority which he increased very much in the Election of 1910. He was impatient of any kind of religious intolerance: "Why let us quarrel over a dead Dutchman?" he asked an Orange enthusiast. As a speaker in the House of Commons, Kettle came to his own

* "The Ways of War." By Professor T. M. Kettle (Lieutenant, 9th Dublin Fusiliers), with a Memoir by his wife, Mary S. Kettle. 7s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

at once, and the House delighted in his sallies. A jingo he defined as a man who pays for one seat in a tram-car and occupies two.

In 1909 he accepted the Chair of National Economics in the National University and the next year he resigned his seat in Parliament, and devoted himself to literature in the intervals between his professional duties. When war broke out he made many brilliant speeches in favour of recruiting. He did not indeed change his political creed when he donned the khaki. "England," he says, "goes to fight for liberty in Europe, but junkerdom in Ireland."

He was of course profoundly affected by the events of Easter week, 1916, and urged the authorities to send him at once to the front. On July 14th, 1916, he left Ireland for the last time; having the evening before delivered a brilliant speech on Belgium at the opening meeting of University College Debating Society. At the dinner which followed he announced his immediate departure for the front. "And maybe," he added, "if I do come back I shall be the real Captain Kettle."

He fell at Ginchy at the head of his heroic Dubliners—"with half his music in him" as he said of Parnell, and the flowers are blooming on his grave in France which he loved only a little less than his own Ireland.

H. A. HINKSON.

HISTORY AND METHODS OF ANCIENT AND MODERN PAINTING.*

No little courage is needed by author and publisher to bring out under the exceptional difficulties of the present time a book which has no direct connection with any of the burning questions of the day. Mr. Ward's well illustrated "Study of Ancient and Modern Painting," of which the second volume has just appeared, can unfortunately have but an academic interest now, though it will no doubt take a good position as a scholarly work when the war is over and the world has had time to recover to some extent from the upheaval which has altered values in a manner even those most gifted with prophetic insight could not have foreseen. Surely, however, the day cannot now be far distant when the brooding gloom will lift and the heirlooms of the past which have escaped the "ruthless sharpness of the German sword" with which they have so long been menaced will be more carefully cherished than ever, not only as the expression of the soul of the people amongst whom they were produced, but as one of the strongest bonds uniting nations inspired by a spiritual rather than a material ideal.

As explained in his Preface to the first volume of his book, Mr. Ward interprets the term Painting in its broadest sense, including in it the use and application of colours in decorative and ornamental work, ranking designers of mosaics, embroideries, *nielli*, and other polychromatic productions as painters. For the sake of completeness he also devotes a small space to sculpture, recognising how close was the correlation between it and contemporary painting so far as design and composition were concerned, many of its exponents having excelled in the use of the chisel as well as of the brush. In his second volume he takes up the story of painting in every medium at the dawn of the Italian Renaissance, bringing his narrative down to the early fifteenth century which ushered in the golden age of Art, when all the elements of technical skill and composition were blended into one harmonious whole in the works of artists, each of whom rose above his contemporaries in consummate mastery over some one quality of excellence. The leading aim which Mr. Ward has set himself has been to define the influence of the various early Italian schools upon each other, tracing the gradual evolution from the stiff conventionalism which hampered the forerunners of Cimabue and Giotto to the freedom from restraint characterising the work of the successors of these two famous pioneers of originality in the treatment of religious subjects. His concluding chapter on the great Florentine painters is especially interesting, so clearly does he describe the great revolution in Tuscan painting begun by Masolino and brought to a head by Masaccio, and so fully does he enter into the springs of action of the saintly Fra Angelico whose mysticism he aptly defines as that of the religious idealism of subject and sentiment. His criticism of Antonio Pollaiuoli is also marked by very considerable acumen, recognition being given to the fact that that versatile master was even greater as a goldsmith and worker in metals than in pictorial art.

NANCY BELL.

* "History and Methods of Ancient and Modern Painting." Vol. II. By James Ward. 9s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

THE HAPPY MOTORIST.*

In this as in more than one earlier volume Mr. Hissey proves himself to be an original and inveterate hunter in remote countrysides. He is a motorist who leaves the tar-macked highway for the wooded and winding lane. Petrol he uses to defy speed. His joy-ride is an amble, and the measure of his car's efficiency is the leisureliness of its progression. Projecting a journey of weeks' duration, he yet maps out no route. The avoidance of cities is his only rule of the road. Does he overshoot his mark—the whim of the moment? Then he perseveres along the path of error rather than be troubled to turn in his tracks; only to be tempted down the next lane that offers, right hand or left indifferently. A topographer, he despises guide-books. A bit of an archæologist, he will rather discover a tramp than a memorial brass, and counts no missed church or castle a sacrifice against the talk with ditcher or clerk that has stayed him. If an old inn looks cosy, then he "dosses" his car and himself there for the night, especially if the inn be also low and "rambly." He collects Hosts as other men Toby-jugs, and there is not an ancient hostelry in all England of which he does not seem to know the hall-mark.

Yet if you ask what it is he hunts, the answer is not easily forthcoming. "I am nothing if not digressive," he tells you, which is to say that anything is his quarry that comes to his bag. Now it is the secret of dew-ponds and next that of a "blue moon." At Framlingham he learns that if you "touch wood," dead wood "bain't no good": it must be living wood to be effective. At Kitton, near Stamford, till not long ago, they tell him, the church bell was rung for the gleaners; which reminds him how at Newark still the old custom of "Ringing Gofer" is observed. He happens upon a genuine Maypole on the green at Wellow, and in the vestry at Long Stratton is shown by the parson a "sexton's wheel" from pre-Reformation days. It was another parson, at Wallingford, who informed him that there William the Conqueror permitted the Curfew to be tolled at nine o'clock instead of at eight, and that moreover, alone in these islands, Wallingford Curfew has known no break since its institution. Curious signs do not escape him, and he keeps a page in his notebook for strange epitaphs. The Beehive Inn at Great Ponton has (or had) for sign a real hive which actual bees make their home:

"Within this hive
We're all alive,
Good liquor makes us funny.
If you are dry,
Come in and try
The flavour of our honey."

In Thame Church were two lines erased from the mural tablet to an innkeeper, recovered by our author:

"In the morning when sober, in the evening when mellow,
You nowhere could meet with such a jolly good fellow."

* "The Road and the Inn." By James John Hissey. With 32 full-page Illustrations from Drawings and Photographs by the Author. 10s. net. (Macmillan.)

Others, which this recalls for him from an old odd volume, run :

"Here lies old Jones
Who all his life collected bones
Till Death, that grim and bony spectre,
That all-amazing bone-collector,
Boned old Jones so neat and tidy,
That here he lies all bona fide."

Of more historic characters also Mr. Hissey picks up memorials. Dean Swift's cradle in the Church of Brede is one of his finds. Another—still unknown to Americans who flock to the Jordans—is the Blue Idol meeting-house near Warminghurst which William Penn attended when he made his home in the village. Sir Walter Scott's bedroom at the "George" at Stamford is more authentic than that of Richard III. at the "Angel" at Grantham, and Keats and Endymion are better associated with the inn garden at Burford Bridge than Sir Walter Ralegh and his Virginia with the "White Hart" at Beaconsfield. Of inns historic in this sense, the "Saracen's Head" at Southwell is difficult to outvie, for Edward III., James I., Charles I. and Cromwell are all claimed as its guests, to say nothing of the frequent visits of Lord Byron, a punning epitaph on the carrier by whom is among its "association" advertisements. The author's artistic and literary curiosity also harks back mainly to an older day. Herring, Hogarth, Morland, with Constable and David Cox, are the painters he cites for admiration, with modern references to Birket Foster and Mrs. Allingham. There is more of Dickens than appears in the Index: Sam Weller is not forgotten at Bury St. Edmunds; and at Bowes, by Barnard Castle, a local Mr. Shaw is defended from aspersions cast upon his memory as the prototype of Wackford Squeers. Suffolk inspires no allusion to FitzGerald, nor Norfolk any to Borrow (though, as you expect, "There's a wind on the heath. Life is very sweet, brother!" is quoted on an early page in defence of the open road). Rye is enthusiastically greeted and the Mermaid Street allowed a "genuine mediæval look" without reference to the late Mr. Henry James. But the author made a wide detour from Stevenage to visit Mackery End in Hertfordshire and pay his *homage* to the memory of Lamb—for which pious digression many omissions may be forgiven him.

In achieving this topographical *omnium gatherum* Mr. Hissey followed no plan save his own sweet will from hour to hour; and until his car brought him back to Eastbourne, whence he started, he could not (as has been said) have plotted for you his route. As laid down on the accompanying map it touched Banbury for farthest west, ran north to Worksop and Wells, traversed the Broads and reached Dunwich in the east and in the south made a circuit of the Sussex Weald and the Romney Marshes. But in the text it goes far beyond these limits, in reminiscences of earlier pilgrimages, and the shrine is no particular countryside, but as always the Countryside to worship at which is his hobby. That it is attainable by others he may lack the art to persuade us, but his car, of a certainty, is a vehicle for his own fancy. The time of setting forth was "whilst yet the joyous month of June was young," in which words can be detected his ecstatic prospect of the "jolly humours" of his journey. When he reached the foot of the South Downs on the return we cannot guess, for we get an impression from the text of his going on for ever. But it must have been before August, 1914, for in all his four hundred and odd pages there is not a word of war.

D. S. MELDRUM.

Plumpton Place.

From "The Road and the Inn" (Macmillan).

CHRIST AND THE WAR.*

Mr. Snaith's is not a new idea; his fantasy of a second Advent has been often anticipated. There have been endless speculations and prophecies as to what might happen "if Christ came again" to the world which rejected Him. And there has been as general agreement—the novelist in this respect falls into line with his predecessors—that history would repeat itself, and that once more it would have to be recorded that "He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." We may doubt whether the author of "The Coming" can even claim the small amount of originality involved in his being able to say that he is the first to imagine such an Advent as taking place in the midst of the world-war, and to suggest how the Saviour of men would react on that tragedy of humanity. Somewhere some one may have got ahead of Mr. Snaith. It is easy to see how much a scheme as his might lend itself to pacifist propagandism. But though he talks rather too monotonously about the "bestialities of war" he steers clear of offence in his ingenious and moving romance, and he goes out of his way that we may have the assurance that his hero is "a great upholder of law and order."

* "The Coming." By J. C. Snaith. 6s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

THE WESTERN FRONT

Drawings by
MUIRHEAD BONE

Text by
C. E. MONTAGUE

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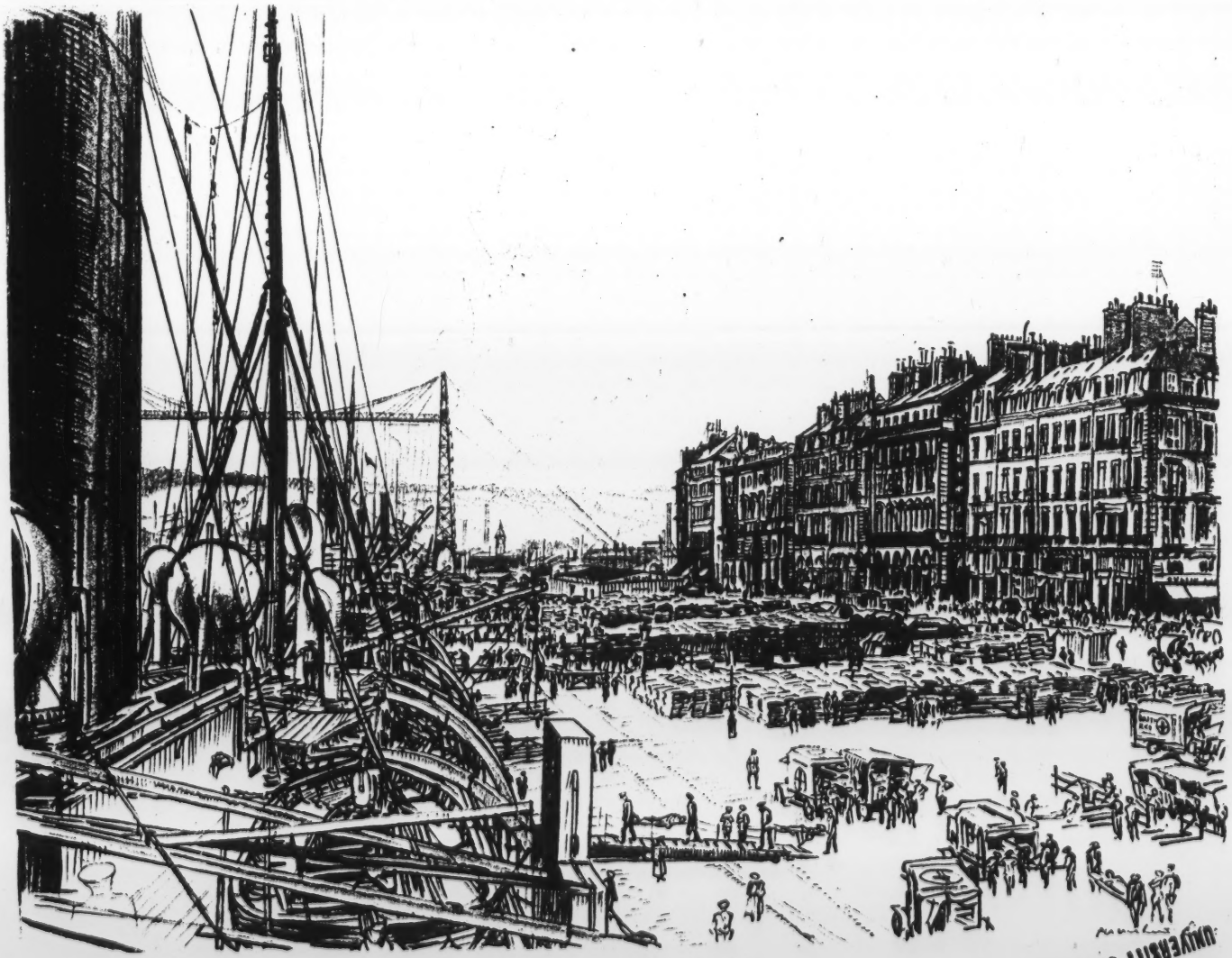

TAKING THE WOUNDED ON BOARD A HOSPITAL SHIP AT A BASE. By MUIRHEAD BONE.

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That hero, plain John Smith, is a soldier's son whose widowed mother, before he was born, prayed that there might be no more wars, and believed that an angel promised her an answer to her prayers. A boy of brilliant abilities, but too delicate in health to proceed to the university or to do more work than that of assisting the village carpenter, John Smith had wonderful ways with animals and birds, wrote poetry of a mystical ultra-imaginative sort, and used phrases—quoted Christ's own sayings as though they were his own—with an audacity that disconcerted orthodoxy. When the vicar's daughter handed him a white feather his only remark was, "Lo, the heavens were opened unto him, etc." "Blasphemy," declared the aristocratic and autocratic vicar; anti-patriot he dubbed him when he heard of his conversations with the villagers, and he resolved to put the law in operation against the faith-healing madman.

Not long before there had been a dinner-party in the neighbourhood at which the chief topic of conversation had been, under the novelist's arrangement, how would society act "if Jesus walked the earth again"? Said a typical worldling:

"If Jesus appeared to-day He would be treated as a mischievous crank, bullied as a pacifist, and perhaps be confined in a lunatic asylum. Think of his reception by the yellow press. He would find it the same devilish world he left two thousand years ago. Man in sum—the vocal working majority, in London, Paris, Berlin, Vienna, Petrograd or New York, is the same two-legged animal without feathers he always was and will be. How can such a creature possibly meet the Master face to face, or even hope to recognise Him when He passes by?"

The vicar loudly protests that this would not be true of the Church, but in the case of John Smith he carries out the programme thus outlined in its entirety. He denounces him as a pacifist, intrigues with doctors to certify him mad, and is not satisfied till he has got him securely locked up in an asylum. Almost too late he reaches the conviction that in his bigotry and arrogance he has betrayed his Master, crucified afresh the Son of Man. Meantime, John Smith has one staunch champion—a scholarly squire who went out to Gallipoli, and came back with his limbs paralysed. To him the gentle Smith had said, "One unconverted believer may save the whole world." The invalid squire determined to devote his life to securing the staging of a wonderful play the genius found time to write in his asylum, and no sooner was the resolve made than he experienced a miraculous cure.

What was happening to the modern Christ while confined to the society of lunatics? The vicar himself shall tell the tale:

"The spirit appears to be wearing out the body. His troubles arise from the present state of the world. He spends his whole time in fasting and prayer. The tone of his voice, the look of his eyes, give one quite an uncanny feeling. In that strange place, in the midst of old men afflicted like himself with various fantastic delusions, he has an air of authority really most impressive. I shall never forget the shock I had when those eyes emerged from that bearded face. For a moment one could almost have believed oneself in the presence of Someone Else."

As for the doctors, they blessed the day of John Smith's coming, marvelled at his influence over the patients, his stimulation of their brains, his success in forming a debating society in which, Mr. Snaith would have us believe, a mad Plato, Aristotle, Spinoza and Goethe talked as might their historical counterparts.

By way of contrast to his Christ figure, Mr. Snaith brings on the scene two eccentric American types. One is a millionaire professor who is on the verge of discovering a secret which will revolutionise war, and enable vast cities to be wiped out in the twinkling of an eye, but is stricken by cancer in sight of victory. "Prometheus," says he in epitaph upon himself, "is not to be allowed to steal the fire from heaven. And well it is for mankind." The other is a counterpart of Charles Frohman, a great theatrical entrepreneur who stages John Smith's play, and is so enthusiastic over it that he writes, "I don't want to make money out of it because I feel—and this will make you smile—that it's like trafficking in the Word of God." That play is supposed to convert the world. A reincarnated Christ as playwright, a drama that effects a sea-change in humanity may sound odd, fantastic. But then the novelist is dealing in the miraculous. At any rate his tale has a compelling logic of its own, does no irreverence to its theme, and is rich in pathos, eloquence and thought.

F. G. BETTANY.

STARS AND THE MAN.*

The exultation that comes to "some watcher of the skies when a new planet swims into his ken" must bear affinity to that of the reader who comes to close quarters with a great scientist, and finds him human to the core. No one who ever met Sir David Gill in private life could fail to apprehend the splendid breadth, the humour, the glowing enthusiasm of the man, his fine indignation based upon a bed-rock honesty, and his faculty for entering into other men's interests without ensnaring them into his own. But the great regret is now that during nine years of his retirement here in London, few of us had any conception of the immensity of his labours at the Cape Observatory, or his undisputed eminence among the astronomers of all nations.

A being of Gill's magnitude had regions beyond the finite conception of every day, and among them were his humility and unobtrusive piety. Yet he was so slow to impose his belief on others that there were members of his staff at the Cape Observatory who through years of close association had actually regarded him as an agnostic. Trenchant in his irony and salient in his wit, he would brook no trifling with the sanctities of life. He could brally a scientific dame on her admission that some person unknown was paying her hotel bill during a congress, but when a fellow-guest turned a cynicism on matrimony and then confessed the possession of a wife, Gill ground him to powder in a sentence.

For part of the secret of his greatness lay in a perfect marriage. When the young Aberdeen clock-maker of the 'sixties took to wife the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, nobody foresaw that the greater part of their years was to be spent at the Cape, and that their childless but happy union was to be tried, sorely but vainly, by the wife's ill-health and her inability to stand the climate. But then it was just as difficult to see that David Gill, with every prospect of making a fortune in trade, was destined to be a famous pioneer in the purest of pure sciences, and the story of it all beats anything in the books of Dr. Smiles. Gill senior made enough noise over the love engagement to postpone the young folks' marriage for years, and what he must have said at his son's renunciation of trade for science, our discreet biographer does well to withhold. It meant the sacrifice of a growing £1,500 a year for a salary of one-fifth that amount, yet the young wife was the first to see that nothing else was possible to make her David happy. Gill took up his duties as astronomer at Dun Echt, the observatory which Lord Crawford proceeded to set up, and in seven years he walked out of it a famous man. Oxford made the blunder of failing to recognise him as the man for the Radcliffe, and the Admiralty repeated the mistake a few years later when it came to finding a successor to Airy at Greenwich. By that time, however, Gill was by way of being installed in the quaint old dome which the East India Company had planted at the Cape in order to set a safeguard on its route to India, and for the next twenty-eight years he proceeded to grow in fame and lustre until he had raised the Cape Observatory to an international position of the first class, and proved himself the soundest observer in his generation.

This is not the place to do justice to the fine proportion of Mr. Forbes's book, let alone the scientific profundity

* "David Gill, Man and Astronomer: Memories of Sir David Gill." Collected and arranged by George Forbes, F.R.S. 12s. net. (Murray.)

of its subject, but it is due to him to say that he imitates Sir David in being careful never to take the reader out of his depth. And we are given enough of Gill's correspondence with savants like Professor Newcomb, Sir George Airy, Dr. E. G. Hale, and Miss Agnes Clerke, to desire that the whole of this mine of intellectual communion shall be given to the world of science, and we see no better person for editing it than the present biographer.

J. P. COLLINS.

PALESTINE.*

In the long history of nations that of Israel during an exile of nearly 2,000 years is set apart from all others. Amidst ravages of persecution in the three divisions of the earth prior to Columbus, it lived because it could not die, and this is a standing wonder before the face of the world about which it might be difficult, if indeed possible, to say anything new and arresting at this day. But there is the hidden life of Israel during the Christian centuries which has been left chiefly to the specialist, and notwithstanding great histories from the time of Basnage to Edersheim and Ewald, the ordinary well-instructed person knows little or nought of this. Yet here also is a field of wonder, approached from whatever point and followed in whatever direction. There is the wonder of Jewish academies and other seats of learning, alike in East and West, especially among colonies in Southern France during the Middle Ages and amidst the tolerant civilisation of Moslem Spain. There is the wonder of those vast memorials which are Talmud and Massorah, and the cloud of theosophical testimony in endless rolls of Midrashim. Of all things most peculiar and sealed most deeply, there is the speculative system comprised by the term Kabalah. These things are names among us and—save for a few only—they are nothing more. And what of the Jew himself? Citizen, *pro forma* at least, of the whole world, he is of Britain and of France, of Italy and Russia, of the Western world; but he is in them and not wholly of them, integrated in a sense and yet in a sense alien, as if the laws of history, the inscrutable Providence which works behind history, had by no means done with him, as if his destiny was still hidden in the womb of time, even in the heart of God. Here, now, is a book by one of them, who has told us something previously concerning Jews in England; and according to the second title it deals with the rebirth of an ancient people, the how and where thereof—a book in fact about the return of the Jew to Palestine. It is a very practical work, dwelling on no Pisgah height of vision and contemplation, but dealing with things as they are and have been during the life of a generation actually settled in Palestine. In a word, it is of the Zionist Movement in planning and working out. Does there lie behind this some part or all of the Providence just mentioned? Such at least is the mind of the author on those rare occasions when he looks away from material prosperity—the avowed limit of his subject—when he dreams of Zion once again "the spiritual centre of the world," and therein "a nation of priests devoted to the service of humanity." However this may be, Mr. Hyamson's book is a moving story of the Jew on his way homeward, of a new era beginning and the coming of a new life into "the dead bones of the Holy Land."

A. E. WAITE.

RUSSIANS, PLEASANT AND UNPLEASANT.†

"In the World" is the second volume of Maxim Gorky's autobiography, the first having been published last year under the title, "My Childhood." As the present instalment of 460 pages takes him no further than from eleven to fifteen, it would appear that Maxim Gorky is going to be an unconscionable time a-living. How much of the narrative is *Dichtung* and how much *Wahrheit* is not openly indicated; but the main emphasis is plainly on the former. A mere child could scarcely take in all the very adult facts here detailed so elaborately, and he certainly could not moralise the spectacle so deeply. We must take the book as a series of studies in Russian slum-life worked up by a mature artist from the hints provided by memory. It is very well done, too, even if the art is at times a little obvious.

The Russia here presented is the Russia of thieves, drunkards, and prostitutes, the Russia of foul dens, filthy bodies, and verminous rags. The sketches are thus the kind of thing that people usually call realism. But they are not realism. Realism is an affair, not of material, but of treatment; and Gorky's treatment of his theme is too emphatic to be realistic. Some passages, indeed, resemble the caricatures that Stephen Leacock produces when he parodies the Russian spasmodic school:

> "Sergei, the saloon steward, was a humpback with high cheek-bones, a face pitted with smallpox, and oily eyes. Jaakov told all sorts of nasty stories, bursting out into sobbing laughs and showing his long, discoloured teeth. Sergei stretched his frog-like mouth to his ears. . . . I did not like these people. Fat, bald Jaakov spoke of nothing but women, and that always filthily. He had a vacant-looking face covered with bluish pimples; on one cheek he had a mole with a tuft of red hair growing from it. He used to pull out these hairs by twisting them round a needle."

And so on. The nature pictures of forest, flowers, river and sunlight are, however, of a different order, and the book as a whole is very vivid, admitting the English reader to a fuller knowledge of the Russian depths than he will get even from Dostoyevsky. It may claim, too, a sort of topical interest, as a picture of life under a form of the autocratic and aristocratic rule that is being recommended just now with somewhat suspicious assiduity as a cure for all the ills inherent in popular self-government.

To go from Gorky to Turgenev is like passing into another world.

> "I have read Turgenev with avidity," writes Gorky, describing the process of his literary education, "amazed to find how intelligible, simple, and pellucid as autumn he was, how pure were his characters, and how good everything was about which he succinctly discoursed."

Whether Mr. Garnett will accept this as a tribute to his hero, or consider it as insultingly faint praise, it is difficult to say. The depreciation of Turgenev in Russia, and in circles inspired from Russia, fills him with indignation, and he has therefore written this volume (based on the prefaces to his wife's so admirable translations) to defend the author of "Fathers and Sons" against all detractors. The book (enriched with a charming introduction by Joseph Conrad) is an outspoken and soundly enthusiastic essay; though, for my part, I think it would have been better still had Mr. Garnett been less splendidly indignant. After all, the silly depreciation of Turgenev is no more silly than the silly depreciation of Tolstoy, and certainly much less silly than the amazingly silly depreciation of Dickens. The defect of Mr. Garnett's ardent defence is that it forces him to comparisons which are odious because unnecessary. Dostoyevsky and Turgenev, like Dickens and Thackeray, like Browning and Tennyson, or like Wagner and Brahms, stand for different aspects of art. Foolish people (I have been one), especially when they have the enthusiasm of extreme youth or the excitement of recent discovery, exalt the one against the other; but as they get wiser (and wider) they see that there are many modes of beauty, and open their minds to this man's art and that man's scope, to the tempestuous passion of one, and the tragic serenity of another.

Mr. Garnett knows so vastly much more about Turgenev than I do that I hesitate to differ from him; but I doubt whether in England there has been any depreciation worth bothering about. I should say that the English reader's view of Turgenev is pretty accurately represented by Arnold Bennett, who combines in his one fortunate person

* "Palestine." By Albert M. Hyamson. 10s. 6d. net. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

† "In the World." By Maxim Gorky. Translated by Mrs. Gertrude M. Foakes. 12s. 6d. net. (Werner Laurie.)—"Turgenev: A Study." By Edward Garnett. With a Foreword by Joseph Conrad. 6s. net. (Collins.)

a sound novelist, a sane critic and a shrewd man of the world; and he writes thus about Mr. Maurice Baring's attacks:

"I have myself said, sworn, and believed that 'On the Eve' is the most perfect example of the novel yet produced in any country. And I am not sure that I am yet prepared to go back on myself. . . . Whatever may be Turgenev's general inferiority (and I do not admit it), he was a great artist and a complete artist. And he was a realist."

And he continues with a finely critical comparison between Dostoyevsky and Turgenev (too long to quote here) entirely favourable to the latter. I commend the passage to Mr. Garnett's notice.

But I should not like to leave an impression that Mr. Garnett is merely contentious. The volume is not only the best study of Turgenev available in English, it is a charmingly readable essay, copiously illustrated from the translations to which it is an indispensable companion.

GEORGE SAMPSON.

Novel Notes.

ESCAPADE. By Mary Crosbie. 6s. net. (Arnold.)

There is something of whimsy and fantasy, humour and extravanganza, spiced with just a pinch of amiable satire, that provokes the reader of this book to the hackneyed phrase—"wholly delightful." For wholly delightful it is: in its setting and atmosphere, in its charming central idea which is not too closely woven to divide the reader's interest between the doings and the sayings of the characters involved, in its clear diction and nice wit, its truth and beauty blent with quaintness that gives it a flavour all its own, and finally in its fine air of detachment from this growling beast of a war that for ever deafens us. There is hardly any plot: a plot would merely hamper and divert the smooth progress of the simple story. A young American girl, rich and romantically-minded, buys—or thinks she has bought—an island in the Scillies. She wants to escape from Convention, and does escape, by means of vagabond wayfarers met on the way, only to find that the simple life is far too complicated for her, and that Convention is best, after all. And these companions with whom she falls into such easy intimacy: how infinitely various they are and how very unlike the average slab stuff of the usual pot-boiler. When you have laid the book down you are doubtful that such people could ever have existed, but whilst you are reading the book, you feel, you realise, indeed you know for certain that they live. Let it therefore be every reviewer's privilege to introduce his readers to them, not in any spirit of cold formality but with a smiling air of good fellowship, and after that leave them to their own happy devices.

EMILY DOES HER BEST. By Mrs. Horace Tremlett. 6s. (The Bodley Head.)

This breezy little tale of South Africa reads as though it had been written, without even a pause for breath, the day before yesterday. The style is so fresh, it positively effervesces, and on laying the book down, even a jaded reviewer feels that he has taken a gulp of champagne. On the first page we have a concise and frank description of Lorenzo Marques in the old days. "It used," Mrs. Tremlett tells us, "to be a poisonous fever-ridden swamp . . . where people went who were tired of life, wanted by the police, or otherwise unfit for decent society." It was to this salubrious spot that Pipsy, a lady of uncertain character, came from Johannesburg to meet Jack Trevor-Ward with whom she had an entirely unconventional relationship. But instead of Jack, she found his sister Emily, an extremely orthodox spinster lately arrived from England, awaiting her at the station. Having announced herself by wire as Jack's wife, Pipsy is determined to continue playing this rôle, and several extremely farcical situations ensue. But in spite of her lack of morals, Pipsy is quite a good little soul in the main, and having paid Jack out—and incidentally herself—for the mistake by which his sister welcomed her, she candidly explains to the startled spinster that she and Jack "never got properly married after all," and returns to Johannesburg as a newly appointed Secret Service Agent, leaving the stage clear for Emily's more orthodox love affair. We say good-bye to Pipsy with regret and hope that Mrs. Tremlett will let us hear more of her before long.

THE MYSTERY OF GABRIEL. By Michael Wood. 5s. net. (Longmans.)

A soul's agony is the theme of "The Mystery of Gabriel," by Michael Wood. Honor Forraner, Girton girl, sacrifices her career for the sake of her selfish hypochondriacal father. She misses marriage thereby, her lover being killed while mountaineering in Switzerland before she is free. Some one has said of her that she could be a "miraculously good mother." The opportunity for mothering a child comes to her, when she picks up a newly-born infant whose cries reach her from among the beech leaves in the ditch. She is wealthy; she adopts the boy Gabriel as her own. He grows up well-mannered and distinguished, but with a vague peculiarity. He is reported as a "bad influence" at school. "Mother," he exclaims to the horror of Honor, "why didn't you let me go to the workhouse?" He has overheard a man say: "There may be some ghastly thing in the child's heredity." The morbid interest in heredity continues. After becoming a barrister he returns to the country and becomes a pupil on Father Standish's farm. "Have you never thought," the priest comforts him, "of what you call heredity as the vocation—in some cases—of an exceptionally strong soul; a soul to whom

Reduced Illustration from Colour Wrapper.

From "The Four Corners of the World" (Hodder & Stoughton), by A. E. W. Mason. Reviewed in the November BOOKMAN.

God will give special grace if it strives and asks Him for it." This is the key to Gabriel's triumph, although he has yet to face the last struggle when the lurking monster of his hideous moods gives him the lust for blood, and he steals up to Father Standish (asleep on the bare boards, under the crucifix). Gabriel has a knife in his hand, but—between him and the sleeping priest there arose " a veil—a barrier—a wall of pure white light." Gabriel at last finds peace. He arrives at a fair reality of the Kingdom of God, and becomes associated with a body of preaching friars. The book is a study of temperament rather than heredity.

MISS MARY. By Katharine Tynan. 5s. net. (Murray.)

Katharine Tynan's admirers do not expect or wish her to spring surprises on them in the form of problem plots or sophisticated tricks of style. They count upon her confidently to give them a story true to life and yet touched with something of an idyllic charm, a story reflecting a gracious personality. " Miss Mary " is true to that description, and will retain for the author all her old friends and gain her new. The stuff of which the story is made is familiar enough, but so is the plot of every idyll. We have here the love story of a very charming girl, who is carried off her feet by the gaudy attractions of Sir Christopher Damer at the very moment when he is making furtive love to her poor foster-sister. Her gallant, impecunious father encourages the folly against his better judgment, but Miss Mary's boy lover and her mother save her from disaster, and Sir Christopher has the ultimate manliness to follow the course of love and honour. The characters are all very skilfully and sympathetically handled, and to their drawing goes a wealth of knowledge of human life that is used with equal effectiveness and artistry. There is idyll within idyll in this story—the firm friendship between the Vicomte de Luynes and his boy protégé, Maurice Roche, and the love story of the beautiful postmistress and her gallant Spanish noble. Not to be forgotten among the *dramatis personæ* is the little dog Judy. Katharine Tynan is one of the few people who can write about dogs with insight and pathos unmixed with patronage or maudlin sentiment. It took a real dog lover to describe how the Vicomte saved Judy from execution and won her heart for ever.

The Bookman's Table.

AN IMPERIAL OBLIGATION. By Thomas H. Mawson. With an Introduction by Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig. Frontispiece by Louis Raemaekers and other Illustrations. 4s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

One great war problem that is facing us already and will grow more insistent in the near future is, What can we do to ameliorate the lot of the soldiers and sailors who have become disabled in our service? They cannot compete with the rest of us under the common conditions of business and industrial life, and that we should take steps to help them that they may suffer as little as possible from their disadvantages is a debt of honour that the nation, as a whole, will be more than willing to discharge. Mr. Mawson shows in this book one way of meeting that obligation by the founding of industrial villages in which crippled soldiers and sailors employed by outside works and factories could be comfortably housed, and in which such men could carry on independent crafts and businesses of their own. It is a large scheme, as finely benevolent as it is soundly practical, and to summarise it adequately with all its working organisation in the space at our disposal were almost impossible. We would urge all our readers to buy this book and study the scheme for themselves and to do everything in their power to help towards its successful carrying out. All profits from the sale of the book will be devoted to furthering the cause, with which one is perhaps even the more keenly in sympathy for glimpsing something of what has moved Mr. Mawson to his attempt in the dedication of this volume " to the memory of my son, Private James Radcliffe Mawson, The King's Own (Royal Lancaster Regiment), who fell in the service of his country at Ypres, April 23rd, 1915."

SMALL CRAFT. By C. Fox Smith. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

A breezy, lilting book of sea-verse and soldier-verse, grave and gay—but mostly gay. Miss Fox Smith's sea songs have a proper nautical swing, and there is a refreshing vigour about them which makes them uncommonly good reading. Here is a bit of a " Tramp Chantey ":

" 'Er keel was laid in 'Seventy-four
(Let 'er go—let 'er go!)
They built 'er cheap, an' they scamped 'er sore,
'Er rivets was putty, 'er plates was poor.
An' then come in the Plimsoll line,
Or I wouldn't be singin' this song o' mine
(Let 'er go!)

" . . . So she's doin' 'er bit, which we all must do
(Let 'er go—let 'er go!)
An' whether she's old or whether she's new
Don't make much odds to a war-time crew;
An' 'ooever's sunk, or 'ooever's drowned,
The 'Sound o' Mull' keeps plugging around
(Let 'er go!)"

Some of the verses, such as " Bullington " and " The Five Ricks," conjure up vivid pictures of our English countryside in war time. " Small Craft " is a delightful little book which all lovers of sea-verses should add to their bookshelf.

FORTY YEARS IN BURMA. By the Rev. Dr. Marks. 10s. 6d. net. (Hutchinson.)

This is a record of good work done by a man of engaging personality. The late Dr. Marks, a missionary of the S.P.G., was the pioneer of education on English lines in Burma, and starting with a school at Moulmein in 1859, he lived to see St. John's College at Rangoon win the honourable place it now holds amongst the public schools in the East. In his memoirs of these forty years Dr. Marks tells us of his relations with King Mindon Min at Mandalay, and with Thibaw, the unworthy successor of that remarkable potentate. The chapters concerning the English school at Mandalay are the most entertaining in a book full of interesting matter and good stories. Thibaw was a one-time pupil of Dr. Marks at Mandalay, and a promising pupil at that, but the seed fell on stony ground, and the kingdom departed with the downfall of Thibaw. Dr. Marks was an entirely disinterested missionary in the cause of education. He was a man of tremendous energy, wide sympathy, and rare singleness of purpose, large-hearted and friendly in all his dealings with his fellows. The Archbishop of Canterbury contributes a Foreword and the Rev. W. C. B. Purser, the editor of Dr. Marks' memoirs, a useful biographical Introduction. A portrait and a number of other excellent illustrations add to the value of the volume.

THE SONG OF SHARRUK. By W. B. Nichols. (Erskine Macdonald.)

There is a peculiar fascination about Mr. Nichols's work which is very much like that unexplainable fascination which very ugly men are supposed to have for some women. Not that, in spite of some crudities, Mr. Nichols's work is at all ugly. On the contrary, it is well balanced and with much thought underlying it, and there is no reason why, with a surer handling of his medium, he should not do some very good things indeed. " The Song of Sharruk " is a song of war, and although written of far-away Babylonian times, there is nothing which might not be said of war in any land or age.

" Into this passionateness of life, this pain,
This tangled sorrow, this fierce hunger and thirst,
Strong men, ye in your dark indifference, cast
War! And the folk ye smote, they, too, in stress,
And wormwood pang, and hunger and thirst of life,
And love, were brethren to you, one with you;
They, too, kissed, wept, and strove with Fate; their homes,
As yours, knew light and shadow; they were men
And women stricken already of life enough,
Nevertheless ye struck them yet once more—
As though ye deemed yourselves to be their Gods!—
With bondage, lust and death."

The Bookman Annual Art Supplement

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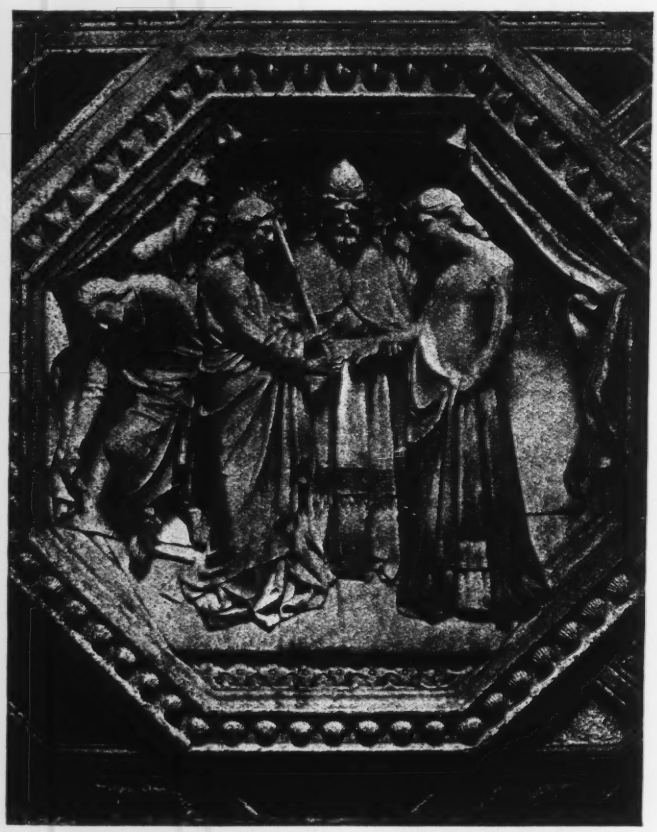

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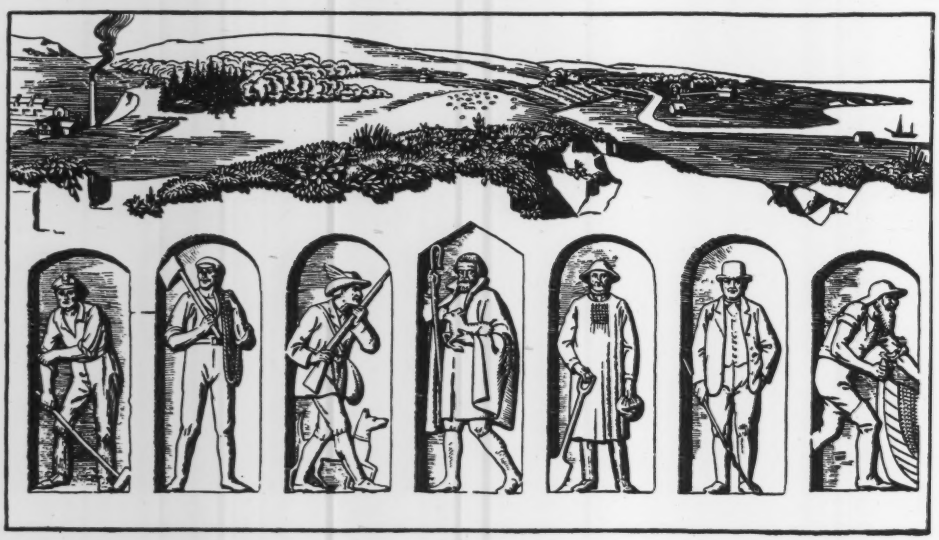

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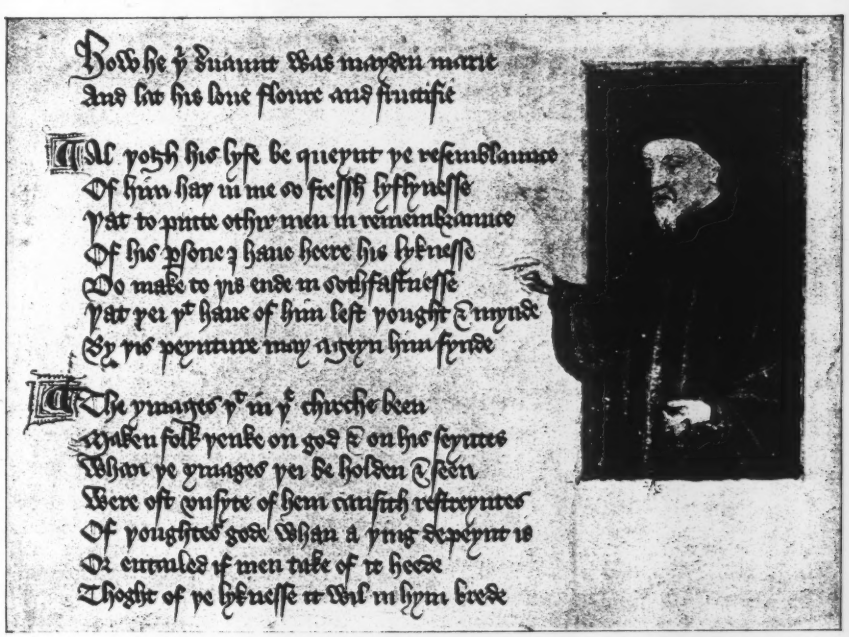

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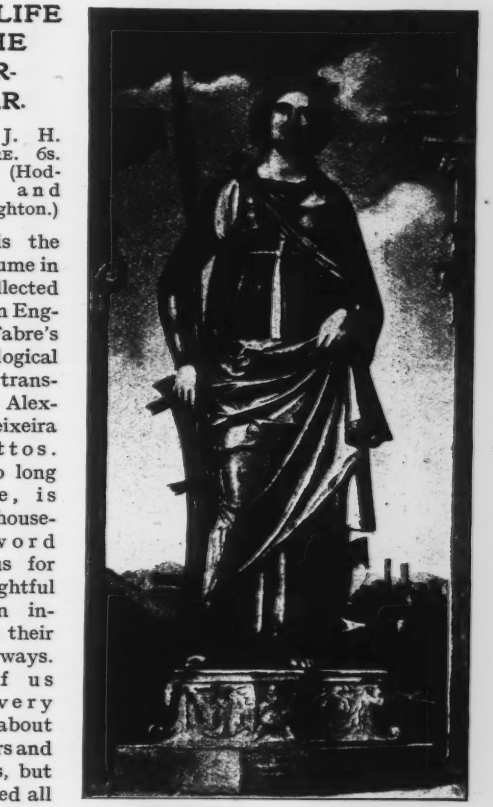

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From Flower-Name Fancies (*Lane*).

Love in a Mist.

The whole book is full of the subtlest spiritual suggestion, of a sense that "the dead are not dead but alive" and taking a wonderful share in shaping and uplifting the lives of those they have left behind them in this world. There came a time, says the author:

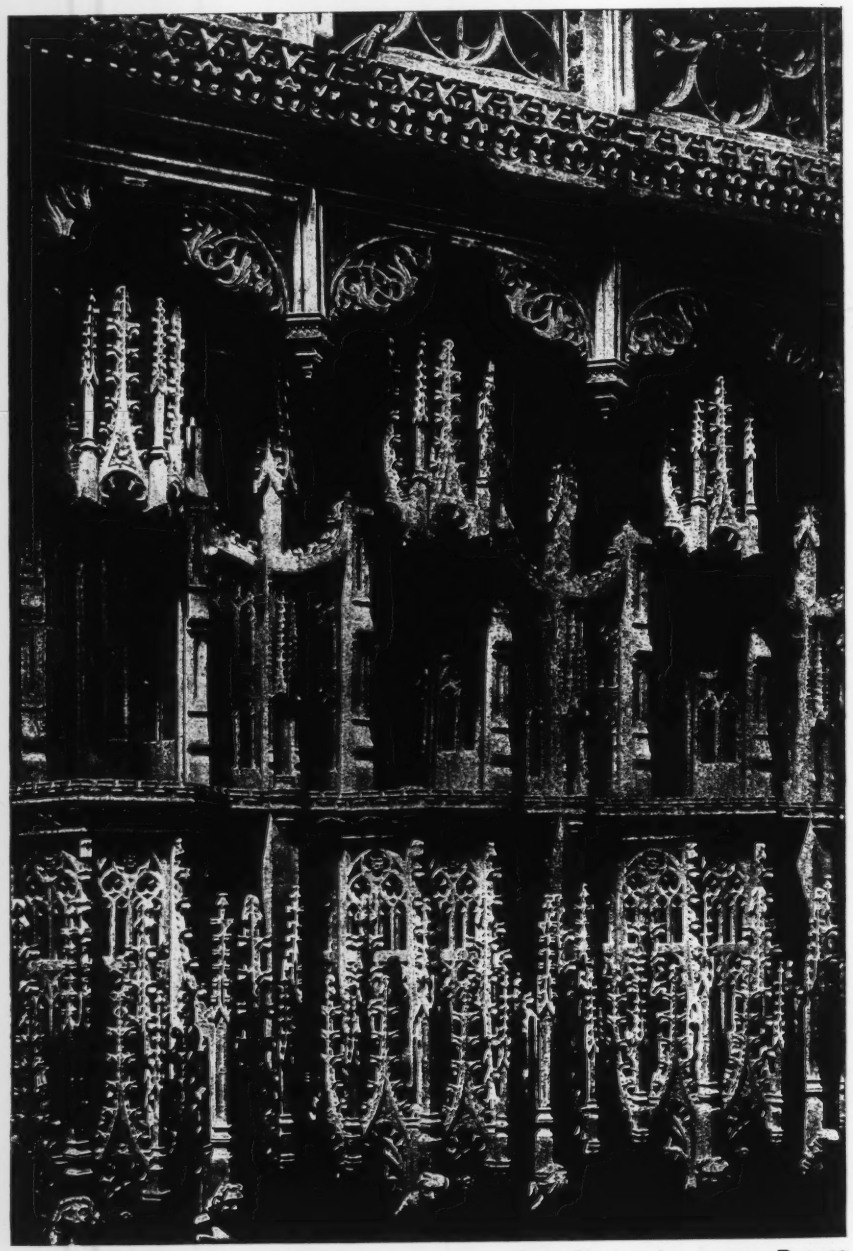
"when the guidance of Jimmy Carstairs began to fade. It was gradual. For many weeks after his death the consciousness of his presence was strong. He was continually with me. I did nothing without, as it were, consulting him; but as my health improved, and as I became more interested in affairs—my Home Diary of the War, the transforming of our garden into an experimental plot, and the preparation for publication of a number of essays I had written—the spiritual image of Jimmy Carstairs grew fainter. My life was becoming normal again, and every one knows that the perfectly healthy, either materially or spiritually, are incurious. No doubt Jimmy was right in saying that experiences founded upon emotion, although seemingly profound at the time, fade. And I had yet to learn what he meant by Understanding."

But though circumstances arise that weaken the influence of the dead friend, there comes a day when that influence begins to reassert itself, till in the end it has regained all its former ascendancy over the writer's mind. It is difficult to criticise such a book. It tells much of the real world as it is in these times; touches, as one would expect, on art and artists, but over it all is that spell of the unseen, the mystery of that other world which lies beyond this and seems less real because we cannot see it, and yet if we reach out blind hands we can feel the hands of this or that of its people take our own and lead us when the way is dark to our eyes. You need have no belief in spiritualism to be persuaded of the underlying truth of "The Invisible Guide"; it will interest all thoughtful readers and give comfort to those who can accept the author's interpretation of experiences that, in these dark hours, are common to so many of us.

THE ROMANCE OF KING ARTHUR AND HIS KNIGHTS OF THE ROUND TABLE.

Abridged from Malory's "Morte D'Arthur." By ALFRED W. POLLARD. Illustrated by ARTHUR RACKHAM. 10s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

In his preface, Mr. Pollard makes an admirably concise study of the chief characters in Malory's great romance, and the chivalrous ideals that shaped their lives. He has abridged the stories themselves but only to the extent of cutting away Malory's frequent and leisurely repetitions. "I have tried to clear away some of the underwood," he says, "that the great trees may be better seen," and in doing so he has introduced not more than a hundred words of his own. With such reverent handling, it is needless to say that Malory loses nothing of the quaintness and vivid, vigorous narrative cunning that are his peculiar charm, and the beauty and bizarre loveliness of the tales seem to have passed by some subtle alchemy into Mr. Arthur Rackham's fanciful, whimsical, imaginative drawings in colour and black-and-white. The decorative initials and sketches at the heads and ends of chapters are as perfectly in keeping with the time and character of the stories and help to give the book its proper aspect and atmosphere, and to make this an ideal edition of a very characteristic old English classic. Much as one admires the wonderful art with which Tennyson retold these stories in his "Idylls of the King," there is no denying that he missed the native tone and atmosphere of them, and in giving them new beauty refined away their old. You do not really know the "Morte D'Arthur" till you have read Malory, and could not ask for a better edition than this to read him in.



From **English Church Woodwork** (*Batsford*).

ROOD SCREEN, LLANDUDNO, RADNOR.

MEMORIES OF ETON SIXTY YEARS AGO.

By Arthur Campbell Ainger. 9s. net. (Murray.)

There is a prodigious deal of information in this book; information not very interesting perhaps to other than Old Etonians and maybe some University men who have gone up from rival colleges; but of immense value to the future historian. He at any rate will find in its pages such a wealth of minute and particular facts concerning the manners and customs of at least one big public school in the middle of the nineteenth century as will provide him with material for much thought and speculation on the evolution of the race. Most of all, I think, will he wonder how such a system of so-called education turned out the youthful scions of our old nobility as other than young brutes and savages. For the rest, the book is easy, facile reading; there are some mild anecdotes, a few quite harmless jokes, besides several full-length pen-pictures of notable scholars and athletes of that far-off time. One feature of the book, however, is beyond praise, and that is its many very fine illustrations, mostly from photographs.

From **English Church Woodwork** (*Batsford*).

Rood Screen, Kentisbere, Devon.

THE LOST NAVAL PAPERS.

By Bennet Copplestone. 5s. net. (Murray.)

It was inevitable that Sherlock Holmesian prescience and penetration should be applied in fictional stories of the war, and Mr. Bennet Copplestone has on the whole applied them very well in the unravelment of the successive problems put before Chief Inspector William Dawson of the Criminal Investigation Department. The first of the problems is that concerning certain lost naval papers, and the author ingeniously gives an air of vraisemblance to the whole by making them grow as it were out of the original publication of the first of the series in the *Cornhill Magazine*. Mr. Copplestone has devised some interesting and at times very entertaining situations in a series of exciting stories which go to show the efficiency of the British secret service —"though Dawson was not specially intelligent—in some respects almost stupid — he was dreadfully, terrifyingly efficient, because he was part of the slowly grinding Scotland Yard machine." It was, by the way, surely during one of his stupider moments that he made a uniformed constable accompany a suspected man who was to be kept unsuspicious on a railway journey. William Dawson is a master of the art of quick and remarkable disguise, but however clever these fiction-detectives are there is always some one cleverer still, and that is their creator. Mr. Copplestone was never to be taken in by these disguises — why he was not must be looked for in the capital series of stories which he has devised for the delectation of his readers.

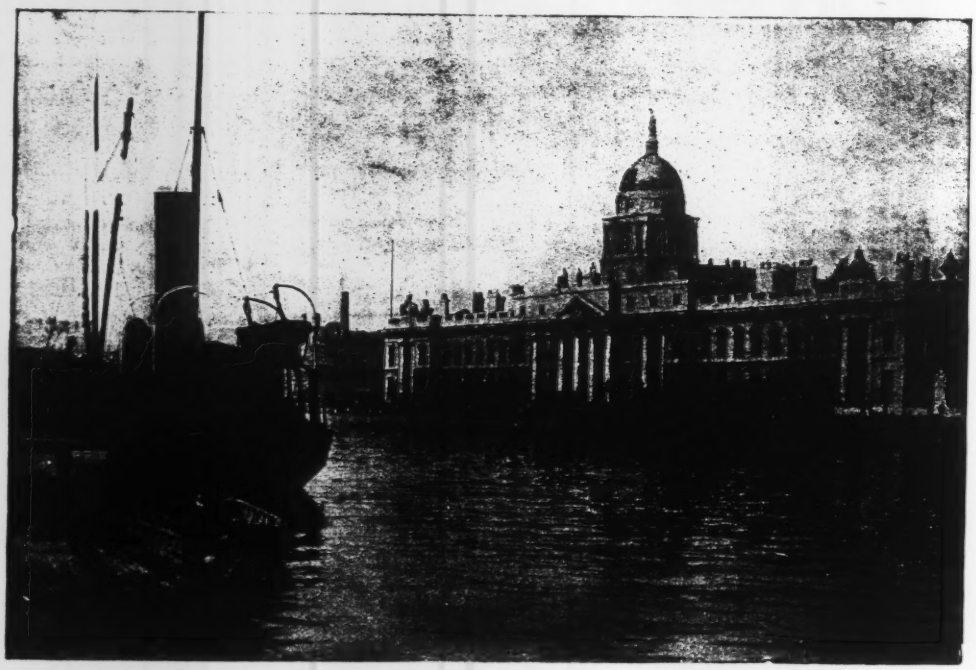
From **A Literary Pilgrim in England** (*Methuen*).

DOVE COTTAGE, GRASMERE.

THE HISTORICAL DEVELOPMENT OF RELIGION IN CHINA.

By WALTER J. CLENNELL. 6s. net. (Unwin.)

Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism—three schools, teachings and ways; but they are also three main epochs which mark in broadest outline the history of religion in China. There is no better book of its kind within the same modest dimensions than this simple, very clear introduction. It is an expansion and revision of certain addresses to students of a Presbyterian College, given in 1913 and therefore prior to the war. Mr. Clennell belongs, however, to the Consular Service, not to any form of ministry. The fact calls for registration because his wide sympathetic knowledge, not only of religions, but of religious life in the farthest East, might have suggested another inference. It is not to be expected that there is anything new in these pages on the chief branches of their great subject, nor in the consideration of such later developments as the Confucian Renaissance and the Lamaist form of Buddhism. They are not a result of great scholarship or an intimate knowledge of texts. Mr. Clennell is scarcely a scholar in the expert sense of the word; but he is a keen and thoughtful observer who has lived and moved and had his being for long years in China. He has absorbed rather than acquired and there is hence life in his pictures and freshness in his points of view. One would suppose that, on his own inward part, he is a Christian of the liberal type, and his chapter on China and the Church of Rome does good service generously to a signal missionary enterprise, which began under most benignant auspices, only to be wrecked by rivalries between Jesuit and monastic orders. And now as to those main branches named at the outset: Things that are seen in the common light of day—hereof is Confucianism; the reading of the dark and its mysteries—that is Taoism. One is "of the home homely"; one is of the soul and its mysteries. Beyond these is Buddhism, and this is a way of escape. Mr. Clennell has seen its best in quiet villages, among rustic peoples; and has found it "a beautiful and real faith," giving no colour to the Buddhistic inventions and dreams of modern theosophy.



From "Herself, Ireland" By Mrs. T. P. O'Connor. (*Hutchinson*).

THE RELIGION OF ART.

With Illustrative Accompaniment by REGINALD HALLWARD. 5s. (Heath, Cranton.)

An interesting series of chapters on the beauty of life and nature, whose teaching is that life is made whole by beauty. The ten illustrations, like the text, are full of thought and imagination, and are admirably reproduced.

THE OLD HUNTSMAN, AND OTHER POEMS.

By SIEGFRIED SASSOON. 5s. net. (Heinemann.)

NOVEMBER: POEMS IN WAR TIME.

By HENRY BRYAN BINNS. 3s. net. (Fifield.)

DRUMS OF DEFEAT.

By THEODORE MAYNARD. 3s. 6d. net. (Erskine Macdonald.)

POEMS.

By ALAN SEEGER. 5s. net. (Constable.)

POEMS AND DRAWINGS.

By H. L. FIELD. 4s. 6d. net. (Cornish.)

ON LEAVE.

By E. ARMINE WODEHOUSE. 1s. net. (Mathews.)

STEEL AND FLOWERS.

By RONALD LEWIS CARTON. 1s. net. (Mathews.)

THE RED PLANET, AND OTHER POEMS.

By NORMAN CROSS. 2s. net. (Fifield.)

From **British Wild Flowers** (*Headley*).

LEA MEADOWS IN SPRING.

I have set myself to select the best eight from a batch of recently published volumes of poetry, and for various reasons I have chosen the following. Even those readers who are repelled by poetry will appreciate Mr. Sassoon's book, on account of its interesting episodes, its vividness, irony and pathos. The old huntsman of the opening piece reminds one—and that is praise indeed—of Professor L. P. Jack's famous old shepherd. And there are many of the other poems one would wish to quote, such as "Special Constable," whose exploit ends thus:

"He clutched his truncheon tight,
For he was bold that night,
And hurled it high
Up at the lit and lawless sky."

But, because of its brevity, we can quote the whole of "Blighters":

"The House is crammed: tier beyond tier they grin
And cackle at the Show, while prancing ranks
Of harlots shrill the chorus, drunk with din:
'We're sure the Kaiser loves the dear old Tanks!'

"I'd like to see a Tank come down the stalls,
Lurching to rag-time tune, or 'Home, Sweet Home,'—
And there'd be no more jokes in music-halls
To mock the riddled corpses round Bapaume."

The second poet of our eight is less versatile and more heedless of literary form than Mr. Sassoon; but the stuff of poetry is in him, coloured by Whitman, Tagore and others. Mr. Binns's eye appears to be, more often than not, "in a fine frenzy rolling"; he cares so much for what he has to say that he does not stop to ask himself if it is all quite lucid. His love of freedom causes him to thrust aside his hatred of war and throw himself headlong into this war:

From **A Literary Pilgrim in England** (*Methuen*).

SAVERNAKE FOREST.

"I see them go; my heart, going not, is one with their heart,
Shares in their gladness going, that now to the uttermost
Farthing they have responded with all that is theirs, as I
Also wholly respond, with all that I am endowing
The intangible hope within me, that is not other than theirs,
The unborn joy I was bidden foster and bring to birth."

When Mr. Binns plays his "variations on a theme" he is sometimes too apt to vary insufficiently, but in his nature studies he is beautifully alive to the variations of beauty. Mr. Maynard is very accomplished; he turns out an excellent ballade and it is perhaps ungracious to complain that his philosophy is not very original. Mrs. Tynan might have written these charming verses in "Processional":

"There ride no gold-encinctured kings
Against the potentates of earth;
God chooses all the weakest things,
And gives Himself in birth,

"With beaten slaves to draw His breath,
And sleeps with foxes on the moor,
With malefactors shares His death,
Tattered and worn and poor."

From Charlotte Brontë (*Fisher Unwin*).

THORNFIELD MANOR HOUSE.

Nor will Mr. Maynard resent it if in his "The World's Miser," which begins:

"A miser with an eager face
Sees that each rose-leaf is in place.

"He keeps beneath strong bolts and bars
The piercing beauty of the stars"—

we hear an echo of Francis Thompson. Our next two poets were soldiers and have been killed. After reading Mr. Archer's most interesting Introduction to Alan Seeger's book we regret that the publishers have not been able to include a portrait of this gallant young American who enjoyed his life so greatly and, having joined the Foreign Legion, gave it so greatly at Belloy-en-Santerre, cheering on his comrades when they swept along over him. We regret very deeply that he did not live to see his country join the Allies; in his "A Message to America" he is bitterness itself, both with regard to Dr. Wilson's European and his Mexican policy, but Seeger had lived for so long in Mexico and Paris that he scarcely realised the difficulties of the President's position:

"Did you find the season too cold and damp
To change the counter for the camp?
Were you frightened by fevers in Mexico?
I can't imagine, but this I know—
You are impassioned vastly more
By the news of the daily baseball score
Than to hear that a dozen countrymen
Have perished somewhere in Darien,
That greasers have taken their innocent lives
And robbed their holdings and raped their wives."

There are a number of admirable poems written in the trenches; there is, for instance, an "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France," which was meant to be recited on Decoration Day in Paris, but Seeger could not get leave at the time. He sings therein of "that rare privilege of dying well" which was to be his. During his time of very active service he was still chiefly preoccupied, in his poetry, with that pursuit of the beautiful which had for so long been what he lived for. His earlier poems contain many lines wherein a real beauty, both of thought and expression, was attained. Lieutenant Harry Field's life was shorter and this book is among the most pathetic we have seen, for it contains promise galore, both in the drawings (he had been a student at the Birmingham School of Art) and in the poems, some of them unfinished. We could have expected a great deal from the writer of "IV." and "V." and "XVI." Mr. E. Armine Wodehouse has written poems which are thoughtful, peering always into what is behind the surge of battle. He pleases more in his sonnets; the longer poems strike one as being too verbose and perhaps a lit le too self-satisfied. Mr. Carton's nature studies are more meritorious than his military verses; "Mr. Starling" is indeed a delightful poem and lovers of Essex will be grateful for his picture of that mysterious land in winter. And the last of our eight best poets is Mr. Norman Cross, whose book I have applied to a sick friend out here in France with wonderful results, and as laughter is good for every one I am sure that this book can do such a vast amount of good that, for hygienic reasons, it is quite impossible to keep it out of the "best eight." Here, for instance, are a couple of verses from a piece entitled "Cupid's Revenge":

From Charlotte Brontë (*Fisher Unwin*).

MOORSEATS, NEAR HATHERSAGE. MOOR HOUSE.

"Some weep with them that weep—the thing is tickle;
A weeps: *B* weeps that *A* weeps: hapless *A*
Weeps that *B* weeps for *A*: which makes a cycle
Intermina—
ble, to avoid which boomerang of tears,
Best sit on sentiment when it appears.

* * * * *

"Thy archery will fail. He'd sail by Venus,
An iceberg; winks not; grows protective whiskers;
Plays Papageno to no Papagenas;
Not riskers,
His kindnesses are general, not partic—
ular; he's like your shaft, a dry old stick."

This blessed book is full of passages to linger over and, we can assure Mr. Cross, have not had the effect of "some Latest Music," which, says he, is "well fitted to make the judicious few sick." But in this case he may have been anxious to give us a rhyme and we only regret that such a benefactor as Mr. Cross should find that the world does so little for him in return; his mood is too often a dismal one or one of invective. Says he:

"And looking over Desolation's sea,
Close to my tears there crept man's bitter lot . . ."

Could no means be found of submarining it en route, for we are truly grateful to this writer? In fact after reading his memorable book I must quote from a piece called "A Rainy Night," where it is said that

"Scarce the pride
Of manhood keeps my stern eyes dry. . . ."

HENRY BAERLEIN.

RUSSIAN MEMORIES.

By MADAME OLGA NOVIKOFF, "O.K." 10s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

Madame Olga Novikoff has been engaged during the past forty years in unofficial or semi-official attempts to bring about a good understanding between England and Russia. The beginning of her work synchronised with the "Jingo" period, when both people and Parliament saw everywhere the menacing shadow of the Russian bear and resolved in song that the suspected enemy should not have Constantinople. That national frenzy committed us to a policy of supporting Turkey, and led, in later times, to the sorry spectacle of England standing with inactive arms while Abdul the Condemned slaughtered the Armenians. The German danger had scarcely been descried. Madame Novikoff found her most valuable ally in Gladstone, who stood definitely for an anti-Turkish policy against the anti-Russian policy of Disraeli. The best part of her long story has been told in earlier volumes. The present work is not very important and in some respects not very likeable. The recent understanding between England and Russia, so rich in promise for both nations, comes after Madame Novikoff's long efforts, and may have the appearance of coming on account of them. "People have been so kind as to say that I have been mainly responsible for the bringing together of England and Russia." But we must distinguish. Madame Novikoff represents official Russia. She stands for the aims of her friend the notorious Pobyedonostzeff, and she deprecates such things as Tolstoy's "peculiar ideas." She avoids the ugly story of Jew-baiting by writing with sorrowful indignation of the inexplicable hatred for Russia shown by the ungrateful Jews. She describes the prisons as if they were places to which it was a privilege to go, and Siberia as a sort of promised land, a reward rather than a punishment. Russian autocracy and bureaucracy are for her the best of all human institutions, and she cannot understand how there can be people so gratuitously wicked as revolutionists. Now, frankly, the new love of England for Russia does not and must not include love for all that Madame Novikoff represents. Perhaps her book will help us to get our proportions right. In that respect it will be useful.

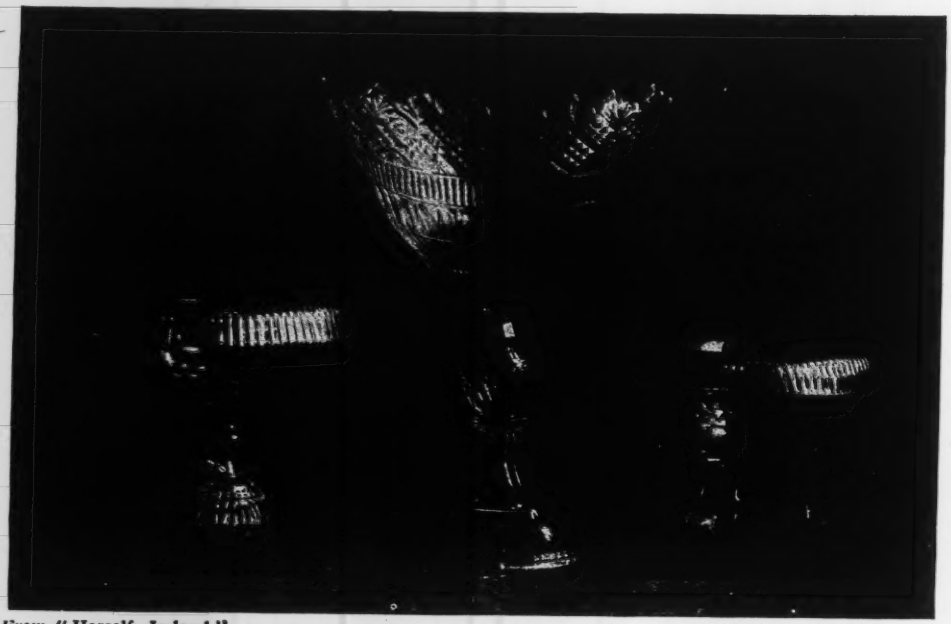
From **The Year Illustrated** (*Headley*).

AFTER THE GERMAN RETREAT ON THE WESTERN FRONT.

SOULS IN THE MAKING.

By EVELYN BRANSCOMBE POTTER. 6s. (Chapman and Hall.)

Miss Potter has written a very clever book. She skilfully portrays how souls are made by the interaction of personalities, more particularly the mutual influence of man upon woman and woman upon man. Miss Potter lays her characters upon the surgeon's table and remorselessly



From "Herself, Ireland"
(*Hutchinson*).

uses the knife. The book is divided into two parts. The first part deals with the calf-love affair of Aubrey Charde. The author here shows a keen insight into the mental dishonesty of the average young man. In the character of Aubrey's father we have a remarkably faithful portrait of the self-made man. Mr. Charde has to go through the fiery furnace of cruel disappointments, but emerges all the better for his experience. All the characters in the book are interesting. Sue Sparkes, the waitress at Ferrish's, represents a type with whom we are all familiar, and her eventual husband, Alf Heynes, is a faithful adherent of life's copy-book maxims. The second part of the book is concerned with the development of the real man in Aubrey. When Virginia enters his life he realises for the first time his true self. His self-sacrifice in shielding Virginia shows his realisation of the meaning and true inwardness of pure love. Miss Potter has drawn a fine character in the person of Goerthe, who saves Aubrey from himself. It is a pity that in order to meet the popular taste for a felicitous conclusion he has to suffer eclipse. Thoughtful readers will enjoy this book.

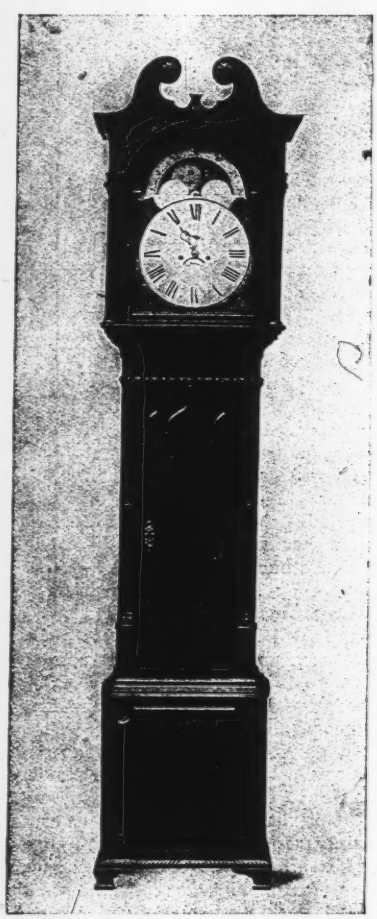
From Chats on Old Clocks
(*Fisher Unwin*).

LONG-CASE CLOCK.

THE KINGDOM OF WASTE LANDS.

By SYDNEY C. GRIER.
6s. net. (Blackwood.)

This is a story concerning the little Oriental kingdom of Bandeir owned by Sir Gilbert Berringer, a benevolent despot. It is not only a kingdom of waste lands but of heterogeneous peoples — to wit, Chinese, English settlers, Malay tribes of varying degrees of civilisation. Rosamond Durell sails from England to Bandeir to wed Sir Gilbert's brother, Roger. It is a strange kingdom. Unhappily, Roger forsakes his early love prior to Rosamond's arrival and becomes a dangerous and desperate lunatic. He transfers his affection to the moon and becomes literally moonstruck. He abandons civilisation and becomes chief of the head-hunting tribe of Mahkyoons, a wild and lawless body. Rosamond, hiding her bitter feelings, becomes the unwilling centre of masculine attraction. Peter, Sir Gilbert's brother-in-law, alone refuses to worship at Rosamond's shrine, but events in the form of an insurrection by the Chinese colony throw them together in the jungle of the hinterland. Through much tribulation Rosamond and Peter grow to understand the meaning of love. The story makes interesting reading. We are not familiar with the East, but the local colour has the similitude of truth. We find all the characters very human and true to life.



From Chats on Old Clocks
(*Fisher Unwin*).

LONG-CASE MAHOGANY EIGHT-DAY CLOCK.

XUM

XUM

ON COLLECTING JAPANESE COLOUR-PRINTS.

By Basil Stewart. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Kegan Paul.)

This is an introduction to the study and collection of the colour-prints of the Ukiyoye school of Japan, and aims, mainly, at assisting the amateur who is starting a collection, or the person who, without being a collector, is interested to read on the subject, but does not want anything too technical or too exhaustively learned. Such readers and collectors will find in this book precisely what is most useful for their purposes, and find it lucidly and readably set forth. Mr. Stewart knows his subject thoroughly, puts his readers on their guard against forged prints and spurious reproductions, and supplies helpful information concerning genuine prints and the more significant Japanese artists and their work. The volume is illustrated with thirty-two examples reproduced from the author's collection.

From On Collecting Japanese Colour-Prints (*Kegan Paul*).

FAN PRINT: VIEW OF SUMA BEACH.

From On Collecting Japanese Colour-Prints (*Kegan Paul*).

FUJI FROM THE MUSASHI TAMI RIVER.

CHRIST IN HADES.

By Stephen Phillips. Illustrated by Stella Langdale. With an Introduction by C. Lewis Hind. 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

Some of us whose memories go back to the mid-'nineties of last century remember the enthusiasm we felt and shared widely for the new poet, Stephen Phillips, when we first read his "Christ in Hades." A re-reading of the poem satisfies us that our youthful enthusiasm was justified, and that Lionel Johnson said the right things of it when he wrote, "The poem has the Sophoclean simplicity so full of subtle suggestion and the Lucretian solemnity so full of sudden loveliness; and the result is Virgilian." Perhaps nothing else that Phillips wrote goes beyond this in sheer beauty of phrase and power of imagination. It was crowned by the *Academy* in 1897, and for all who remember those days, and all who do not, Mr. Lewis Hind, the *Academy's* editor at that period, has written a delightfully gossipy Preface, telling of the crowning, and of many of the leading men in art and literature who were among his friends and acquaintances while Stephen Phillips's star was in the ascendant. Miss Stella Langdale's drawings are, as Mr. Hind says, "understanding illustrations" — her "vision fuses with her technique," and they are steeped in the mystery and splendour and sombre impressiveness that belong to the narrative. Every way a satisfying and beautiful edition of one of the greatest of latter-day poems.

RUSSIAN COURT MEMOIRS, 1914-16.

12s. 6d. net. (Herbert Jenkins.)

The anonymous author of these memoirs claims that they embody "the truth about Russia." But that he was very far from realising the whole truth, and that even the little odds and ends of truth he does deal in are no longer the truth, is plain enough, first from his attitude toward his own lordly class, and again — rather fatuously, almost pathetically—from the interest he displays in their daily doings. Thus he expresses his attitude: "My convictions," says he, "are strictly monarchical as are those of nearly all the people belonging to the same social position as myself"; and thus his general preoccupations: "The bridge parties of Princess Kourakine, followed by exquisite suppers, were always well attended. . . . One must

have seen and felt the magnificence of the receptions given by the Countess Schonvalov, for otherwise it would be difficult to give an adequate description of them. . . . Dress is the pet weakness of the Princess Orloff, who spends fabulous sums on chiffons and seldom wears a gown twice." Yet the book is somehow interesting, if only for the glimpses it affords us of a vanished epoch, and also for its unconscious self-revelation of the soul of a Russian noble of the old regime.

PETITION TO THE DEIL, Etc.

By J. Logie Robertson, 1s. net. (Paisley: A. Gardner.)

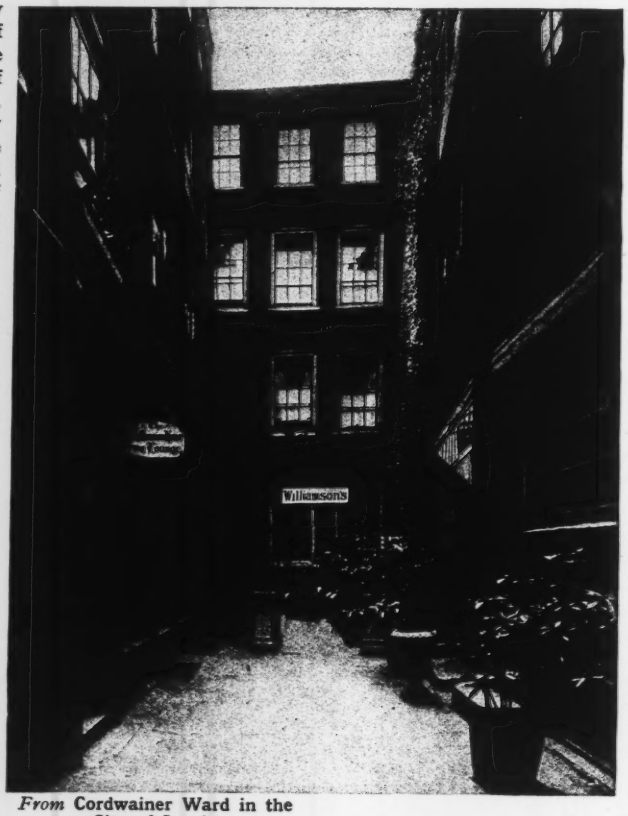
Mr. J. Logie Robertson (Hugh Haliburton) is an experienced literary hand, yet he would probably be willing to admit that from the point of view of mere literature this volume does not reckon much. He expresses here an unhesitating belief in the cause for which the Allies are fighting, an utter hatred and distrust of Prussianism and all its ways which, to him, is fitly embodied in the person of the Kaiser. His volume is not the expression of deep or profound thought, but an outcome of fiery emotion. Most of the poems retell an oft-told tale, but "The Day of the Young Men" expresses well a serious and dignified thought:

"When war broke out, the young men had their day;
Their numbers spoke, they were a brave array;
And he was nothing who was old and grey—
When war broke out—
What could he do but by the fireside stay,
Or grouse about?

"How rich in strength, how strong in hope were they!
And a long line of years before them lay
Wherein to toil, to triumph, and to play
And rest at length;
No force could daunt them and no fear dismay:
How rich in strength!

"Their songs they sang along the public way;
They sang of Tipperary, and were gay—
They would return when ended was the fray.
Their songs they sung,
And merrily to war they march'd away,
When they were young.

From Cordwainer Ward in the City of London (*Allen & Unwin*).



From Cordwainer Ward in the City of London (*Allen & Unwin*).

"He that was old and was denied his day,
Whose eye is dim, whose hand is weak to slay—
He may not join the ranks, yet serve he may,
Though un-enroll'd;
He can advise, encourage, comfort, pray,
He that is old."

SECOND-LIEUTENANT BILLIE IMPETT AND HIS ORDERLY.

By Captain Eustace Ainsworth. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Captain Ainsworth is a welcome addition to the ranks of the writers who are gifted with the ability of presenting something of the reality of the war, and his stories about Second-Lieutenant Impett should prove widely popular. The realism which he gives us is not that mere insistence upon ugly details which was all too long regarded as being the only realism, but it is rather that true form of the realistic which gives us something of what may be termed psychological realism. We feel that the men whom he makes the principals in his successive stories are actual persons and we are as interested in their carrying on, and their coming through awkward moments, as though we knew them personally. "Billie" himself, a subaltern in the R.E., his orderly, Bellis, and above all the very human and attractive Captain Hoyle—who has no place on the title-page but who remains somehow the most deeply impressive of the trio—are all capitally indicated in the course of the record of the incidents or exploits in which they were concerned, and that record gives a peculiarly intimate and vivid, entirely unforced and unexaggerated series of impressions of the life of a section of Royal Engineers on the Western front. Captain Ainsworth's book is admirable, is informed with knowledge without pedantry, sympathy without sentimentality and humour without boisterousness.

Miss Villiers.
From **Ozias Humphry**
(*Lane*).

CHRISTINE.

By Alice Cholmondeley. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

A prefatory note signed "Alice Cholmondeley" states categorically that:

"My daughter Christine, who wrote me these letters, died at a hospital in Stuttgart on the morning of August 8th, 1914, of acute double pneumonia. I have kept the letters private for nearly three years. . . . I am publishing the letters just as they came to me, leaving out nothing. We no longer, in these days, belong to small circles, to limited little groups. . . . We share our griefs; and anything there is of love and happiness, any smallest expression of it, should be shared too. That is why I am leaving out nothing in the letters."

The letters are from an English girl who went to Berlin at the end of May, 1914, to study the violin. She lived in a boarding-house, was a genius, met a young officer on June 17th and became engaged to him on July 19th. She sent very loving letters home, containing comments on Germans and their ways, and their behaviour during the days after the Serajevo assassination. One is very diffident at saying anything about the book. If these are genuine letters to a mother from a daughter, it is the mother's part to decide whether she cares to publish them. If they are not genuine, the setting given to them seems to one reviewer in questionable taste.

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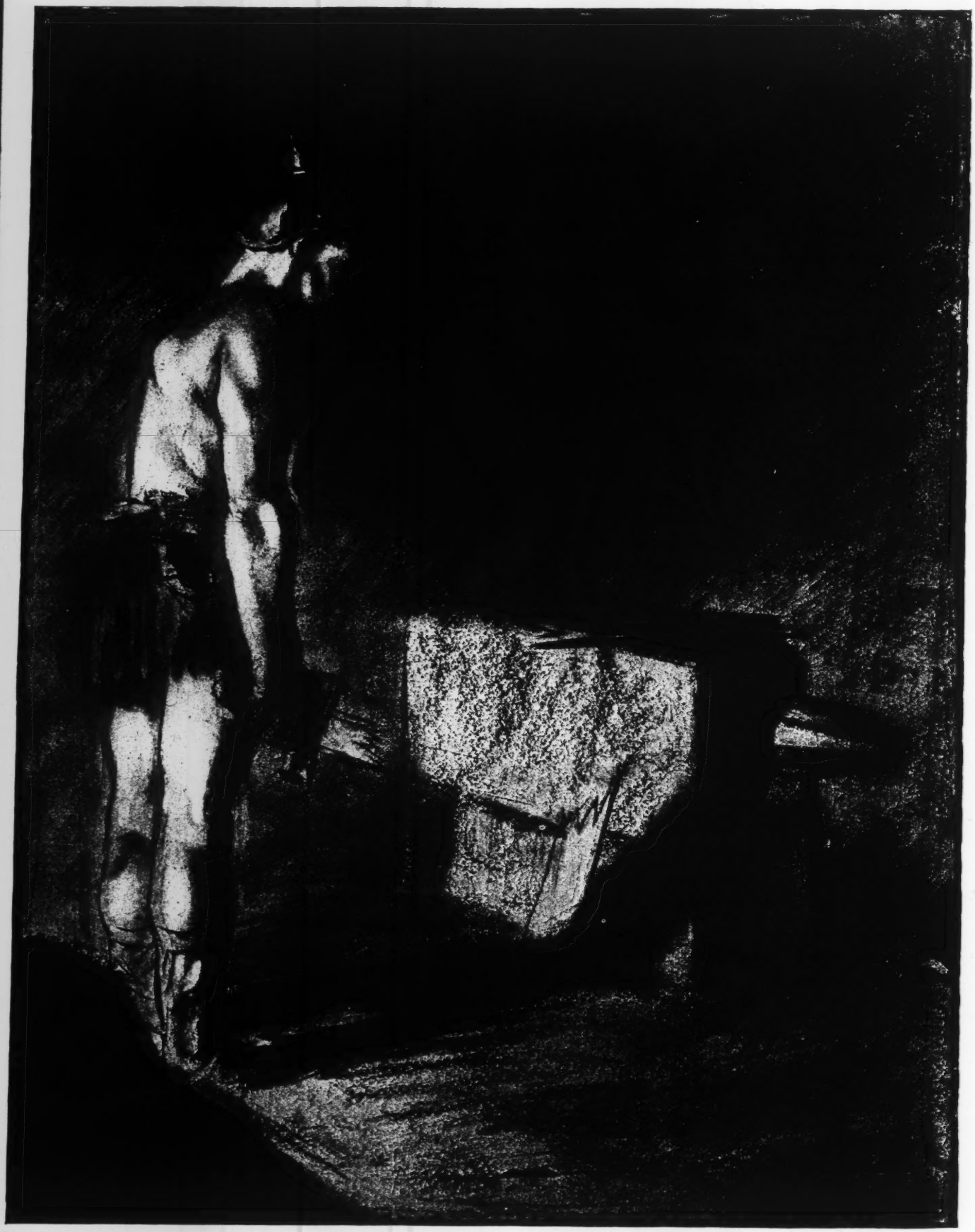

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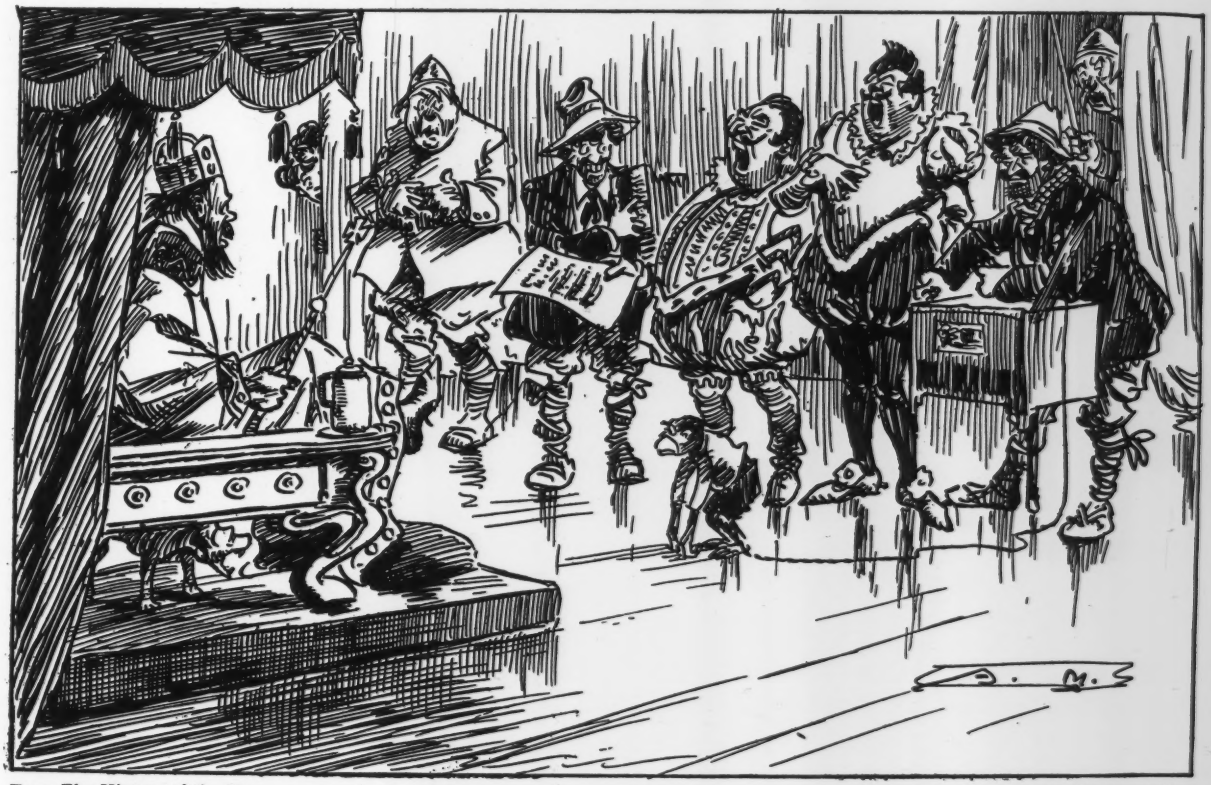

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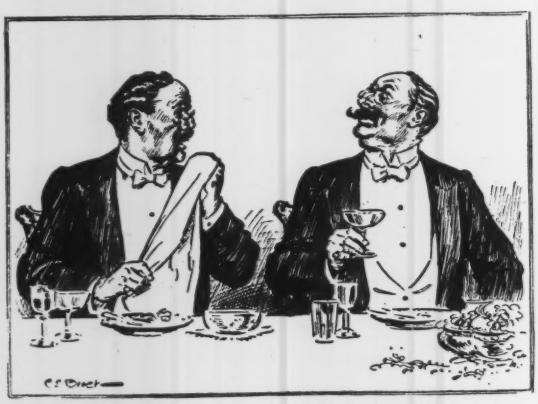

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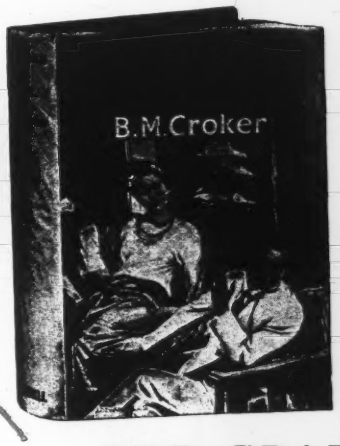

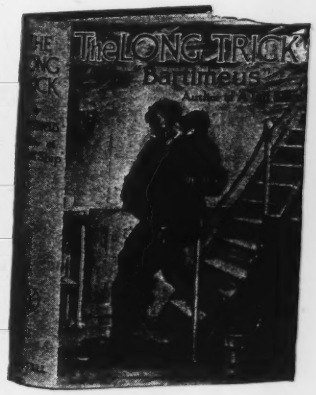

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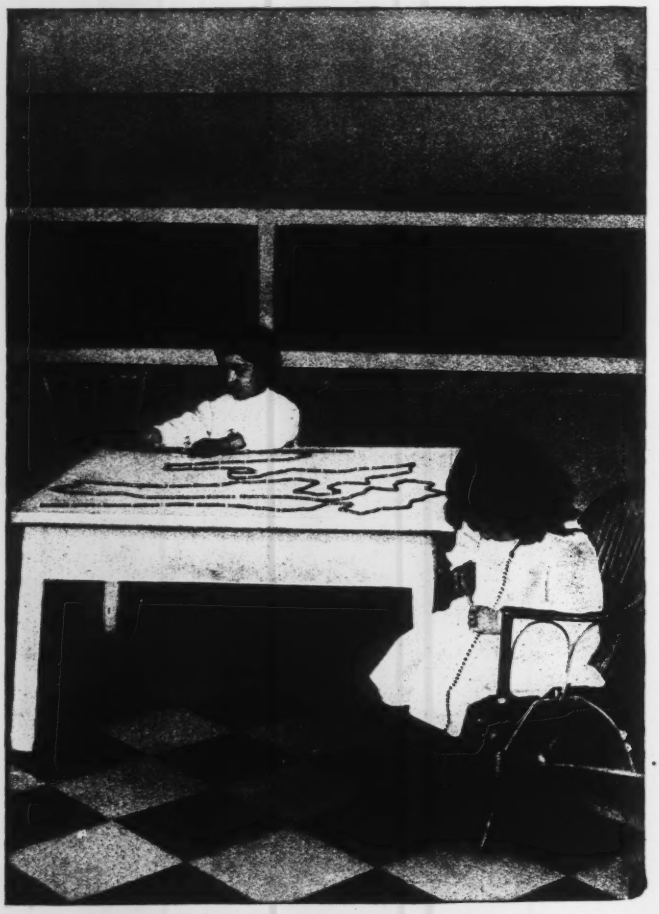

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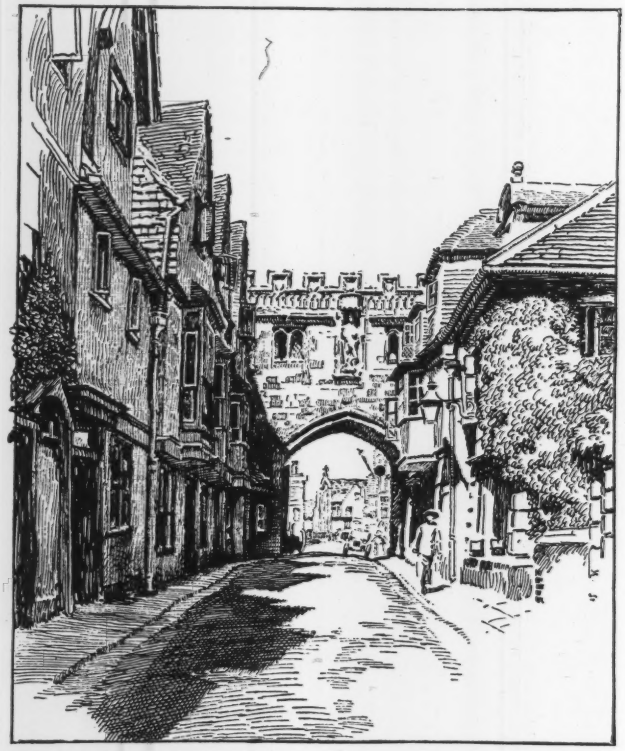

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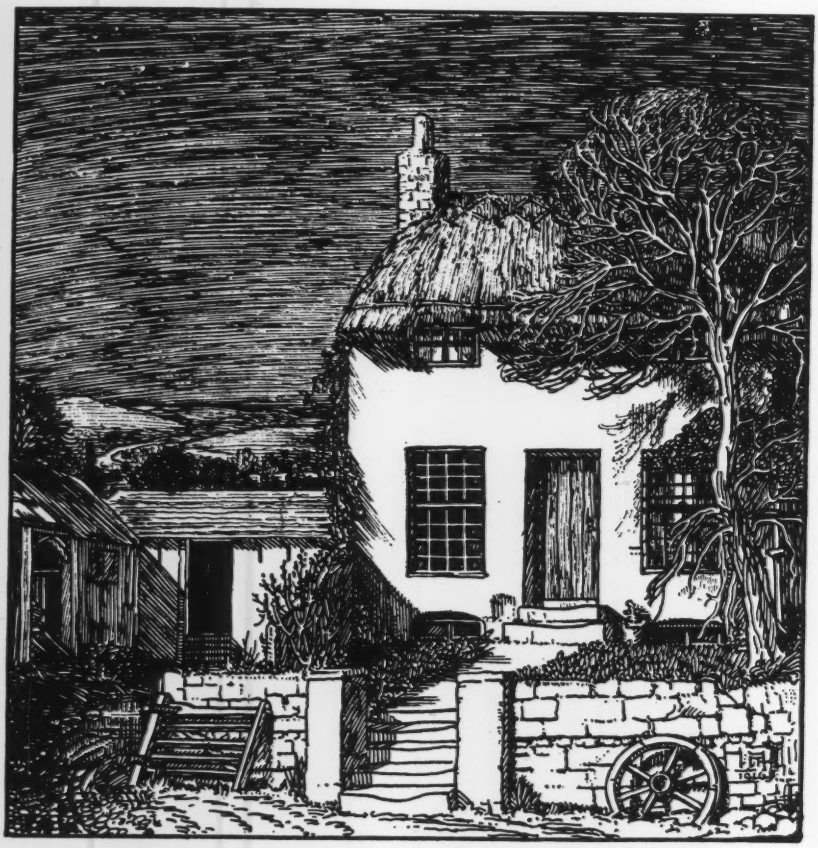

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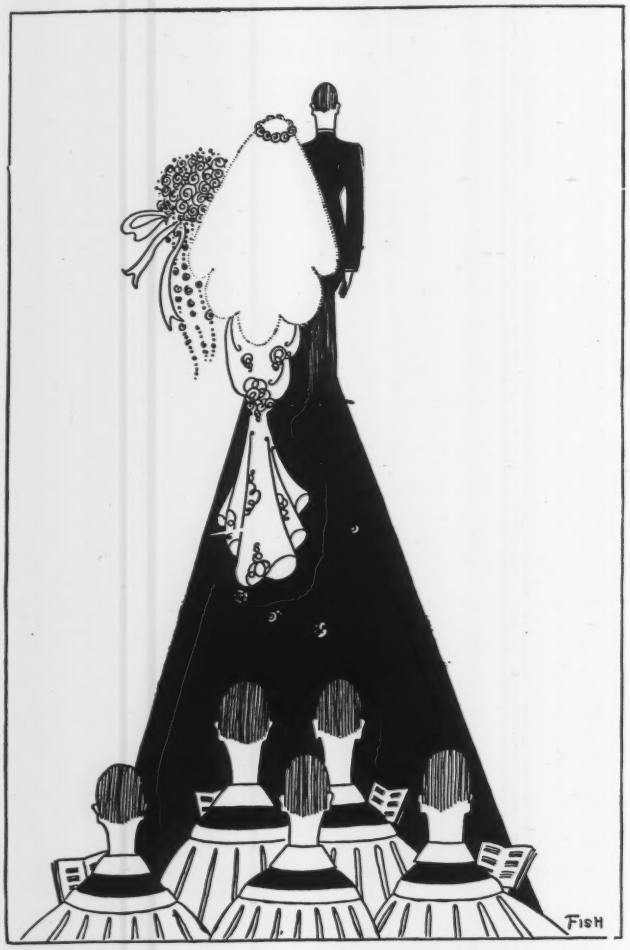

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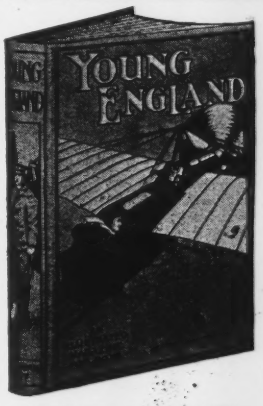

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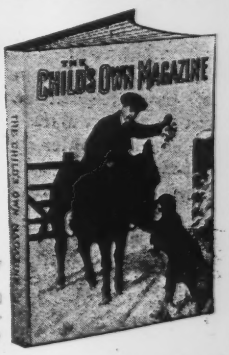

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From Poets of Democracy (*Headley*). WALT WHITMAN.

priceless Moorish MSS., including illuminated copies of the Koran, and books of theology and philosophy, and his other methods of converting the infidel do not commend themselves to the modern mind. In spite of much religious bigotry, however, Ximenes did valuable service to the cause of learning in Spain, and his edition of the Bible, known as the Complutensian Polyglot, will remain to him a lasting monument throughout the ages. A fine character indeed, of whom a contemporary historian writes, "equal in wisdom to St. Augustin, to Jerome in austerity of life, and in zeal to St. Ambrose."

POETS OF THE DEMOCRACY.

By G. CURRIE MARTIN. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. (Headley.)

Broadly speaking, nearly all the poets have been more or less in sympathy with democratic ideals; no man of imagination, seeing through the shows of things, realising the shortness of life, the vanity of human pride, the emptiness of mortal pretentions, could well be otherwise, and without imagination a man can be no poet. Mr. Martin has written an admirable series of essays on the democratic ideal in poetry and on some of the chief of those poets who have given expression to it, beginning with Langland and coming down to Masefield, Wilfrid Gibson and Tagore, with an interesting final chapter on Colonial democratic poets. In his survey from Langland to Gray he should have said something of Gascoigne; he might have given a little more space to Shakespeare, who could be drawn upon for more democratic utterances than are commonly attributed to him, and there are fine, flaming democratic things in some of his contemporary

From Beethoven (*Kegan Paul*). BEETHOVEN AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-ONE.

dramatists. Shelley is omitted, because Mr. Martin considers his poetry "very difficult" and that it appeals mainly to those who love poetry for its own sake; but some of Shelley's democratic verse is in the common hymn-books of democracy. And Hood should not have been ignored. When one has said this, one may be grateful for the admirable essays on Crabbe, Burns, Wordsworth, Elliott, and other Corn Law rhymers, Whitman, Lowell and Edward Carpenter, and an excellent early chapter on Goldsmith and Cowper. It is a timely and attractive book, well illustrated with portraits.

From Visits to Walt Whitman (*Allen & Unwin*).

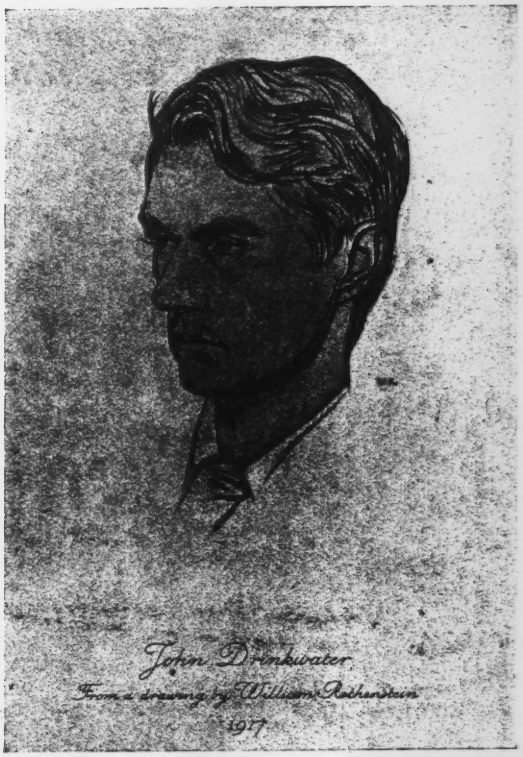
THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

By Andrew Jackson Davis. 10s. 6d. net. (Rider.)

The name of Andrew Jackson Davis is probably a household word among believers in spiritualism, and not only in America, where he was born and lived, but in England and the Colonies. Beyond the particular circle, though it is large enough as an audience, it may be scarcely known at all. In respect of his "seership," Davis might be called a Swedenborg of his period. Like his prototype, moreover, he was exceedingly voluminous, for his explorations in the "Summer Land" and on the earths of the solar system, including the metaphysical and other views and speculations arising therefrom, fill some twenty-seven volumes. Messrs. W. Rider & Son, Ltd., have just issued a substantial digest of the whole by "A Doctor of Hermetic Science." It is called "The Harmonial Philosophy" and is not a mere book of selections, but a comprehensive summary and analysis, that readers will find sufficient for ordinary purposes. While it appears the editor is not himself a spiritualist, but of the Mystic and Hermetic school, his undertaking has been carried out sincerely, with the design of making it representative of one whom he seems to regard as a remarkable modern psychic.

From Harmonial Philosophy (*Rider*).

ANDREW JACKSON DAVIS IN 1845.



From Poems, 1908–1914 (*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

PORTRAIT OF JOHN DRINKWATER. (Reproduced in Photogravure by Emery Walker, Ltd.)

SKETCHES IN VERSE.

By M. C. Strachey. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

"In this time of excitement, mourning, and horrors, it may be as well to turn to a volume of Lyrics which breathe in every line peace, love, and tender memories," writes Mr. Frederic Harrison in his Foreword to "Sketches in Verse." Miss Strachey's book is certainly refreshing; it is full of sweet perfumes, as though one stood in a garden

From Poems of West and East (*John Lane*).

CONSTANTINOPLE FROM SCUTARI. (From an old water-colour drawing in the possession of the Publisher.)

Reviewed in this Number by Katharine Tynan.

From Sketches in Verse (*Blackwell*). "RAPALLO."

of flowers; the love of flowers, of beautiful places, of colours, and of Nature in all her varying moods, pervades the book throughout. The subject matter is wide in range and travels from verses on such favourite continental haunts as Girgenti, Taormina, Nemi, Rome, Tivoli, to verses on Hyde Park, Westminster Abbey, Spring Flowers, Iris at Dawn, and Violets in a Letter. Even such time-worn poet's subjects as Spring and Nightingales assume a fresh aspect under Miss Strachey's sympathetic treatment. For surely the view poets usually take is that the nightingale is singing for them, whereas Miss Strachey writes:

"Are you not touched, dear little mate,
By such long dwelt-on sweetness?
A song, most delicate, ornate,
Wonderful in its completeness,
Comes throbbing through the midnight air,
Ever changing, ever new
In thought and passion, tone and sound,
As though in change of note were found
Some sweeter way to ravish you.
Now soft, now loud, now lingering on,
In sudden, strange expectancy,
Repeatedly it dwells upon
A note, with tender constancy.
Is that the note you love the best,
Small mate, upon the hidden nest?"

The book is illustrated with some interesting photographs.

WATER-COLOUR PAINTING.

By A. W. RICH. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net.
(Seeley, Service.)

This is a delightful book, full of instruction, and includes a useful record of places that are sketchable. The author has all the energy and enthusiasm of the true artist. He constantly refers to a scene or note of colour as being "a joy"—which will immediately appeal to the initiated. He has caught the very spirit of water-colour, insists continually on its transparency; deprecates the use of Chinese white and other body colours; and remarks that the nature of the medium necessitates the water-colour picture being kept within bounds. When used for a large expanse the freshness and spontaneity is lost, and he instances the large picture of Lincoln Cathedral by De Wint in the Victoria and Albert Museum. In landscapes this is certainly the case, and Mr. Rich is not now concerned with the beautiful luminosity of such works as those of Ford Madox Brown or Rossetti. He says, "As a general rule it is advisable to begin and end a water-colour drawing at one sitting or two at most," and again, "Do not touch it a second time,"—this is the very essence of the art. Several chapters are given to the various counties as sketching grounds. One is rather disappointed at London having so small a notice. True, Mr. Rich is essentially a landscape artist, yet for varieties of light, shade, and values, London "bits" would be hard to beat; and one wonders that Mr. Rich could not satisfy himself with an acceptable point of view, say, of Westminster and its towers. He harks back to the early water-colorists, which of course is quite right, but one wishes he had given an example of, say, Whistler, or perhaps James in flower painting, of which branch of study he is a little depreciating, and one would like to have read his remarks upon the magnificent school of the modern Dutch artists.

From Water-Colour Painting (*Seeley, Service*). THE TERRACE.

AN OLD GATE OF ENGLAND.

By A. G. Bradley. (Robert Scott.)

"Hastings, Winchelsea, Rye, New Romney, Hythe, Dover and Sandwich, passing from west to east in the order named, constitute the seven Cinque Ports that in the Middle Ages were responsible for the sea defence of England." Mr. A. G. Bradley's book is devoted to Rye, Romney Marsh, and the Western Cinque Ports, and deals with its subject in a manner that cannot fail to bring unlimited pleasure to all who know and love (surely the terms are synonymous) that portion of the British coast. The author's "Highways and Byways in the Lake District" and other books on kindred topics have already secured him popularity, and this volume both from an artistic and historical standpoint will prove an invaluable companion to those who are contemplating a visit to that delightful corner of Sussex. There are 112 line illustrations by M. E. G. Bradley, each one a little gem in itself. The whole production is one that will answer the bewildering Christmas present problem very effectively for many folks this Christmastide.

From An Old Gate of England (*Robert Scott*).

BRICKWALL GATES.

GUESTS OF THE HEART.

By Peggy Webling. With Frontispiece by Dorothy Chilcott. (Published by the Author—London: 124, The Grove, W.6.)

This is a little book of sketches and stories written in the kindly, gracious, sympathetic mood that seems in keeping with the Christmas spirit, especially with the spirit of such a Christmas as this. They are fantasies, touched with pity and the pathos of everyday human experience, but a quiet vein of humour runs through them and a brave philosophy of courage, hope, tolerance and faith that there lives a soul of goodness in things evil. Each of the sketches or stories typifies or symbolises the powers, passions, dreams that are the common property of all men and all women. "My Playmate," a dainty fairy figure that played in the gardens of childhood but grew with the child and changed but was always the best of friends is Imagination, when you must give her a name. And there are stories of Fear, of Jealousy, Remorse, Boredom—a quaint fancy—of Love, Pessimism, and Optimism, the Little Worries, the Pleasant Vices, of Sorrow and Delight. There is something in them of the Old Moralities and Mystery Plays, each tale carrying its message or teaching its unobtrusive lesson. It is a book of individuality and charm, not the least of its charm being that the thoughtful reader will find many of his own memories and experiences mirrored cunningly in its pages.

From Guests of the Heart, By Peggy Webling (*Published by the Author*).

FRONTISPIECE.

THE LIFE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER.

By EDITH ANNE STEWART. 12s. 6d. net. (Headley.)

It is not too sanguine to regard this "Life of St. Francis Xavier," by Edith Anne Stewart, as the definitive biography of the evangelist, explorer, and mystic. No popular life has appeared in England in recent years. But the Society of Jesus in Madrid completed in 1914 the publication of the "Monumenta Xavieriana," which includes all the existing letters and writings in their original form. The present work has the advantage therefore of being based on this material, translations from the saint's letters being done by David Macdonald, B.D. A difference of opinion seems to have existed hitherto on the question of Xavier's appearance. The author quotes Teixeira's description as the most authentic, and according to this Francis was tall rather than small in stature—"his face well proportioned, white and ruddy, happy and very attractive, the eyes black, the brow high, the hair and beard black." Again: "He went almost always with his eyes placed on the sky." The author defines his permanent contribution as one of character rather than of thought. This greatest of Loyola's disciples, she says, was the least of the Jesuits. "At home or abroad, within the visible Church or without it, Francis, after his conversion, knew nothing but Christ and Him crucified, and could do nothing but preach Him to the Gentiles." In a masterly analysis, she boils down miracle-stories to a likelihood that Francis possessed the gift (or affliction) of second sight, such as is found in the Scottish Highlands at the present day. Similarly the "Gift of Tongues" is qualified. Although he had a great talent for languages and was a hard-working student, there is "absolutely no historical justification" for the assertion that he had a miraculous power which allowed him to speak in the language of whoever he happened to be addressing. This biography, which has illustrations and maps, is a distinguished piece of work.

From **Hamewith** (*Constable*).

From **St. Francis Xavier** (*Headley*).

ST. FRANCIS XAVIER WRITING TO LOYOLA FROM INDIA.

From **Little Brother and Little Sister** (*Constable*).

PEBBLES ON THE SHORE.

By ALPHA OF THE PLOUGH. 90 Illustrations by C. E. BROCK. 4s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

A very attractive new edition of a volume of thoughtful, whimsical, graciously wise essays that have already enjoyed a two-fold popularity, on their serial appearance in the *Star*, and as one of the most successful additions to the Wayfarer's Library series.

HISTORY BIOGRAPHY & TRAVEL

From Memorials of a Yorkshire Parish (*Lane*).

WEST HILL FARM, WENTBRIDGE.

History, Biography and Travel

THOMAS WOOLNER, R.A., HIS LIFE AND LETTERS.

Written by his Daughter, AMY WOOLNER. Illustrated. 18s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Like his brother pre-Raphaelite, Rossetti, Thomas Woolner was both poet and artist, but he worked in clay and marble instead of with the brush. He was a man of strong individuality and great personal charm, interesting in himself, and as the friend of most of the distinguished writers and artists who were his contemporaries. Except for the years when he was digging for gold in Australia, the story of his life is the story of his art. He had become a member of the P.R.B. before he went out to the gold-fields, and came back into its fold after two years of absence. A genial companion, a good talker, happy in his work, his family and his friends, his biography has little to disclose but the occasional disappointments, the ordinary sorrows, losses and vicissitudes that come to all men; and its chief interest lies in the unfolding of his character, his opinions, the glimpses of himself and his friends, their work and their pleasures, particularly as these are shown in his and their letters. Among his many correspondents were Tennyson, Patmore, Rossetti, William Bell Scott, Darwin, Gladstone, Carlyle, Mrs. Carlyle, Edward Lear, F. T. Palgrave, Froude, Allingham, Browning, FitzGerald, and other such men of the great Victorian era. There is a vein of the true gold in much of Woolner's poetry, especially in "My Beautiful Lady," but it is for his work as a sculptor that he will be remembered at the end of the day. He fashioned the best of his poetry in marble and bronze; there is beauty and imagination in such monuments and fanciful figures as "The Heavenly Welcome," "Puck," "Achilles Shouting from the Trenches," "The Water Lily," and many another; and he has left us some of the finest and most faithful busts and medallion portraits we have of many of the most famous men of his time. Reproductions of some forty of these and several portraits of Woolner, members of his family and those associated with him, add greatly to the interest of a well-produced and entirely interesting volume.

From **Thomas Woolner, R.A.** (*Chapman & Hall*).

THE WATER LILY.

THE SEA SERVICES.

By JOHN S. MARGERISON. 1s. 3d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

A popular guide to the Royal Navy and the Mercantile Marine which opens by instructing the reader that he can get an informative pamphlet free at the nearest post office telling how to join the Navy would seem at the first glance to be writing itself down as superfluous. That is how Mr. John S. Margerison begins "The Sea Services." But no one need be deceived. Every line Mr. Margerison writes is from personal knowledge. "I—and I am eternally proud to own it—have also done my share," he says, "in the Navy, both as a youngster and in the training of youngsters, and I know of what I write." Hence in going to this compact little book you are not going to a dryasdust work of reference. You are in the company of a personality, kindly, understanding, experienced, informed. The chapters which he has now brought together were originally written for the *Boy's Friend*, and we are not surprised to hear that in response to his invitation to readers to consult him Mr. Margerison received in less than six months 2,500 letters. Many of those boy friends are happily started in sea careers; and there can be no doubt that many more will owe now to this volume the inspiration which will lead them to become members of the Brotherhood of the Sea. Twelve chapters are devoted to explaining the Navy, and ten others deal with the Mercantile Marine. All that need be said is that within these paper covers the inquirer will obtain an adequate conception of every branch of the work he will be called upon to undertake, not excluding games. An interesting reference is made to a special service squadron in the Navy about which, says Mr. Margerison, we shall know "when the right time comes." It consists entirely of merchant ships, and one thing the author can tell us of its work is that it has battled with the terrible ice-floes of the Arctic Sea on the route to Archangel, and has kept that port open so that Russia could send her ships to sea when and as she wished.

AT THE SERBIAN FRONT IN MACEDONIA.

By E. P. Stebbing. 6s. net. (John Lane.)

Mr. Stebbing, the author of this readable and instructive little volume, went out to Salonika as transport officer to a unit of the Scottish Women's Hospitals and had a pretty rough time in Macedonia, thanks to the country's abominable roads. But he has produced a very lively narrative of his experiences, and those who would like to know what a voyage along the Mediterranean in war time means, what Salonika looks like with its streets crowded with French, English, Serbian, Italian and Russian soldiers, how the Serbians stormed Kajmaktcalan and captured Monastir, and how they equipped their field-dressing stations close up behind the firing-line, should make a point of getting hold of his book. Such readers will not need to be told that the women attached to Mr. Stebbing's unit acquitted themselves admirably, whether as hospital or transport workers, and will scarcely be surprised to hear that neither the Serbians nor the Bulgarians give quarter, and that the latter have a reputation for massacring the wounded. As for the fighting qualities of King Ferdinand's soldiers, the opinions of the Serbs, so far as Mr. Stebbing could gather them, seem to be that the Bulgars fight fiercely and savagely up to a certain point, but are liable to "crack" under adverse conditions.

From Thomas Woolner, R.A. (*Chapman & Hall*).

IN MEMORIAM, G. B., 1872.

"ON THE REMAINDER OF OUR FRONT."

By PRIVATE No. 490. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrison & Sons.)

"On the remainder of our front there is nothing to report." On this familiar official statement this soldier's war-journal is based. "There will be no battles nor V.C.'s in my story," the author writes, "it will merely tell of the everyday experiences of most infantry soldiers in France." To those at home the little book will make a special appeal because it conjures up vivid pictures of the lives the men at the front are leading—the common happenings, the ordinary routine, the trivial events that blended together form a soldier's existence, yet never get into the newspapers nor the official reports. Told in the true soldier spirit, jolly and good-humoured, among the many war books that have been published it stands out as something very human and brings us closer to the strange life "out there" that has now become familiar to so many of our boys. A particularly realistic touch is derived from the free quotations from letters sent home, which are rich in "local colour," and, we feel that although Private No. 490 is out to tell simply the plain, unvarnished facts of his experiences, yet his narrative will comfort many by giving them a clearer understanding of the splendid spirit that prevails among the fighting forces, and helps them to bear with smiles and jests the hardships and difficulties they are called upon to face.

From The Life of Sir Clements Markham (*Murray*).

PHOTO OF PRESENTATION BY MEN OF THE "DISCOVERY."

From A Short History of England (*Chatto & Windus*).

DUST COVER DESIGN.

A MISJUDGED MONARCH.

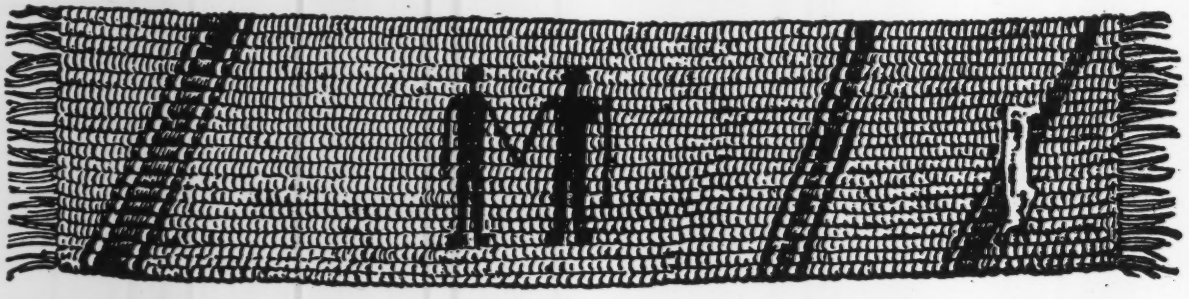
By H. M. IMBERT-TERRY. 15s. net. (Heinemann.)

Sir H. M. Imbert-Terry offers in this volume his portrait of Charles II. as he conceives he really was, forming his opinion from facts already known and accepted, but eschewing the prevailing impressions of the king as a worthless fellow sunk in sensuality and deceit. The writer has stubbornly refused to be influenced by popular and political and puritanic strictures, and accordingly he has given us not merely a lively, balanced, urbane and moderate portrayal of Charles, but a lively and well balanced glimpse of the society and politics and foreign relations of the period. He writes neither with gall nor with whitewash, but with plain honest ink and a very discriminating pen, and the sum total of his judgment on Charles is that he was above all a gentleman. That is to say a gentleman of his own time, with the weaknesses that were admissible and prevalent and practically expected, but by no means the corrupt and dissolute libertine that so many writers have insisted is all that can be said of him. Sir H. M. Imbert-Terry holds, and gives good reasons for holding, that Charles was an indolent, but most capable and, when affairs were pressing, most energetic sovereign and statesman. His two great principles of action were to further British interests, especially in commerce, and to secure religious toleration. Besides this he meant to stay king of England until he died. Now England's great rival in trade and by sea was Holland, and Charles felt that close alliance with France was the right course for England to adopt in the struggle. Sir H. M. Imbert-Terry approves, and makes out an excellent case for Charles in this and shows too that most of the troubles at home and abroad arose from the mistaken attitude of Parliament to the king throughout the reign. The book is very lively and judicious, and written with exceptional understanding of the whole range of men and affairs, which varies astonishingly little in essentials from epoch to epoch.

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND.

By G. K. CHESTERTON. 5s. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

Mr. Chesterton thinks, as a good many of us have thought though we have been diffident of saying it, that the writing of history has been left too much in the hands of specialists who, even in the so-called popular histories, have treated the people of the country as if they were only a sort of spectators, and had no share in its story. "A history from the standpoint of a member of the public has not been written," says Mr. Chesterton, and being a member of the public himself he felt qualified to supply the deficiency and set himself to do it, and here is the history—one of the most unorthodox and provocative histories that ever were written, and one of the most thoroughly interesting. It starts with the days of the Romans, and ends in these great days with some strikingly significant utterances about the present war and what may and what ought to come out of it if we are really to win the freedom we are fighting for. It is full of the true Chestertonian humour and seriousness, and the professional historian who makes a virtue of writing without humour or passion or sympathy may not approve of it, but most of the rest of us will enjoy and profit by its wit and wisdom and its shrewd new interpretations of our past. We shall return to the book and give it fuller consideration on an early occasion.



From William Penn (*Headley*).

INDIAN WAMPUM BELT, CELEBRATING THE TREATY MADE WITH WILLIAM PENN.

THE DISCOVERY OF AMERICA.

Edited by PHILIP F. ALEXANDER. 3s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

The latest of the Cambridge Travel Books possesses an extra attraction at the present juncture, because its theme is "The Discovery of America, 1492–1584." America being in the war with us, a special atmosphere of family interest now clings to this period of history. The general aim of the series is to illustrate the history of geographical discovery by means of select voyages and travels. In addition to Columbus's voyages, the volume contains the voyage of Jacques Cartier in 1535–6, which led afterwards to the French colonisation of Canada; that of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the first English colonising expedition, in 1583; and the expedition of Amadas and Barlow, which was sent out in 1584 by Sir Walter Ralegh, and took possession by his directions of the piece of land called Virginia, where the first English colony in America was established the following year. This proved a failure, and it was not till 1607 that the first permanent colony was founded, namely, Jamestown, which was also in Virginia. The work is ably edited by Mr. Philip F. Alexander, and has fifteen maps and illustrations.

From The Discovery of America (*Cambridge University Press*). A SHIP OF COLUMBUS'S FLEET.

THE LAST LAP.

By "G." 2s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

Whoever "G" may be, he is evidently a trained observer and writes with inside knowledge of what is happening and has been happening on the Western front. His chapters on our Infantry, on the Man Behind the Front, and his admirable summary of How We Stand in the West are as acute and penetrating studies of these matters as any we have read. They are written, moreover, with a lucidity and a sense of style that are generally denied to those who have a practical acquaintance with military strategy. The lesson of the book is that the defeat of Germany is inevitable if only our people go on making the necessary effort and retain that "will-to-win" which "G's" clear and convincing exposition must help to strengthen.

From Denmark and Sweden with Iceland and Finland (*Fisher Unwin*). GUSTAVUS VASA.

THE LADY OF POTSDAM.

By HENRI DE NOUSSANNE. Translated from the French by M. HARRIET M. CAPES. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

The author of this distinctly sensational "Chronicle of the Kaiser's Youth" tells us the work is "not a novel in the absolute sense of the word." As far as "political and psychological reality" are concerned we are, it is understood, in the realms of truth. Certainly the character sketches of Bismarck, the old Emperor William I., and his son then Crown Prince Frederick, are excellently drawn, while the love affairs of the young Prince William have every touch of probability—such affairs being the common heritage of princes. That, about 1880, Krupp, Moltke, Waldersee, and other men of power and wealth intrigued as "Defenders of the Throne" to prevent pacific influences prevailing in Imperial policy is now generally admitted. M. de Noussanne's story is of a lady employed by these high interests to turn the old Emperor's grandson from the paths of peace to the prospect of world rule. The working out of this plot is a tremendous affair, involving counter-plots, murder, passion, and the cunning of astutest detectives. In the end the Lady of Potsdam comes to grief—through her own ill-governed desire for vengeance—but not before she has accomplished her evil influence on the infatuated Prince William.

From Peeps at Ancient Rome (*Black*).

TEMPLE OF MATER MATUTA.

INSIDE CONSTANTINOPLE, APRIL—SEPTEMBER, 1915.

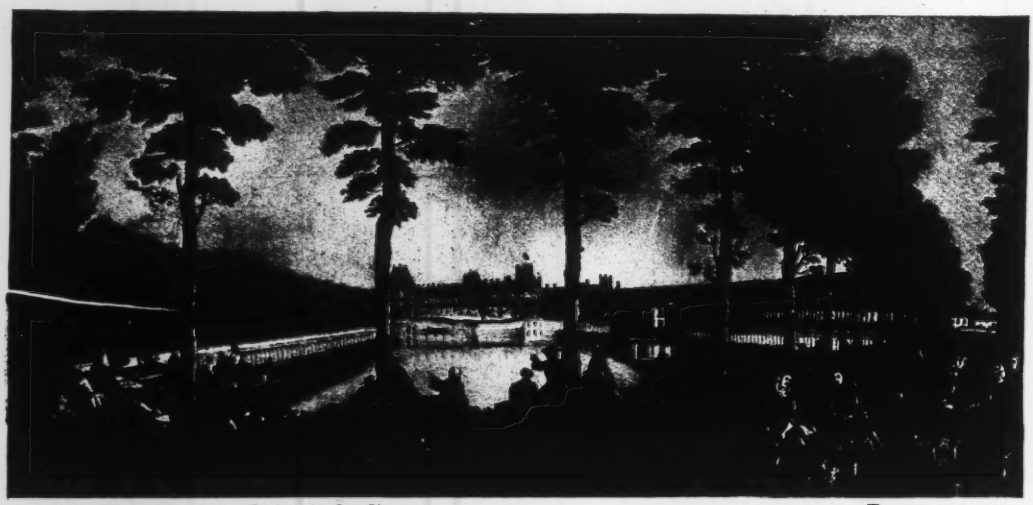
By LEWIS EINSTEIN. 6s. net. (John Murray.)

This is an American diplomatist's diary during the Dardanelles fighting. Mr. Einstein was sent to Constantinople early in 1915 as Special Agent to assist the American Ambassador in protecting the interests of the Entente, and left in September. At the beginning of the Dardanelles adventure he began to put on paper his day to day impressions of what was going on and rumoured. The entry of America into the war has removed any impediment to the publication of the diary, and it appears now practically as it was written, with all its absence of perspective and even errors, nowhere recast in the light of later knowledge. Just for this reason it is a most valuable document, showing the state of affairs in Constantinople, reflecting the minds of the men in power in Turkey, showing the intrigues and machinations of the Germans, of Enver, of Talaat Bey, etc., etc. We see just how the problems, which we approached from without, looked from within, what Greece, Bulgaria, Roumania thought and intended, what the Turks hoped and feared, how the Germans dealt with their allies. One object of Mr. Einstein's in publishing was to make it clear that the real blame for the Armenian massacres falls most of all upon Germany, who assumed the military direction of Turkey, while the plea of military necessity was put forward to explain and excuse the treatment of Armenians. The book is one of the most interesting of all war books, and contains a medley of news, rumours, tales, glimpses of people in the limelight, of our own feats by land and sea viewed from the Turkish side, that makes it of really permanent value.

MEMOIRS OF THE DUKE DE SAINT SIMON.

Translated and Edited by Francis Arkwright. Vols. V. and VI. 10s. 6d. net each. (Stanley Paul.)

These two volumes complete the very excellent English edition of the famous memoirs which Messrs. Stanley Paul have been publishing. They cover the years 1714 to 1723, years that saw momentous changes and significant movements in Europe and in France. Louis XIV. died in 1715, leaving the Duke of Orleans as Regent, and accordingly here is the place for Saint Simon's full sketch of the character of both these men, one of whom had been his master and the other had commanded his friendship and services during a long period when he was in acute disfavour at Court, and laboured under the atrocious suspicion of having had several members of the royal family removed by poison. The whole drama of Court life and political life in France is presented to us in these memoirs by one who shared it in the fullest sense, and not the least agreeable side of the whole business is the unfolding of Saint Simon's own character discerned more and more fully and clearly as year follows year. Consider his quarrel with the Duke de Noailles, how coldly, sternly, implacably he carried on the affair, with almost devilish precision and effect up to the formal reconciliation that was no reconciliation except for civility and outward deportment. The translation is admirably done, and this version is a most desirable addition "to any gentleman's library." And no library can pass without its Saint Simon.



From The Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon (*Stanley Paul*).

FONTAINEBLEAU.

THE CRIME.

By the Author of "J'Accuse." Vol. I. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

When Burke said it was impossible to arraign a whole nation, he little thought the day would come when a first-class European Power would descend to the level of concerted crimes which make the worst excesses in the French Revolution seem innocent by comparison. Such a scale of iniquity was only possible on the part of a people void of the sense of humanity, and flourishing as to growth and influence. But out of her abundance Germany has produced one man who goes further than any Teuton now alive, to the proud distinction of a minority of one. Whether or not he has made any convert by his former book, "J'Accuse," it would be hard to say, but it stands at the head of a new school of political literature, and we can see functions in the years to come where posterity lays a wreath of immortelles at the foot of his statue as at that of a man who has done intrepid service to mankind. Though more ambitious in size, this textbook is simply an expansion of "J'Accuse," done with the deliberation which was impossible in the case of that terrible indictment which draws itself for all time like a glacier of cold and irresistible logic across the self-tortured bosom of Germany. Even now, with a couple of years to prepare this greater result, the author cannot bring himself to delete his many repetitions, so anxious is he to give us the fresh and burning impress of his mind, and avoid the appearance of what Mr. Balfour once called the "frigid and calculated lie." If our conjectures are right as to his identity, the author has spent a generation in Switzerland pursuing ideals and aims for which there has never been sufficient room within the German Empire, and if he has faith and hope in proportion to his charity, it should not be difficult for this great champion of the Allies to find a permanent memorial to link him with a grateful posterity. For in this book—the first substantial volume of the series—he arrogates to himself the opening speech, and then proceeds to take up every aspect of the origins of the war, from its monarch and maker downwards. Unfortunately, the book, or this first volume of it, cost so long in the preparation, that the author lost the benefit of many phases of the war which would have told in his favour, including the entry of America into the ranks of the Allies, and the avalanche of diplomatic revelations which the American archives have been giving us ever since. Nevertheless, the book is so fresh and penetrating, so acutely alive to every aspect of the great issue, that you hardly realise it was finished a year ago. Judged by the past, it is amazing to find how completely the author has mastered every detail of this greatest of the world epics, and how he pulverises one by one all the German apologists from Houston Chamberlain and Naumann downwards. Here and there a photograph or drawing would have relieved the long panorama of argument, but the translation by Mr. Alexander Gray from the authentic German text is picturesque in the extreme and sets him among the great translators of our time. To conclude, there is no reason for the author to be self-disparaging in anything. Ostracised like Aristides, he is in a better position for perceiving the angles and the shadows of the place of his birth, and with a remorseless justice worthy of the great exile, he sets these failings down for all generations to wonder at. What he would have been if this war had not given him his cue and motive, it is hard

From Peeps at Ancient Rome (*Black*).

THE PANTHEON.

From The Memoirs of the Duke de St. Simon (*Stanley Paul*).

VIEW OF THE BASSIN DE ST. CLOUD

From Senlis
(*Collins*).

OUTSIDE THE STATION.

to guess; but at any rate, he has constituted himself counsel for the crown of justice, and he condemns his own countrymen to the everlasting galleys for the " Crime " he here unfolds in all the eloquence of his horror and indignation.

DAWN IN IRELAND.

By MARIE HARRISON.
3s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

Miss Harrison went on a special commission to study the people of Ireland and the industrial, agricultural and social conditions under which they live. As a result of her investigations she is full of hope for the future of Ireland, and in these pages takes you over the ground on which her hopes are built. She follows an admirable and penetrating survey of the Ireland of to-day with a study of the spirit that moves in Ireland and the forces that have gone to its creation. With the enemies of Ireland—some of the worst of them living within its own borders—Miss Harrison deals faithfully and very frankly. Altogether a suggestive and valuable book, that goes to the roots of things and is as courageous in its judgments as it is acute and impartial. There is much in it worthy of careful consideration by those who at this time are seeking a solution of the age-old problem of Irish government.

From Central America
(*Fisher Unwin*).

RUINS OF GUERIQUA.

SENLIS.

By CICELY HAMILTON. Illustrated.
3s. 6d. net. (Collins.)

The chief beauty of Miss Hamilton's work lies in the constraint which she exercises throughout. Senlis like many another city of Northern France came for a brief spell under the ruthless heel of the Germanic invader and will probably bear for all time the mark of his devastating touch. Fortunately for Senlis, the battle of the Marne sent von Kluck scuttling back to the Aisne and the utter destruction that might have been Senlis' lot was mercifully nipped in the bud. The story of the German occupation of Senlis is identical with that of a hundred other cities that came under the iron heel. Murder and rape were perpetrated under the flimsiest pretext, and part of the place was burned to order and with such pleasurable obedience that a party of Frenchmen were led by the Germans through the burning town, where their conductor " pointed out the flames with admiration "! Singularly enough it is Miss Hamilton's admirable restraint which adds vividness to her descriptive passages, and brings home to the reader the humiliation and agony of the people that have been subjected to the " blood and iron " doctrine of Wilhelm II. The volume is not a war book by any means since nearly two-thirds of it are devoted to the history of Senlis and to the natural and architectural beauties of the town; but from beginning to end it is exceptionally entertaining, for Miss Hamilton has that easy, graceful style which invests even trivial incidents with absorbing interest.

THE MAKING OF WOMEN.

By A. Maude Royden, and Others. Edited by Victor Gollancz. 4s. 6d. net. (Allen & Unwin.)

A series of seven essays by five well-known sociologists in which, with differences of opinion on minor points, a unified feminist policy is laid down and the lines on which feminism ought to develop. Mr. Gollancz restates the case for feminism in an Introduction, and contributes an epilogue in which he emphasises certain arguments put forward by the other writers and the end towards which the true feminist is working; Miss Royden deals with "Modern Love" and "The Future of the Woman's Movement"; Mr. Ralph Rooper with "Women Enfranchised"; Miss Eleanor F. Rathbone with "The Remuneration of Women's Services"; and Miss Elinor Burns with the great question of "Education." In appendices are a useful note on the increase of women's employment during the war and an article reprinted from the *Round Table*—this latter exhaustively considering the subject of equal pay for men and women and rather combating Miss Rathbone's contention that an immediate policy of equal pay for equal work would be unsound. It is a timely and very helpful book on one of the biggest problems we shall have to face when the war is over.

From On the Eaves of the World (*Arnold*).

HWA-JO CITY WALL AND HWA-SAN THE HOLY (PLAIN OF SHENSI).

BESIEGED IN KUT AND AFTER.

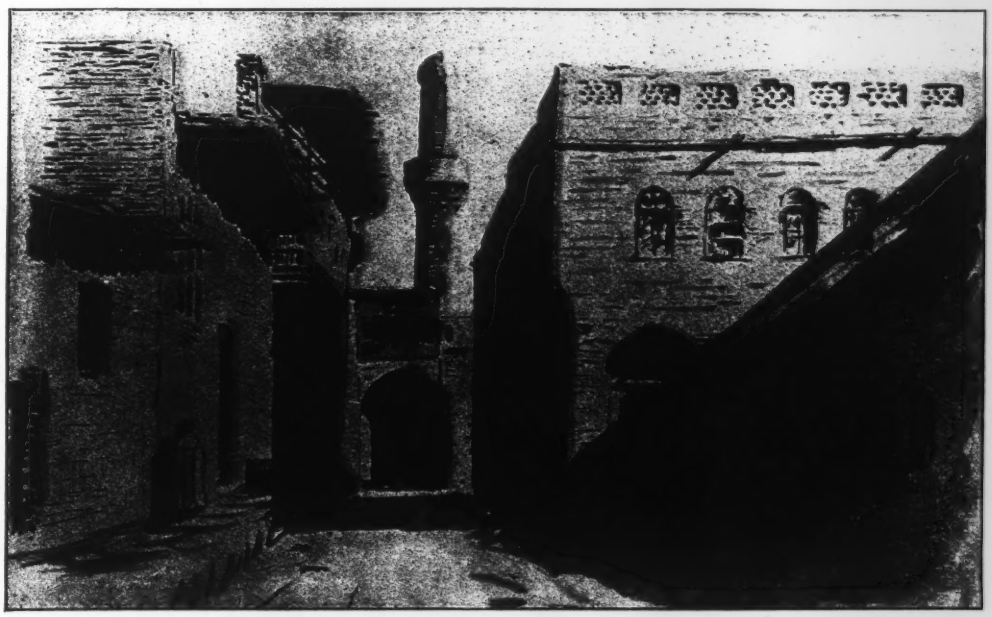
By Major Charles H. Barber, I.M.S. 5s. net. (Blackwood.)

A very plain and straightforward story of the siege of Kut, this narrative of the five months' stubborn waiting for the relief that was so near yet just failed to arrive is most moving in its simplicity. The world already knows something of Townsend and of Kut, but we in England can never know too much, and we will always have a welcome for any glimpses of the life of that heroic garrison, who held their post as long as a morsel of food remained to them. Major Barber gives realistic pictures of the monotonous drift of day after day, when every one showed an invincible cheeriness in the face of danger, discomfort, privation and suspense. His account of his experiences when with the Turks, after the surrender of Kut until the medical section was released is very interesting, and helps to confirm our belief that the Turk can be a person with whom it is quite possible to live.

KHAKI VIGNETTES.

By Phil. J. Fisher, C.F. 2s. 6d. net. (Joseph Johnson.)

Mr. Fisher, a devoted Minister of the Primitive Methodists, served as Chaplain to the troops for six months in England and for fifteen months in France, and, in all modesty and sincerity, he describes something of his work and the work of his fellow padres—Roman Catholic and Anglican: the sing-songs at the Y.M.C.A., the impromptu prayer meetings, the friendly talks—in the trenches and elsewhere, ministrations to the wounded and the dying—religious ministrations and helpful service in letter-writing



From Besieged in Kut—and After (*Blackwood*).

MINARET AND GATEWAY OF MOSQUE, KUT, 1915.

and the distribution of cigarettes. Mr. Fisher tells us frankly that the close intercourse with ministers of other communions helped to clear away prejudices, and while fully estimating the difficulties of a padre's work at the Front he enables the reader to appreciate the value of that work. "Khaki Vignettes" make cheerful reading, for their author is full of hope and good will, and has humour.

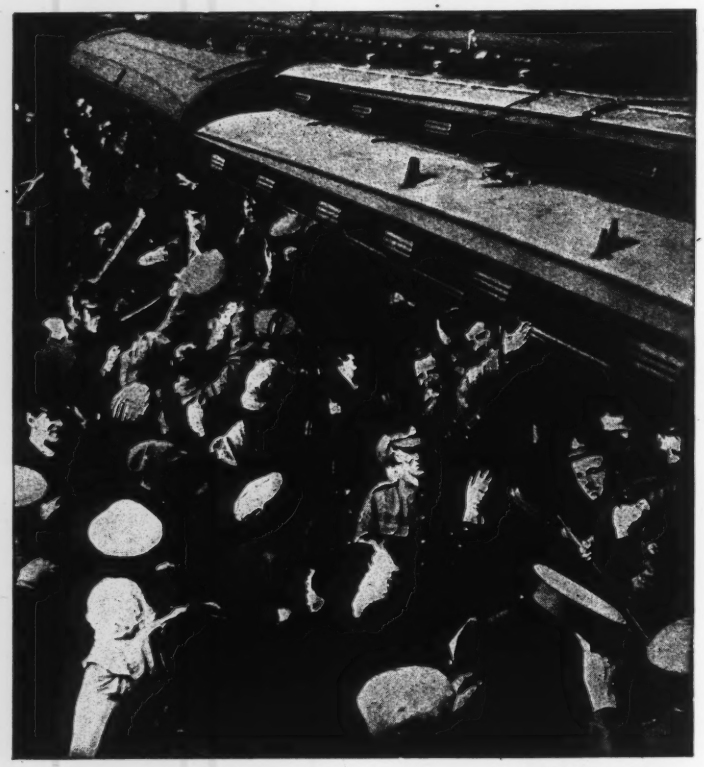
From Peeps at Poland (*Black*).

THE FIGHT FOR POLAND IN 1863.

THE HEART BENEATH THE UNIFORM.

By J. GLENELG GRANT. 2s. net. (Morgan & Scott.)

Sincerity and simplicity are the notes of this earnest little book, written by the Hon. Treasurer of the Cardiff Soldiers' and Sailors' Rest, for the purpose, as he tells the reader, of enlisting the sympathy and co-operation of the public in the good work of befriending the fighting men of both services. Tragedy, pathos, and humour are to be found in the various sketches and short stories told by Mr. Grant. We like the correspondent who wrote from the trenches, "The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. Please send me a mouth organ." Conversion to religion and total abstinence from strong drink loom large in these pages, for it is with these things Mr. Grant is largely concerned. But the religion is warm-hearted and brotherly, and the drunkenness against which Mr. Grant manfully contends is a very real evil—an unmitigated curse in some cases and a cause of much sorrow and distress in nearly every instance. The book makes no pretentions to literary style, but it does tell us something of what is being done at Cardiff for soldiers and sailors, and thereby it fulfils its purpose. For it is well that we should know not only the needs of our service men but of the efforts made to meet those needs by people of good will.



From The Heart Beneath the Uniform (*Morgan & Scott*).

WRAPPER DESIGN.

MARCHING ON TANGA.

By F. BRETT YOUNG. 6s. (Collins.)

It is an astonishingly pleasant surprise to pick up a war book which is a real contribution to literature, as well as a thrilling report of one campaign. This is the case with "Marching on Tanga," one of the best books for which this war is responsible. From its scholarly and vivid letterpress as well as from the very excellent photos with which it is illustrated, we get a real insight into the difficulties which General Smuts and his relatively small force were up against in East Africa, and the nature of the country in which those difficulties were overcome. The description of the race that was won by our men with ox transport through thick bush country against the Germans who retreated along their railroad, is an epic no one should miss. Even those who, like the present writer, know the obstacle to travel in the African bush, can have no idea of the apparent impossibilities which were achieved in this campaign; not only were they achieved, but they were taken as part of the day's work, and very little comment made upon them afterwards. Mr. Brett Young, the M.O. of the Rhodesians, tells us of marches in the valley of the Pangani, where no man, black or white, has hitherto been able to live; of men who marched and fought with fever on them, while the transport

beasts died of horse sickness or wasted to a state of uselessness by trypanosomiasis, which corresponds to sleeping sickness in man. He suggests that those uninhabited fever swamps devoid of any human life were a soulless waste until the ten thousand men who marched and lived and strove there against almost overwhelming odds gave to it a soul. These same men, ill and weary from forced marches in the region of the equator, were often without food, water or quinine; yet they kept up their spirit, and by sheer will and determination wrested the country from an enemy armed with naval guns, with sufficient food and water, and the necessary rolling stock for the concentration of this same. But "Marching on Tanga" is not all grim facts; a clear imagination, and the influence of a great and unselfish character permeate each page. The author has learnt that often elusive lesson, the elimination of the personal pronoun, for which and also for a splendid book we have to thank him.

From Marching on Tanga (*Collins*).

FIRST THE ARMOURED CARS MOVED OFF WITH AN OPEN EXHAUST AS LOUD AS THEIR MACHINE GUNS.

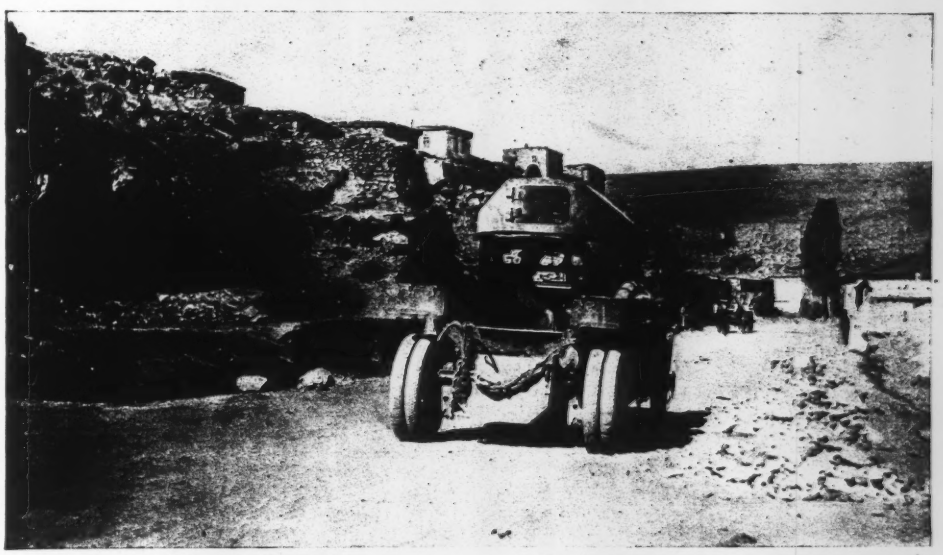
From Marching on Tanga (*Collins*).

WE CAME TO A GREATER VALLEY THAN ANY WE HAD MET BEFORE.

ACTIONS AND REACTIONS IN RUSSIA.

By R. SCOTLAND LIDDELL. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Scotland Liddell has written the most readable war book imaginable. It is strong and healthy, and such a treat after so much of the sentimental stuff about the war that sees the light of day. Mr. Liddell is in the unique position of being in charge of a company on the Russian Front, and consequently he writes with first-hand knowledge, enhanced by an easy and vivid style. He says that he finds it difficult to write of war, and wisely does not attempt it in the sense that we at home think of war. But what he writes about is the life as lived from day to day by the men who are actually out there, and in doing this he has painted a much more realistic picture of war than if he set out to describe great battles. Had we space there is much we should like to quote. We must content ourselves with giving the Russian reply to the Germans when, after the arrest of Protopopov and the others, the Germans displayed a notice over their trenches, "Your Ministers have been arrested." The answer was, "Not ours—but yours."



From Actions and Reactions in Russia (*Chapman & Hall*).

A BRITISH ARMOURED CAR IN THE CAUCASUS.

From The Diaries of Leo Tolstoy (*Dent*).

TOLSTOY PLAYING CHESS.

Recently reviewed in THE BOOKMAN

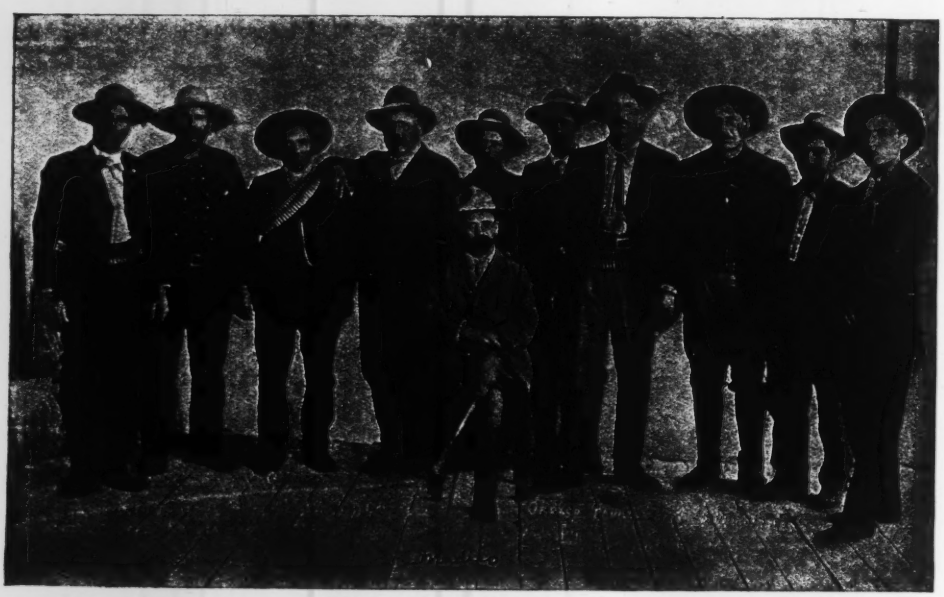
MEXICO: FROM DIAZ TO THE KAISER.

By Mrs. ALEC-TWEEDIE. 16s. net. (Hutchinson.)

From Mrs. Alec-Tweedie, the intrepid traveller, we look always for sparkling comment on men and manners, with vigorous portraiture and intimate studies of nationality and *milieu*. In her newest work on Mexico she gives us, in addition, a measure of serious history. The book is a study of the later Porfirio Diaz, the events that led to his downfall, and the present condition, political, financial and commercial, of the land which, in banishing its great ruler, ordained its own return to chaos.

The author makes of Don Porfirio, the fine protagonist of her drama, a picturesque, highly impressive figure, giving therewith effective studies of Madero, Carranza, Villa, and other actors, who rush in turn through the alarms and rebellions that compose, unhappily, the normal lurid atmosphere of Mexico. Don Porfirio was elected President for the seventh time in 1904; from that date Mrs. Alec-Tweedie takes up Mexican history, to carry it —distracted, blood-stained, vividly alive—to the present date; while through the narrative runs the dark thread of the Kaiser's unresting intrigues. If the powerful personality of Diaz raised his country from the mire, his correlative weakness occasioned the rebellion of Madero, with its train of inevitable disasters. Mexico, bursting into conflagration, made dust and ashes of its own hard-earned success; the architect of which, through nearly forty years of labour, was thrust out, heart-wrung but still unbroken in courage, to die in exile. The story of his deposition, of his setting forth ill in body, battered in mind, attended by his devoted wife, his son and grandchildren, is strangely human and pathetic. The great-heartedness of the man, whose severities have been harped upon at large, emerges clearly in these vibrating pages.

The tragic murder of Madero, by way of culmination to his abortive rebellion—was Huerta, the ruler-in-posse, guilty of it or not? The question was vital; for the States, accepting his guilt, refused to acknowledge Huerta as President, and thereby came fresh vistas of trouble, a bewildering tangle of Huerta—Villa—Carranza fighting. Howbeit the subsequent hostilities between Mexico and America brought about an incident in which Englishmen may justly take pride. Soon after the American landing at Vera Cruz in 1914, certain refugees in Mexico City were in great danger. How to rescue these derelict Americans? A British naval officer achieved with remarkable éclat that difficult feat, and the account of the affair in these pages is given with much verve by a young sailor who chanced to be on the spot. His yarn closes with the battle for Tampico, the great oil port, between Huertists and Carranzists, while a British steamboat comes upon the scene, to be immersed at once in the gunfire of the combatants and a violent tropical storm-burst.



From Mexico: from Diaz to the Kaiser (*Hutchinson*).

MADERO AND HIS FOLLOWERS.

Later, Huerta is driven from power, the story of his struggle against Villa and Carranza being sketched at full length by the author. *En passant* we have a humorous impression of Mexican statesmen by an authority who knows them but too well. "They are not made but born," he says, "fully equipped for their task. . . . The only family tie common to them all is the budget, and their only known hobby is to possess what does not belong to them."

The death of Diaz in 1915, with an interesting visit to his tomb in Paris, leads to a forecast of Mexico's future, which later in the book is further handled in a fashion to hearten that country's well-wishers. The author has in fact a solution of the Mexican problem which, save for a brief hint, may be left to the reader's investigation. The United States must not *annex* Mexico, but . . .

The quantity of Mexico's output in oil will come as a surprise to many; for it amounts to forty million barrels a year, thus equalling the total yield of Roumania and Galicia together—and in Mrs. Tweedie's opinion, this great asset might be doubled or trebled in volume. Beyond question it behoves the States and ourselves to uphold these oil-fields, and to keep a sentinel eye upon the country which owns them. The Germans have long done the latter. They have worked up labour troubles in the hope of destroying this vast supply of fuel so essential to the navies of Britain and America. The Zimmermann plot for embroiling Mexico and Japan with the States is fresh in the public memory, but further intrigues by the amazing Kaiser have place in these pages. Here, as in every corner of the globe, the German treachery-grinding machine has been at work for years; indeed the amount of the Kaiserian expenditure in pains and money for the debauching of the human race must be getting beyond even German powers of computation.

From **Real Russians** (*Sampson Low*).

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

One closes this able and most interesting work with a sense of deep compassion for Mexico, with its romantic past, its lamentably dishevelled present; for its inherently great if faulty ruler, his pathetic *débâcle* and death upon alien soil. The author's cheery adumbration in regard to the country's future will find an echo not only among those financially interested in Mexico, but with every one who gives a thought to battered, sighing humanity, or nourishes the hope of seeing a land of perennial upheaval and bloodshed rise ere long to the plane of peace and stability.

HAROLD VALLINGS.

REAL RUSSIANS.

By SONIA E. HOWE. Illustrated. 6s. net. (Sampson Low.)

As the author of "A Thousand Years of Russian History," "Some Russian Heroes, Saints and Sinners," and other books, Mrs. Sonia E. Howe has already shown her interest in Russia and her knowledge of its story and its people. In May, 1916, she went to Russia on the invitation of Count Dmitry Olsoufiev to plead privately with those in authority for a political amnesty, that Russia's political exiles might, in these days, be allowed to return home. The Revolution has since brought about that amnesty as a matter of course. During her mission, Mrs. Howe interviewed cabinet ministers, talked with Russian soldiers who had escaped from captivity in Germany, mixed much with all manner of people in Petrograd and the

From **Through Lapland with Skis and Reindeer** (*Fisher Unwin*).

EASTER DAY IN KARESUANDO CHURCH: COMMUNION SCENE.

great towns, and with the peasantry in various country districts. She has recorded these interviews and her impressions of the persons and things she saw in the vividest and most realistic manner, and the result is a brilliant and intimate study of Russian life as it was in the months when the Revolution was coming to a head and preparing to change everything and fashion a new and greater Russia out of the ruins of the old. Mrs. Howe has a delightful narrative and descriptive gift; she knows and likes and believes in the Russian character, and brings her reader to understand and believe in it too. Her gossipy, anecdotal style makes her book as pleasant to read as it is informing.

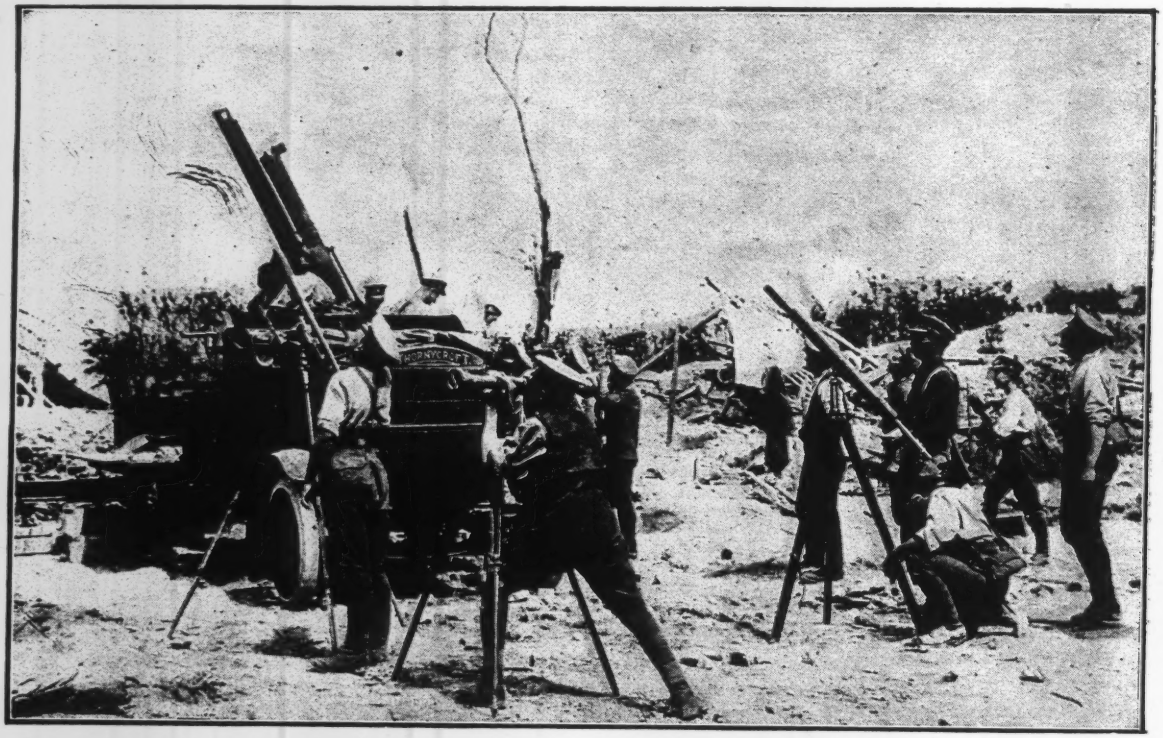
THE MARNE—AND AFTER.

By Major A. Corbett-Smith. 5s. net. (Cassell.)

When we hear reports, such as have been revived from Zurich lately, that South Germans are agitating for the abdication of the Hohenzollerns, it is useful to remember the subject of one chapter in "The Marne—and After." The chapter is called "Kultur," and it affords a glimpse of the long track of foul deeds, ruin and desolation which the Huns left in France. The author points out that as the German army is literally representative of the Empire, the depravity is that of the whole nation rather than individual excesses of an army. Hence no suggestion that the German people can be dissociated from the guilt of their rulers can be entertained. It was the sights our men saw when, after the historic retreat, they turned to advance against the enemy, that steeled their hearts. "They have changed the very lives of those who witnessed them." The book gives a very interesting and graphic account of the great victory, the last stand of the Old Army. It is a companion to the same author's "The Retreat from Mons." Major Corbett-Smith notes, with regard to "Tipperary" that the song is not dead, but has become "canonised" by reason of its association with the Old Army, and is sung on special occasions only.

From The Marne—and After (*Cassell*).

Lieut.-General Sir William Robertson.



From Jane's All the World's Aircraft, 1917 (*Sampson Low*).

An Anti-Aircraft Gun-Crew at Work
(From a British Official Photograph.)

THROUGH LAPLAND WITH SKIS AND REINDEER.

By FRANK HEDGES BUTLER, F.R.G.S. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Mr. Frank Hedges Butler has here a fresh and attractive subject, of which however he does not make the most. He has felt it his duty to preface his volume with serious chapters of history and research, all of which his readers could do comfortably without. He does not really begin to be interesting till he gets on his ski or into his "pulka" behind the reindeer. When next Mr. Butler plans a volume he should read "Eothen" again. It may remind him that the personal travel book is always the best; and it may even help him to mitigate the clumsiness of his own prose. His book has nothing like the charm or interest of Mr. Fulton's "With Ski in Norway and Lapland," though Mr. Butler's excursions covered far more ground (or rather snow) and extended into regions of Finmarken that Captain Fulton did not touch. Features of very special value in Mr. Butler's volume are the numerous illustrations, the details of provision and equipment, and the elaborate information about the routes and the fjeldstues, the latter resembling the "huts" familiar to climbers in the Alps. Prospective adventurers and winter sports enthusiasts in search of new skiing grounds will simply have to buy Mr. Butler's book.

From My Four Years in Germany (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

SAFE CONDUCT FOR AMBASSADOR GERARD AND HIS FAMILY, UNDER THE SIGNATURE OF SECRETARY ZIMMERMANN, FEB. 5TH, 1917.

TURKEY AND THE WAR.

By VLADIMIR JABOTINSKY. 6s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

"I have no doubt," says Count Mijotovich in the preface to his "Memoirs of a Balkan Diplomatist," "that proofs will (eventually) be forthcoming that the present war was really an Eastern Question war, provoked by that question and having its final solution for its object." The same opinion is held by Vladimir Jabotinsky, military correspondent of that leading Moscow newspaper, *Russkia Vedomoste*, who declares that whatever the pretexts, occasions or side-issues of the war may have been, the principal aim is the destruction and partition of the Ottoman Empire. He brushes aside therefore as irrelevant the talk about the freedom of small nationalities, about the restoration of unredeemed provinces and about the destruction of Prussian militarism, shows how inevitable was the failure of the Young Turks to put new life into the Turkish Empire, and taking for granted the victory of the Entente Powers, discusses the probable scheme of partition, assigning Constantinople and the Straits to Russia, Syria to France, and Palestine to Britain, and relegating Turkey to Anatolia, where, he suggests, Germany should be allowed "favoured nation" treatment. Speaking of the progress of the war M. Jabotinsky holds that the only theatre where "decisive blows" can be imagined is Asiatic Turkey, and he urges that a vigorous offensive ought to be made in Syria, in Asia Minor and in Mesopotamia.

From Outposts of Mercy (*Methuen*).

A TELERIFICO CARRYING A WOUNDED MAN.

WITH THE TURKS IN PALESTINE.

By ALEXANDER AARONSOHN. 2s. net. (Constable.)

One of the minor books of the war, but none the less a work of no inconsiderable

interest. Its author, a Jew, born in Zioron-Jacob in Galilee, one of the colonies created by the impulse which has since been organised as the Zionist Movement, was called up as a Turkish subject on the mobilisation of the Turkish Army in 1914, and now gives the story of his adventures during his military service and subsequently. His stay in the Army both as a soldier and a member of the *taboor amlieh*, or working corps, was of short duration as he was able without much difficulty to purchase his discharge—his object for so acting being his desire to return to his native village, not from any wish to disassociate himself from military service but in order to help to protect his people so far as he was able. After leaving the Army it was not long before he and three of the leading elders were arrested by the Turkish authorities, imprisoned and tortured for refusing to disclose the whereabouts of their arms which the Jews required as a protection against the marauding Arabs, and which they had hidden. It was only when the Turks threatened to carry off "a number of our young girls . . . and hand them over to the officers, to be kept until the arms were disclosed," that their resistance was overcome. Mr. Aaronsohn visited various parts of the country in the course of an investigation into the ravages of a visitation of locusts—a calamity which has not befallen the various provinces for forty years—was in Jerusalem where he saw the German officers, and in Jaffa shortly before the Turks set out on their disastrous Suez campaign which was at first announced as an overwhelming defeat of the British vanguard, followed by the information that "the canal had been reached, British men-of-war sunk, the British routed—with a loss to the Turks of five men and two camels, which were afterwards recovered." The foregoing does not exhaust the many interests of this very attractive booklet, which can be strongly recommended to the general reader.

From The Wives of the Prime Ministers (*Warne*).

MRS. GLADSTONE AND HER GRANDDAUGHTER DOROTHY.

THE WESTERN FRONT.

Drawings by MUIRHEAD BONE. In monthly parts at 2s. net each. Published by Authority of the War Office. (*Country Life*, Ltd.)

This series of drawings, published by authority of the War Office, reaches its twelfth part with the end of the year and already forms a unique panorama of the scenes along the Western Front of the war in France. They bring home to one the blight and devastation that has fallen wherever the Hun has been, but they reveal also the charm of French landscape that has escaped the violence of the German guns. As a pictorial record this series has a permanent historical as well as a great artistic value. Mr. Muirhead Bone gets his effects with a masterly simplicity of line; the same striking realism of touch makes for dreariness and bleak horror in his piteously shattered halls, churches, cottages, and the shell-torn countryside, and for all the quiet loveliness that belongs to them in scenes where war's earthquake tread has left no traces. Each drawing is briefly described and explained on the page facing it.

From Some Hawarden Letters (*Nisbet*).

A GROUP OF DOMINION PREMIERS AT HAWARDEN.

501 GEMS OF GERMAN THOUGHT.

Selected by WILLIAM ARCHER. 1s. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

That any sane people could be so swaggeringly boastful of their own virtues seems so impossible that you might suspect that these extracts were only written in burlesque of Germany's amazing self-conceit, but Mr. Archer is careful to give chapter and verse for even the shortest and to supply a full index of the authors, books and pamphlets from which he quotes. A few date from before the war, but most were written since. Here are some examples taken at random from the writings of various German pastors, professors, men of letters, and prominent public men :

"From all sides testimonies are flowing in as to the noble manner in which our troops conduct the war."

"We thank our German Army that it has kept spotless the shield of humanity and chivalry."

"We see everywhere how our soldiers respect the sacred defencelessness of woman and child."

"The German people is always right, because it is the German people, and numbers eighty-seven million souls."

"We are equally far removed from presumption and from arrogance."

"We will hold fast to our old modesty."

"Germany is the representative of the highest morality, the purest humanity, of the most chastened Christianity."

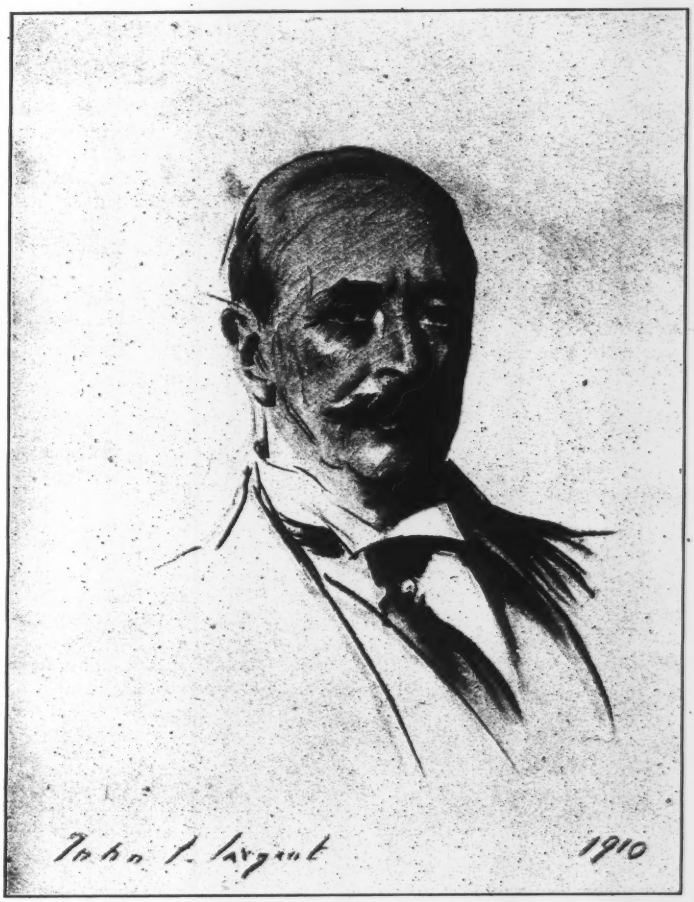
"The German Army (in which of course I include the Navy) is to-day the greatest institute for the moral education of the world."

"The absence of any sort of animosity towards other people is a striking characteristic of the Germans—and of the Germans alone."

"We are the most gifted of nations in all the domains of science and art."

"Excessive modesty and humility is a feature of the German character."

"Germany is just even to self-depreciation."



From Earl Grey (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

PORTRAIT OF EARL GREY.

From The Life and Letters of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B. (*Hutchinson*).

COMMODORE SIR CHARLES NAPIER, K.C.B., &c.

The whole book is very useful in its revelation of what Germany looks like to herself, and in view of her actions these laudatory complacencies of her thinkers are curiously amusing as well as instructive. The swelling brag of its inherent humanity, of its superior kultur and the godly mission to impress it on inferior nations sound, when one remembers Fryatt, Nurse Cavell, the *Lusitania*, and the barbarous horrors of Belgium and Armenia, like the sneers of cynicism or the ravings of lunacy. What is one to say of the minds that could think such demonstrable nonsense about themselves and of the people who could take it seriously ?

ALL THE WORLD'S AIRCRAFT.

Edited and Compiled by C. G. GREY. Illustrated. 21s. net. (Sampson Low.)

This is the eighth issue of the "Flying Annual" founded by the late Fred T. Jane in 1909. It has naturally grown in size and importance with the development of the air services, especially since the war, until now it makes a stout volume in five parts, well arranged and lavishly illustrated. The five parts comprise a useful aeronautical dictionary, with an international glossary of terms and tables of records; a detailed account of the world's aeroplanes arranged in alphabetical order of nationality; a similar account of the world's airships; and of all its aero-engines; and a chronicle of all the world's historical aircraft of the last fourteen years, with prefaces on war-balloons and parachutes. There are introductory and explanatory

From **Palestine**
(*Sidgwick & Jackson*).

YEMENITE CHILDREN.

articles to each of these parts, and a mass of very serviceable information on all manner of collateral interests. "All the World's Aircraft" has already established itself among those few annuals that have become indispensable. Well arranged, well printed, and edited and compiled by men who are admittedly authorities on whatever pertains to air navigation, those engaged in designing, manufacturing, or using any sort of flying craft will find it invaluable.

HOME LIFE IN THE BALKANS.

By LUCY M. J. GARNETT. 10s. 6d. net. (Methuen.)

The races of whose home life Miss Garnett gives so admirably an entertaining account are the Albanians, the Greeks, the Wallachians, the Bulgarians and the Turks. And it is only fair to say that the author is careful to allow no prejudices begotten of the war to warp her judgment. Though the Turks and the Bulgarians are our enemies she describes their customs, ceremonies and superstitions with the same impartiality with which she records the morals, manners and social usages of the Albanians and Greeks, the only fault we can find with her book being a certain reluctance which she manifests against generalising about the *character* of the various peoples she portrays. This, however, it is only fair to say, is to blame her for failing to undertake a task which she never set out to perform, and, since by this time the Bulgarians and the Turks are scarcely strangers to us, we ought to be grateful to her for the very illuminating study which she gives of such comparatively little known races as the Schyipetars and the Wallacks. The chapters devoted to the Albanians and depicting their strict sexual morality, their practice of exogamy, their kindness to cats—a characteristic they share with the Turk—and their strange amalgamation of Christian and Mohammedan rites deserve the closest attention.

A SOLDIER'S PILGRIMAGE.

By ERNEST PSICHARI. 5s. net. (Melrose.)

"Let our poor human thoughts," says Psichari, "venture near the edge of the abyss, and we shall see the Master of innumerable worlds leaning over the earth He willed should be so beautiful, and over which He is rejoicing in eternity." Into the exalted thoughts of the young soldier one cannot, perhaps, expect any of the miserable pictures of this world to enter, and indeed in this book the beauties of one particular part of the world, the African desert, are painted with vividness and truth and profound insight. Maxence, in command of his native column, is marching through Africa, and at the same time is on a spiritual journey. Whatever may be the prejudices of the reader, he cannot but be attracted by the palpable honesty of the pilgrim, whose rejection of vagueness and romance is, at all events, in harmony with Africa as he sees it and with the peace he is in search of. It is naturally of interest to know that this was a grandson of Renan, and if he had not been killed at Charleroi in September, 1915, he might very well have written such a book on the present war as would have been set over against that masterpiece, "Le Feu."

From **Home Life in the Balkans**
(*Methuen*).

OSMANLI LADIES GOING TO A PICNIC.

From Modern Man and his Forerunners (*Bell*). TYPES OF LIVING RACES: BLACK.

From Modern Man and his Forerunners (*Bell*). TYPES OF LIVING RACES: WHITE.

From Modern Man and his Forerunners (*Bell*). TYPES OF LIVING RACES: YELLOW.

THE BLACK MAN'S PART IN THE WAR.

By SIR HARRY H. JOHNSTON. 1s. 6d. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

The object of this little book is, in the words of the author, to set forth to those who do not know, or are careless of the knowledge, the Black Man's loyalty to the British Empire in this dire struggle; the sympathy he has shown, the great services he has rendered already; and the much greater extent to which he might be employed as an adjunct to our White and Yellow man-power; but, *per contra*, the obligation that lies on us after the war to recognise and affirm his rights as a citizen of the Empire. Under the title, Black Man, Sir Harry Johnston includes the Negro and Negroid of Africa and Tropical America, the Oceanic Negroes, the Australoids, the Melanesians and the Polynesians of Australasia. Few publicists are so well qualified by knowledge and first-hand experience to write of our dark-skinned fellow-subjects, and the facts here collected are of the greatest educative value to every Briton who sees in the word Empire something more than a group of letters or a splash of red. In his chapter on "The Dark Races after the War" the author states frankly and resolutely the pressing needs and rights of these vigorous peoples. He has no sympathy with the Congo regime, or the methods of the Germans in the Cameroons. The time is eminently ripe for such a book; if Democracy has ears to hear, the appeal in these pages will not pass unheeded.

From The Black Man's Part in the War (*Simpkin, Marshall*). A SOMALI OF EQUATORIAL EAST AFRICA.

MODERN MAN AND HIS FORERUNNERS.

By H. G. F. SPURRELL, M.A., M.B., B.Ch., F.Z.S. 7s. 6d. net. (Bell.)

This is a most interesting and thought-compelling volume. Its plain and almost sardonically quiet story of man's vicissitudes through some two hundred thousand years of traceable existence will come as a relief to ears deafened by the daily clamours of newspaper patriots and prophets expatiating on the "greatest war in history" and the "war that is to end war." Dr. Spurrell has the secret of the older savants—he not only knows his subject: he knows how to write. His matter embodies the results of much reading and research in several branches of science; yet it is all expressed with a distinction and lucidity of style that make it intelligible even to the least scientific of readers. As a further merit, the book is quite modest and unsensational. The author expressly disclaims any originality or finality for his essay, which indeed he describes as no more than an interim report upon certain recent investigations into man's remoter past. But we are not misled by his modesty. The best books, like the best people, claim least for themselves. Modern man is the descendant of a "light" anthropoid, once arboreal, and now terrestrial. There was, indeed, a literal "descent of man," from the tree-tops to the ground. Just as to-day the "heavy" gorilla lives side by side with the "light" chimpanzee, so, in the distant past of some two thousand centuries ago, side by side with "light" man there lived a "heavy" man, represented by the Neanderthal remains. This heavy man, for some unknown reason, came to an end, and has left no descendants. He was "man," but he has no connection whatever with modern man. The light man, also for some unknown reason, has survived, and is represented by our noble selves. So little have we changed, that our Pleistocene ancestors could be fitted out with stock clothes at a ready-made outfitter's, and would attract little attention in a London crowd. But

From The Story of the Paris Churches (*Palmer & Hayward*).

VAL-DE-GRÂCE.

Neanderthal man was structurally so different that he would cause a sensation to-day even among the people that could tranquilly accept Peacock's Sir Oran Haut-ton as an English baronet. In this anthropological part of his book Dr. Spurrell is so clear and interesting that his statements could not be bettered. His sketch of civilisation in the making is also good, though not so fine as Bagehot's in that remarkable little treatise called "Physics and Politics," most of which remains valid even after fifty years of progress in research. However, when Dr. Spurrell leaves Palæolithic man and comes to the modern voter, he is more open to objection. For a man of science, his use of such vague and question-begging terms as "democracy," "aristocracy" and so forth, is surprisingly loose. What he says about democracies (as he calls them) is undoubtedly true, and it is said very frankly and courageously. But it is not all of the truth. Described as democracy is described by Dr. Spurrell, autocracy or aristocracy or plutocracy would make an even more gloomy picture. In all systems of polity devised by man there are many evils. But the results of these systems are before us, some embodied in existing governments; and surely no sane person can deny that in the world of to-day, the margin of advantage, even if the margin be small, is on the side of democracy. Dr. Spurrell has left this part of his story rather less than half told. An even graver charge to be brought against him is that his gloomy view of man as the helpless victim of biological necessities over which he has no control may be taken to justify the worst extremes of utter selfishness or fatalistic indifference. It is not good for man to take very long views. "Let us eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we die, and very shortly civilisation will die too"—this would be an unfair lesson to draw from a sane and serious book; but we would ask Dr. Spurrell to consider very carefully whether it is not the logic of his scientific pessimism.

THE STORY OF THE PARIS CHURCHES.

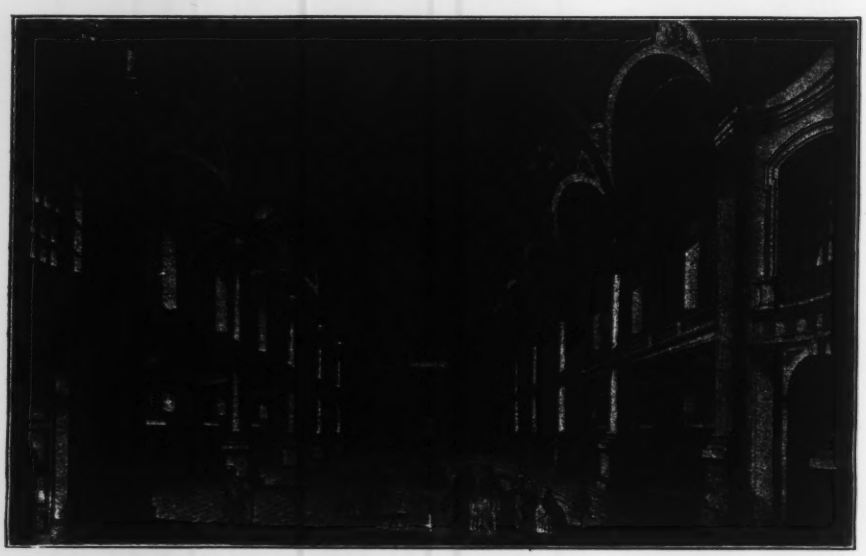
By JETTA S. WOLFF. Illustrated. (Palmer & Hayward.)

Paris is the city of beautiful churches, and many of them have a fascinating historical as well as a great architectural interest. Miss Wolff has concerned herself more with their histories than with the technical details of their architecture and has told their stories and of the curious old legends connected with their foundations and all that can help the visitor to Paris to enter into the charm and atmosphere of those wonderful buildings. It is an excellent guide-book and a book to read for its own sake, and should serve to make us doubly grateful that the devastating feet of the Huns were not allowed to reach Paris in the fateful autumn of 1914.

THE CAMEROONS.

By ALBERT F. CALVERT. 6s. (Werner Laurie.)

Those who want to obtain some idea of the agricultural prospects of the sometime German colony of the Cameroons, cannot do better than procure Mr. Albert F. Calvert's monograph. Therein they can find a reliable account of the probable yield of palm oil, rubber, cocoa, cotton, that may be expected from a Protectorate which has to deal with more than 2,500,000 natives. Mr. Calvert writes always with knowledge, and as mordant and as convincing as his text are the 280 photographs.



From St. Martin's-in-the-Fields (*Haymarket: J. McMaster*).

ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS INTERIOR. WEST VIEW, 1738.

ST. MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS.

By J. MCMASTER. Illustrated (Published by J. McMaster, Panton St., Haymarket).

An exceedingly interesting account of one of the most interesting old London churches. The author writes well, with enthusiasm and with intimate knowledge of his subject.

BEHIND THE GERMAN VEIL.

By J. M. DE BEAUFORT. 6s. net. (Hutchinson.)

Mr. J. M. de Beaufort's "Record of a Journalistic War Pilgrimage" is by far the most instructive and entertaining of volumes recently published which profess to give a neutral's portraiture of German mentality in the great war. The author's "General Impressions" seem admirably fresh and sincere, his account of his incognito visit to the German Fleet and to Germany's naval stations is an altogether invaluable chapter which first appeared in *The Quarterly Review*, while his description of a visit to the Eastern Front and of his interview with Hindenburg at Fortress Boyen, near Lötzen, is surely almost impossible to beat as a narrative of mingled bluff, "spoof" and "scoop." Less exciting but perhaps even more informing, is Mr. de Beaufort's story of his interviews with prominent military, naval and civil authorities in Germany. One cannot fail to be struck by the fact that the author of this book, a Dutchman educated in Germany, succeeded in establishing such a sympathetic understanding with these functionaries that they let themselves be, to a large extent, comparatively expansive in what they said to him. Those Britishers who are inclined to think that Germany will throw up the sponge before long because it cannot obtain enough copper to carry on hostilities, may be advised to study the very illuminating conversation which Mr. de Beaufort managed to obtain with Dr. Walther Rathenau, late Chief of the Raw Material Department at the German War Office.

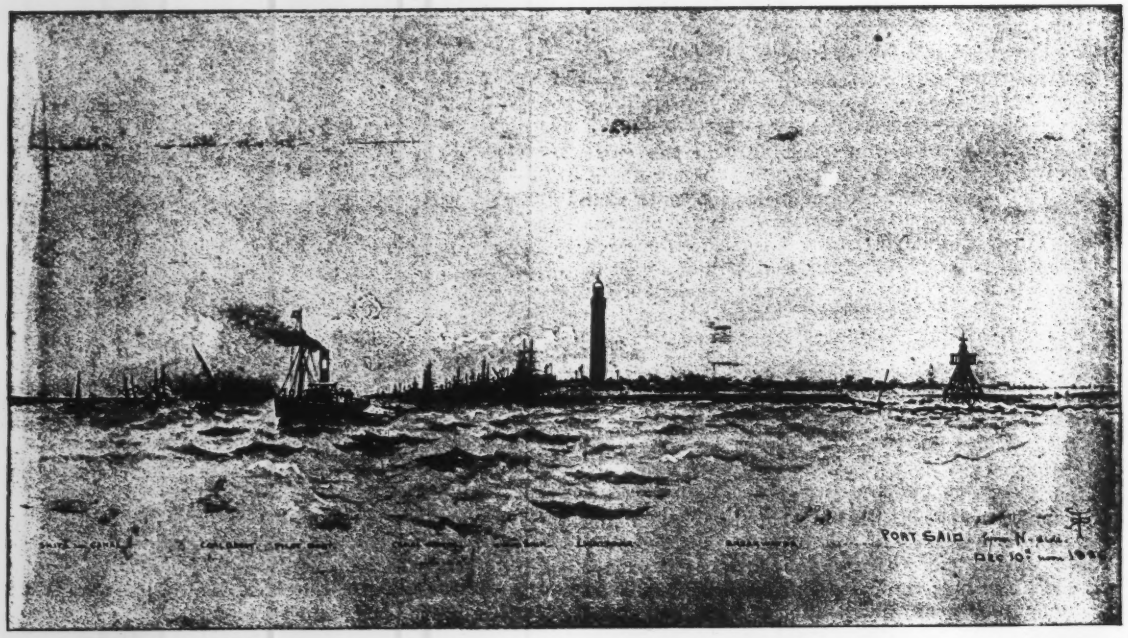
THE TURKISH EMPIRE: ITS GROWTH AND DECAY.

By LORD EVERSLEY. 12s. 6d. net. (Fisher Unwin.)

Lord Eversley in this volume proposed to write not a detailed history of the Turkish Empire, but simply to explain "the process by which the Turkish Empire was aggregated by its first ten great Sultans, and has since been in great part dismembered under their twenty-five degenerate successors, and to assign causes for these two great historic movements." He has most admirably succeeded in his task. From the accession, in A.D. 1288, of Othman as chief of a small tribe of Turks in Asia Minor, nearly three hundred years elapsed before the Empire reached its zenith, and during these years ten eminent Sultans and one Grand Vizier, Sokolli, of a degenerate Sultan were concerned in its extension. During these years the Ottoman armies met with only one single serious disaster, when at Angora in A.D. 1402 they were shattered at the hands of Timur and a host of Mongolian invaders. At its period of greatest sway the Empire extended from the centre of Hungary in the north to the Persian Gulf and the Soudan in the south, from the Caspian Sea and the borders of Persia in the east to the province of Oran in Africa in the west. Lord Eversley considers that as one cause of the wonderful growth of the Ottoman Empire we must reckon the fact that for ten generations the Othman family produced men capable of leading their armies to victory in the field, and almost equally remarkable as administrators and statesmen. But for the past 300 years the Empire has been on the down grade, and again we find the degeneracy of the dynasty one of the main causes. Another was the

From The City Churches (*Headley Bros.*). ST. PAUL'S. (From a drawing by A. H. Macmurdo.)

From The Story of the Paris Churches (*Palmer & Hayward*). S. EUSTACHE.



From "The Sunbeam," R.Y.S. (*Murray*).

PORT SAID.

deterioration of its armies, and a third cause was the continually worsening conditions of the Christian peoples subject to it. Lord Eversley has known Turkey and the Turks ever since 1855, and has seen and been interested in all the events of the past sixty years that have now resulted in the practical expulsion of the Turks from Europe.

GENERALS OF THE BRITISH ARMY.

Portraits in Colour by FRANCIS DODD. Part I. With Introduction and Biographical Notes. 5s. (Published for the Government by *Country Life*, Ltd.)

This first part of a portrait gallery of British Generals "represents, in fair epitome, the drama of British History" now in the making. It contains portraits of twelve of our famous military leaders—men who had done memorable services in campaigns of the past and have added to their reputations in the fighting on various fronts in the present war. Mr. Francis Dodd has had special facilities, by permission of the War Office, for painting these portraits out in France and at home. With a wonderful economy of line and colour and an ease and realistic strength of style, he gets a vividness and character into his studies that make his portraits literally lifelike. The twelve in this part consist of Generals Haig, Plumer, Rawlinson, Gough, Allenby, Horne, Byng, Congreve, Haldane, Watts, Birdwood, and Smuts. The twelve biographies are models of conciseness and completion. Uniform with this series the same publishers are issuing a series of Mr. Francis Dodd's portraits of "Admirals of the British Navy." Some of the portraits of these British Generals and Admirals have been reproduced on a large scale, separately mounted for framing at 2s. 6d. each.

From The Life and Letters of Admiral Sir Charles Napier, K.C.B. (*Hutchinson*).

THE BALTIC FLEET IN A GALE.

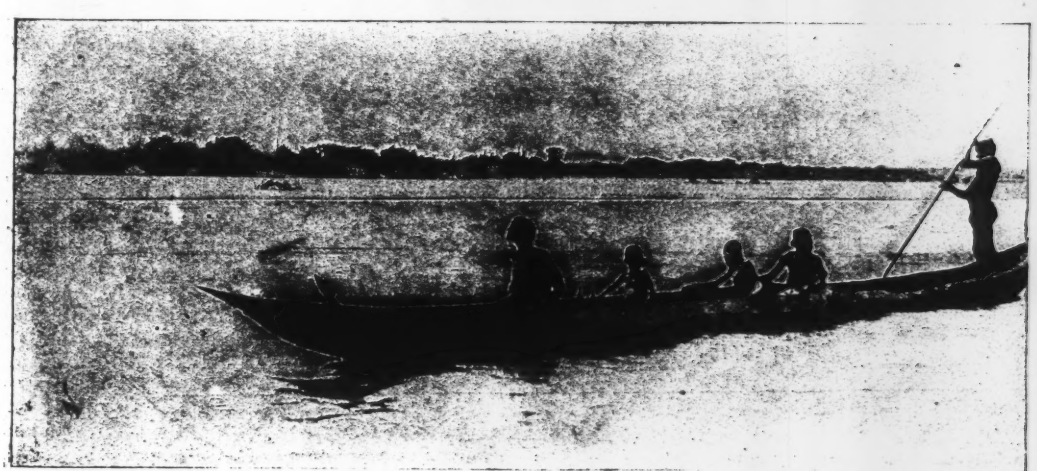
THE STORY OF BRITISH V.A.D. WORK IN THE GREAT WAR.

By THEKLA BOWSER.
5s. net. (Melrose.)

This is a simple, straightforward record of the work of the Volunteer Aid Detachment since August, 1914, and it is a book that certainly deserved to be written. It contains 300 pages closely packed with matter-of-fact statements, and the average person will be forced to gasp at the magnificence both in quantity and quality of the work accomplished. When this organisation was first set up as part of the Territorial Army Scheme in the year 1909, those who joined it were looked on as amateurs and fiddlers and were subjected to a certain amount of good-humoured ridicule. But, men and women, they persisted and trained themselves to bear their part if need should arise. Well, the need did arise, and nobly did the V.A.D. meet it. For example, within forty-eight hours of the declaration of war by England the St. Andrew's Ambulance Association had staffed the whole of the military hospitals in Scotland from its corps, both officers and men. In October, 1914, all these men were transferred to foreign service, and within one week every hospital in Scotland was again fully staffed by St. Andrew men. There are twenty-seven chapters in the book, stuffed full with the story of what has been done, and it gives us a record of self-sacrifice, of voluntary duty nobly performed, of ungrudging lavish service such as deserves to be remembered with pride for ever.

From Glorious Exploits of the Air (*Simpkin, Marshall*).

COVER DESIGN.



From Thrice Through the Dark Continent (*Longmans*).

NATIVE DUG-OUT ON THE BENUE.

WITH BOTHA AND SMUTS IN AFRICA.

By W. WHITTALL. 6s. net. (Cassell & Co.)

It is by this time fully accepted that the campaign conducted by General Botha in South-West Africa was almost a model for excellent handling and completeness

From **A Roumanian Diary** (*Heinemann*).

NURSES.

of success. So fully accepted, indeed, that it is quite desirable to be reminded of the true inwardness of it and the tremendous difficulties that had to be surmounted. We might parody the old phrase about another art than the soldier's, and say this easy winning was damned hard fighting. Fighting not against the German enemy, but against his allies—sand and desert and dearth and heat and trackless, waterless, foodless country. In getting the better of these the South African troops found before them only a clever German soldier outmanœuvred and outnumbered, reduced to surrender as infallibly as when A says comfortably to B, "mate in two moves," and B can only nod, knowing that the two moves will simply prolong the match for another minute. Mr. Whittall was in command of the Armoured Car Section, and his straightforward narrative of the campaigns in South-West Africa and later with Smuts in East Africa can be heartily commended as helping us to realise something of just what these jobs really meant and how they were handled.

SIX MONTHS ON THE ITALIAN FRONT.

By JULIUS M. PRICE. 10s. 6d. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

Mr. Julius Price, the well-known war-artist correspondent of the *Illustrated London News* has written a very spirited account of his adventures at the Italian front. Early on the spot—he was in Rome when Italy declared war on Austria—there were many difficulties to be overcome before it was possible to get to the scene of operations, and only very limited opportunities for observation. Later, when Mr. Price joined the cavalcade of officially accepted correspondents, ample facilities were given, and even within the firing line the intrepid artist could pursue his calling. Mr. Price has the highest praise for the military preparedness and excellent organisation of the Italian Army, and for the courage and devotion of the troops. Amazing feats have been performed in the Alps by soldiers bent not only on saving Italy from invasion but on reclaiming territory peopled by Italians from Austrian rule. We could have wished that Mr. Price had not written "that the English Tommy expects to be and is pampered in the way of quarters and catering to an extent that would astonish the Italian soldier," especially as he tells us later that the Italian soldier "never suffers from want of food and well-cooked meals." "Pampered" is an ugly word to apply to our men in Flanders and elsewhere. A number of sketches by the author help to the realisation of the heroic feats performed on the Italian front.

From **The Scottish Women's Hospital at the French Abbey of Royaumont** (*Allen & Unwin*).

TAKING THE AIR.

LETTERS FROM A FRENCH HOSPITAL.

2s. net. (Constable.)

Unpretentious but vivid and sympathetic pictures of hospital life are contained in "Letters from a French Hospital." They were written between July, 1915, and September, 1916, by an Englishwoman to her uncle, who publishes them anonymously. She is a V.A.D. nurse, and perhaps the impressions of her work are more acute on that account. "Really I am happy," she writes, "as much so as I could be while the world is full of hatred and suffering." Again: "Do you know what the wounded say? 'Les pauvres Boches, nous marchions sur leurs corps gémissants. Nous leur écrasions les figures sous nos pieds.' I never for a moment wanted the Boches to win, but I just can't want them to be killed. And when even the French pitied them, it must have been awful. I have not even wanted to make a joke lately." Humour and kindliness illuminate these charming letters, which convey the atmosphere of the French hospital perfectly. The various services she renders to her patients suggest that ladies in her position have to dip freely into their pockets, or the pockets of relatives at home.

A CASUALTY CLEARING STATION.

5s. net. (Blackwood.)

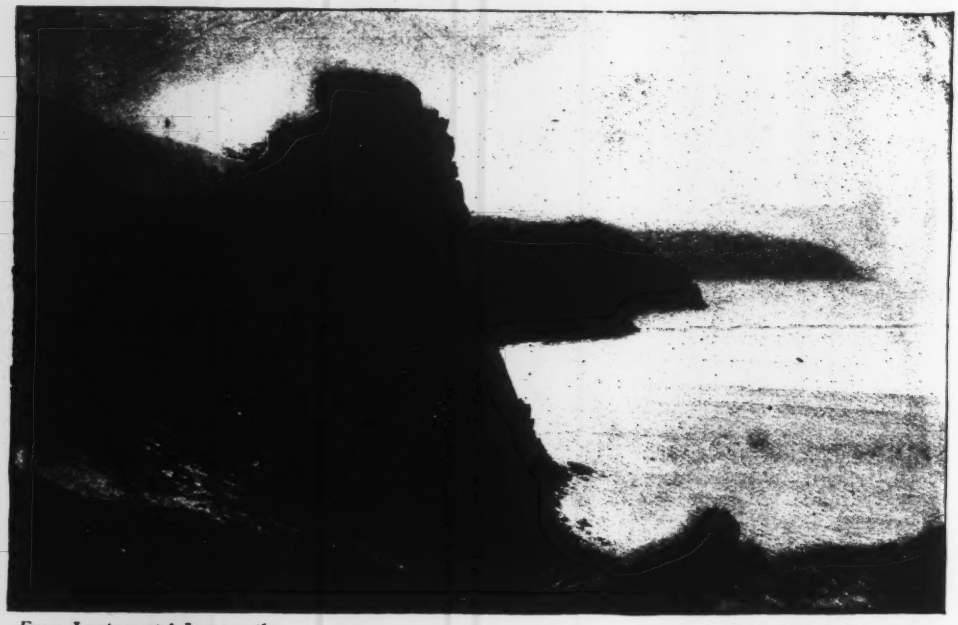
The claim made by the author of "The Tale of a Casualty Clearing Station" that his narrative is absolutely true, can readily be accepted. It bears the impress of truth from the kick-off on August 4th, 1914, when the party received orders to mobilise, to the end, 305 pages later. We say party, because it is a record of the adventures of certain individuals, who are named. The book gives us a vivid idea of chaos and uncertainty in the early days of the war, when the Germans were marching towards Paris. Here is a glimpse of two German army surgeons who appeared with a host of other wounded prisoners at Fereen-Tardenois. They were ordered to amputate a foot and did it badly, leaving the amputating knives "so hacked that they have since remained as curiosities. Like all of the race, however, they possessed no mean degree of merit as performers with the knife and fork at meal times." The "Royal Field Leech," who writes the book, lights up the tragedy with humorous incidents, too, as of the cook and the maiden.

From Wounded and a Prisoner of War (*Blackwood*).

M. LE VICAIRE GÉNÉRAL.

From The Scottish Women's Hospital at the French Abbey of Royaumont (*Allen & Unwin*).

ONE OF THE WARDS.



From Lynton and Lynmouth
(*Chatto & Windus*).

CASTLE ROCK, LYNTON.

LYNTON AND LYNMOUTH.

By JOHN PRESLAND. Illustrated in Colour by F. J. WIDGERY. 7s. 6d. net. (Chatto & Windus.)

"A Pageant of Cliff and Moorland" is what Mr. Presland sub-titles this volume; and indeed, with word and picture, and with such a stretch of land for subject, a "pageant" of North Devon is exactly what author and artist have produced. For the traveller who has been already, and for the one who wishes to go, to Lynton and Lynmouth, Mr. Presland's chapters and Mr. Widgery's gallery of pictures form a combination of information and allurement which no ordinary guide-book can attempt to rival. It is in truth a leisurely story of North Devon, made interesting by fact, description, history, tradition, comment and recollection. Into this "story" comes quite naturally a chapter of "Literary Associations" which is certainly not the least interesting part of the volume. "It is a land for poets and dreamers," says Mr. Presland, "a land to touch the fancy, and stir the imagination of men, a land of beauty and of adventure." And first he tells us of a trace in the municipal records of Barnstaple "of the chief of poets and greatest name of all" —Shakespeare, who was one of the company of the "Kynge's players" who came to the town in 1605, and received, we hope, a portion of the xs. "geven" to them. The sixteen landscapes which form part of this volume are the work of a true artist, who can feel and reproduce the wild desolation or the sunny fascination of the beacons and crags, the bays and valleys of this beautiful stretch of the West of England.

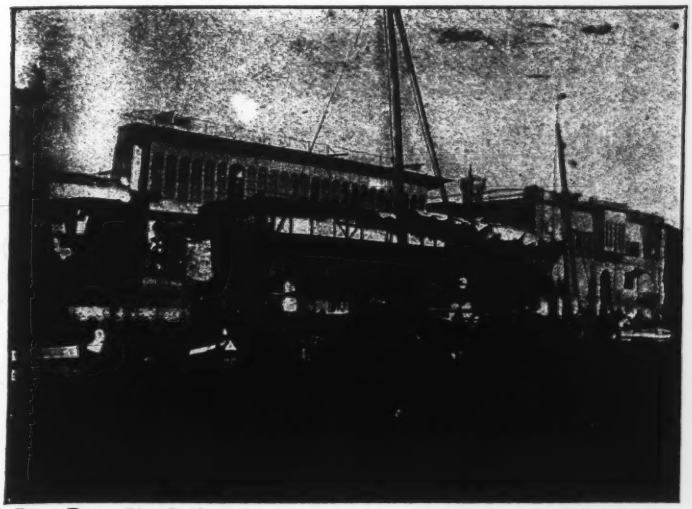
IN SALONICA WITH OUR ARMY.

By HAROLD LAKE. 3s. 6d. net. (Melrose.)

Mr. Lake has been to Salonica. He has been even farther up country along the accursed Seres road that runs up to the Struma and then across the river to Seres. He has been up at the very farthest points of our line on the quest, which he tells us occupies spare hours of leave and rest, "looking for the war." And he describes everything with a round adequate vocabulary put to the service of well-balanced powers of observation. The result is a really excellent picture of the Macedonia of the present war, its hardships and how they are overcome or endured, the irritation of men who *do* want to fight but even, by jingo, get little chance, and wonder why they are there and hope it is for the best, but don't like to probe that mystery too deep. You will find eloquent and moving praise of everything praiseworthy, such as the efficiency of the soldier men, the devotion and valour of the medical service, and you will hear something of what Macedonia is in wretched contrast to what it might be, and what Mr. Lake hopefully sets forth as what it may become.

From Across Asia Minor on Foot
(*Blackwood*).

WESTERN PRECIPICES AND "TOMB OF THE KINGS," AMASIA.



From From The Gulf to Ararat (*Blackwood*). THE ASHAR.

MACKAY OF THE GREAT LAKE.

By C. E. PADWICK. 3s. net. (Oxford University Press.)

The story of Alexander Mackay will appeal all the more strongly to boys, in virtue of the fact that this missionary was a man not only of the head and heart but of his hands. It is to boys of the Scout class that C. E. Padwick addresses his version of the biography, "Mackay of the Great Lake," which is one of the "Pathfinder" Series. Practicality was the very essence of Mackay's being. "One thing above everything," he said, prior to sailing for Africa in 1876, "I must make my Christianity a practical thing." He had studied engineering in Edinburgh; and boys will appreciate the fact that his dramatic decision to enter the Uganda mission field was taken at the moment when, in Berlin, head of a big locomotive department, he was offered a partnership that would have made him a rich man. In his German lodgings he read Stanley's "How I Found Livingstone," which had been sent out from home, and the same night he also read in a paper Stanley's announcement that on the shores of Lake Victoria, King Mkaa and his nation were waiting for a teacher, a Christian who could "turn his hand to anything, like a sailor." This little biography, which is dedicated to the boys of Rhynie Public School, Aberdeenshire, where Mackay was born, is very happily conceived and carried out, with maps and other illustrations.

THE MARNE CAMPAIGN.

By MAJOR F. E. WHITTON. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

This is an admirable addition to an admirable series of volumes, "Campaigns and Their Lessons." Major Whitton recounts very briefly and clearly, with careful analysis and arrangement of facts and details, the day-to-day progress of the campaign that ended with the Germans falling back to the line of the Aisne. The whole question of the campaign and the causes that brought about its ultimate outcome are still veiled in a good deal of uncertainty, and will give rise to speculation and discussion for many a long year. But one thing is clear, it was a solid defeat for Germany. Major Whitton makes this unexceptionally clear. The settling down of the German armies behind the shelter of an entrenched position was perhaps the most eloquent confession of failure they could have made. There is all the difference in the world between the retreat of the Germans from the Marne and of the Allies from the Franco-Belgian frontier. General Joffre consistently refused to surrender the capacity for manœuvre, and never for a moment lost sight of the offensive which he was determined to initiate at the very earliest

From From The Gulf to Ararat (*Blackwood*). BUSRA CREEK.

From Mackay of the Great Lake. (*Oxford University Press*). REPAIRING THE "DAISY" AT KASEL

From Wild Life of the World (*Warne*).

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From Bedfordshire (*Cambridge University Press*).

PARK ROAD, LUTON.

opportunity. With the Germans the predominating idea when worsted on the Marne was, on the contrary, to seek protection. Just what a battle the Marne was, and how formidable were the German forces, will be better understood by a careful study of Major Whitton's well-planned and well-written volume.

BEDFORDSHIRE.

By C. GORE CHAMBERS. 3s. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

A studious little book, which although serving as a guide to Bedfordshire is something infinitely more. Great care has been taken in the compilation, and extreme thoroughness marks it from beginning to end. The contents are wonderfully varied, and range from chapters on "Geology" to "Lace Making" and "Market Gardening" to "Administration." The chapters on "Geology," "Natural History," and "Antiquities" are exceptionally fascinating, and the wonder is that such a store of information can be packed in so few pages. In the "Roll of Honour" is, of course the name of John Bunyan as a Bedfordshire man, and the book gives a necessarily brief but interesting account of his famous experiences in Bedford town, and in its prison, in the days before "The Pilgrim's Progress" had been written, and after. The work is profusely illustrated with photographs, many of which have a real pictorial value, and others are of great historical interest. Among these latter is a reproduction of part of the first page of the Domesday Book giving the entry for Bedford and the Royal land of Leighton. There is no doubt that the book will find readers among a wide circle outside Bedfordshire.

INSIDE THE GERMAN EMPIRE.

By H. B. Swope. 5s. net. (Constable.)

An American who had been well treated in Germany would write one sort of book before his country discovered the perfidy of the Germans for themselves, and a slightly different sort afterwards. Mr. H. B. Swope's "Inside the German Empire" belongs to the former period, when America was neutral. At the beginning of the war he went to Germany for four months. He returned there for three months in the latter part of 1916, and it is the impressions of this visit that the book contains. "Together the two trips left me, I hope," he says, "truly an American and a neutral, but one who, without leanings toward either side, has deep sympathy for both, etc." We admire Mr. Swope's endeavour to be impartial, but we feel somehow that he was over-impressed by the German officers in whose company usually he was: in Belgium, for instance. Instead of coming away with his sympathies for Belgium accentuated, he "found their edge rather dulled"! His tone about France is better. In Lille "the hatred of the German is something that awes you." Mr. Swope's main theme, however, is the mind and internal organisation of Germany. In talking of the state of the war we are struck by his omission to note the capture of Germany's colonies. He says the Germans know they will lose the war if it is carried to the end.

From Peeps at Poland (*Black*).

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From Life of Lord Lister (*Macmillan*).

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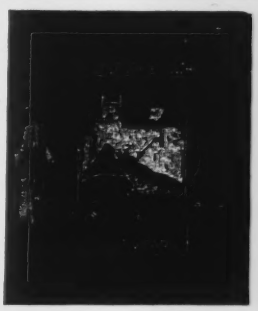

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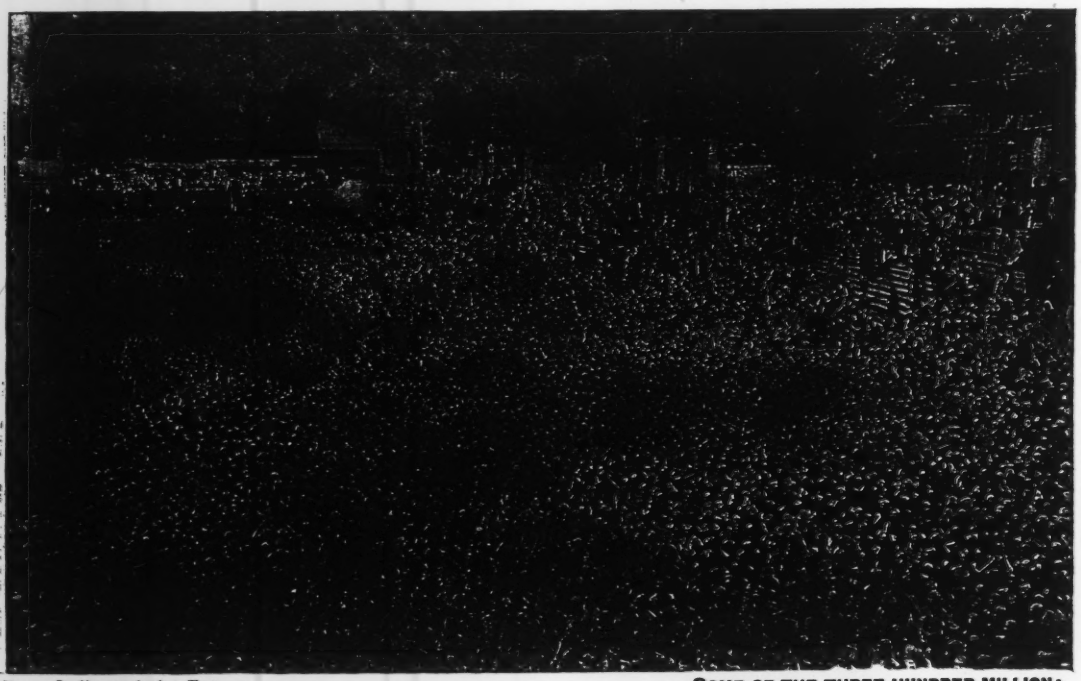

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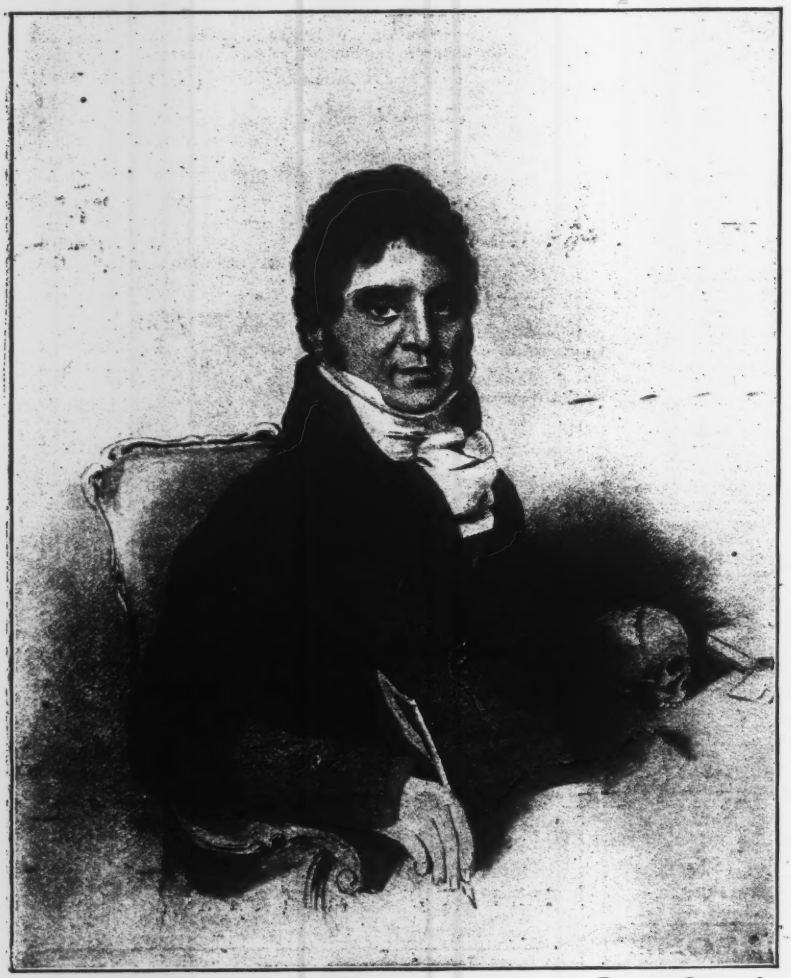

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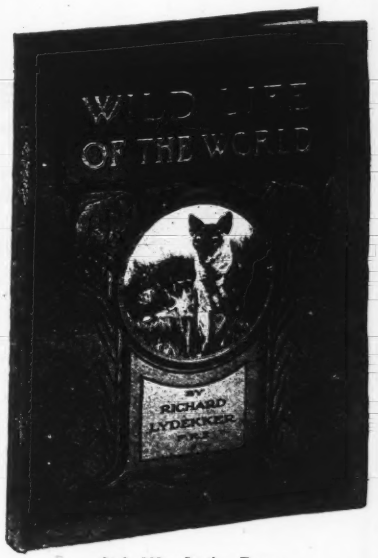

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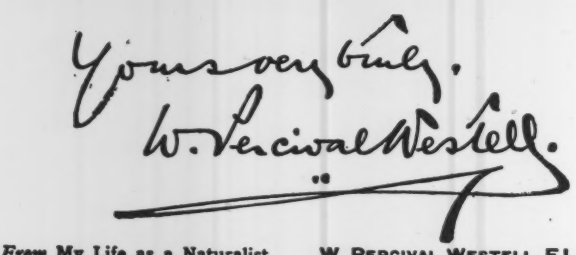

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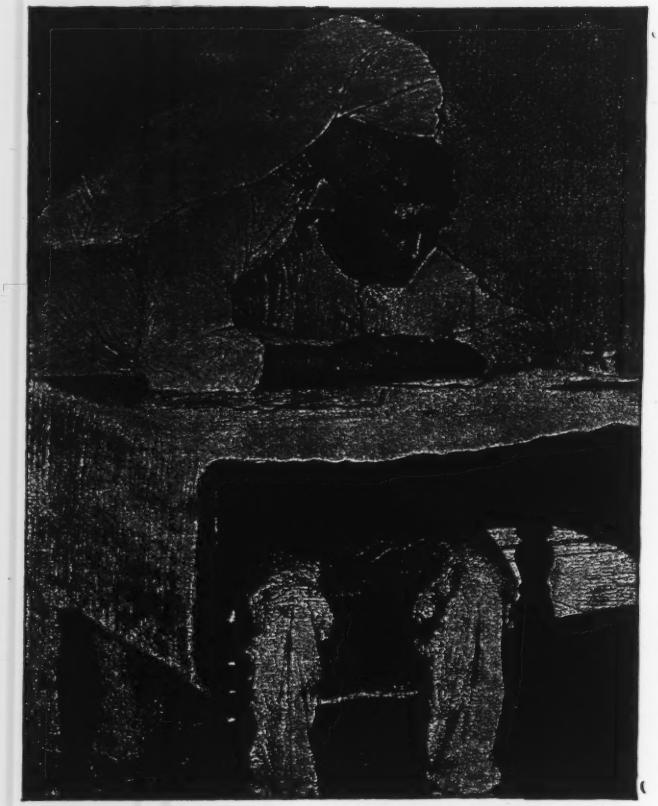

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Even as Pauline had charmed Harriet Marchant, so she may be said more or less completely to have come, seen and conquered at Cloydyke, and when it is known that Harriet's brother is a widower whose joining his regiment for the front is postponed by an accident—then, there is one thing that will be foreseen by the very tyro at novel-reading. That prescience on the part of the reader is duly seen to be accurate and the fascinating Pauline Caillaux bids fair to become Mrs. "Sho" Devigne; but at the eleventh hour something happens—"truth will out"—many hopes are shattered, and what had seemed an almost idyllic romance in a quiet, well-to-do, comfortable country circle, develops into one of the ramifying tragedies of the war.

The story may in some respects—in plot and incident, for example—be a trifle thin, yet it possesses qualities which place it high indeed among the novels that have been written on war themes. Chief among those qualities we should place charm. The author has that "way with her" which was Pauline's passport to popularity—and she has it to a better end. Though much of the story, most of it indeed, proceeds on quiet lines, and that despite its being an addition to that spy fiction which invites to sensationalism, yet the author's "way with her" keeps our close attention, even keeps us entertained, charmed and fascinated by the easy naturalness with which the story is developed, and the successive stages by which things seem to progress to the climax. Above all, perhaps, it is by the talk of her characters that G. Colmore charms us—whether it is the talk between Harriet as a Christian idealist, and Pauline as a believer in force (their opening talk subtly conveys a hint as to the character of the ostensible Frenchwoman); whether it is the inconsequent but amusing chatter of Harriet's sister Hannah; or whether it is the impression of general talk at the working party or at the party which welcomes Harriet home early in the story. For the most part the talk is real and yet dramatic and may well suggest to some readers that "The Guest" has in it the material for an unconventional yet striking spy-play, though a theatre audience might require something more than the indefiniteness of the fate of the principal character.

Excellent as is the story—indeed owing to its excellence, to the naturalness with which all the people are presented, there arises the question as to whether such a work of fiction may not lead some of its readers to unworthy suspicions of friendly foreigners among them. To all seeming Pauline Caillaux was a Frenchwoman, and because for the purposes of the novelist she was a German spy masquerading as such there may well be many readers who will be ready to raise the cry of "spy" and disguise against any foreigner. That such a question should arise is perhaps the best tribute to the skill of the novelist, showing how very real an impression she has made with her story. Perhaps however, on the whole, Harriet and her family took the *bona fides* of the "Guest" a little too readily on trust at such a time as was the autumn of 1914. G. Colmore is to be congratulated on having raised the "spy story" from the plane of lurid sensationalism to that of admirable literary workmanship.

Walter Jerrold.

THE DISCREET ADVENTURE.

By Helen C. Roberts. 6s. (Fisher Unwin.)

This character study of Alberta Upwey, good as it is, would have been better and stronger if the author had *meant* Alberta to be irritating when she adopts a superior attitude toward her "social inferiors," and when she worships Art (with a capital A). But we have a suspicion that we are meant to sympathise with Alberta throughout, and this is what we are unable to do. How can we sympathise with her when she thinks like this: "But how funny servants were. . . . Funny, funny primitive creatures! . . . What a dreadful lot of beautiful, interesting things they miss! Poor creatures! They can't have any ideals. How dreadful—how unutterably miserable to have no ideals!" It is only fair to Alberta to add that she is only occasionally like this—but these occasions tend to weaken our respect for her intellect. The plot of the story is well conceived and skilfully worked out, containing some vivid character studies and varied scenes in intellectual, narrow-minded, and shady society. Alberta's sisters are a well-drawn couple, and the manner in which each of the three girls develops her life along the line which appeals to her most, keeps the reader's interest undiminished to the end of the book.

From A Second Diary of the Great Warr (*Lane*).

MR. AND MRS. SAMUEL PEPYS, JUNR.

THE YARNS OF A COUNTRY ATTORNEY.

By Louis J. Walsh. 3s. 6d. net. (Dublin: Gill and Son.)

Mr. Walsh has a perfect genius for depicting the odd, and a beneficent Providence has made of him an attorney so that the cracks in human nature shall be most apparent to him. His lot, too, has been happily cast among a folk gifted with a strong native originality combined with a pleasant elasticity of conscience. Under circumstances so favourable it is no wonder that this collection of stories of life in rural Ulster should be so breezily entertaining. In his own inimitable manner this "country attorney" introduces us to one "schemer" after another, yet the end of the volume leaves us hungry for more. We may be thankful that Mr. Walsh's keen sense of humour does not limit his character studies to the whimsical, or we should have missed one of the gems of the collection, "The Last Will," written with a tenderness that is most alluring. His versatility is also shown in the delightfully humorous sketches with which he has himself illustrated the book. If Mr. Walsh fulfils the promise shown in these stories and in his previously published plays, we may expect some very good things indeed.

From Yarns of a Country Attorney (*Gill & Son*).

MAKING THE WILL.

SAILORTOWN.

By Rev. Geo. H. Mitchell. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

"Sailortown" lies down east within the purlieus of Poplar and Limehouse. In this labyrinth of docks and warehouses, where cosmopolitanism is the order of the day and the very atmosphere savours of the seven seas, the author finds the substance for his book. To those whose business, or pleasure, lies westward of St. Paul's "Sailortown" is probably a foreign country. Few people are conscious that scarce a league from the hurry and scurry of Cheapside or Holborn there exists the "Mecca" of the shipping world. It needs Mr. Mitchell's enlightening book to bring home to such all that "Sailortown" stands for. Mr. Mitchell's own career has been of a varied character and renders him qualified to treat of such a maritime maze as "Sailortown." The author commenced life in the training ship *Warspite* and has travelled the waterways of the world. Since then he has done service in the Metropolitan Police Force and generally sought occupation in those spheres where the human procession is in constant evidence. "Sailortown" is a picture of those "who go down to the sea in ships"—their lives, their ways, and their infinite patience and goodness. The Rev. A. C. Dixon contributes a short but interesting Foreword.

JUNE.

By Edith Barnard Delano. 5s. net. (Methuen.)

A boy-and-girl story with the true Virginia flavour is "June," by Edith Barnard Delano. Juliet Lansing, who answers only to the name June, at the age of twelve loses her green parasol on the mountains near her home, and returning to find it discov er

From Calvary Alley
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

A REDUCED ILLUSTRATION FROM COLOUR WRAPPER.

a young engineer who has been sent by a railway company to prospect for mineral wealth in the hills. He has fallen over an unexpected cliff. The child is at the stage of belief in fairy princes. Hilary Warburton is carried to her house, and as soon as he recovers, inquires of the doctor who attends him concerning June's history. She is an orphan, in the care of a coloured woman, and her education is being neglected by the tipsy lawyer in Ferryville who is sole trustee of her estate. June gets a new environment among relatives who had not known of her; she develops to a post as secretary in an office; the valley which she owns is purchased by a railroad. All happens as the result of Warburton taking upon himself the character of fairy prince with which June originally had endowed him. The story is charmingly told, and eight illustrations add an appropriate touch to its homely interest.

CALVARY ALLEY.

By ALICE HEGAN RICE. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"I wish life wasn't just a choice between a little hard green apple and a rotten big one," says Nance Molloy in a moment of sad contemplation; and then she makes the discovery that there is a third apple which is little and hard, but certainly not green. When we opened this new book by the author of "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," we were naturally filled with great expectations —and this story more than fulfils them. It is a piece of real life, life with laughter and tears, adventure, love, and sorrow—and it is all so sympathetically told, with the same rich humour, the same realism and skill that have made Mrs. Hegan Rice famous. In its way it is as moving and powerful a story as we have read for a long time. Nance Molloy, its heroine, is first introduced to us as a ragged little urchin with her hands full of mud, g cry ng in a tremendous fight that is taking place between the children of Calvary Alley and the choir boys of the cathedral close by. We become so interested in Nance and her companions and before we are half-way through the book we feel such firm friends with Calvary Alley and its inhabitants, that we find ourselves resenting the intrusion of the sanitary inspector almost as much as Mrs. Snawdor does. Mrs. Snawdor is Nance's stepmother, and she is a gem—one reads and re-reads her remarks and prejudices against school inspectors, vaccination, the tyranny of the law (to say nothing of the sanitary inspector), and such like subjects; to think of Mrs. Snawdor brings a chuckle—she is splendid. We follow Nance through her varying fortunes in the Alley—before the Juvenile Court—in a reformatory school—back in the Alley—in a factory—on the stage—as a nurse—and at every turn of her fortune's wheel we become more absorbed in her. Her love story is very natural and very beautifully worked out—it is just what one would have expected Nance's love story to be. There are many people in the book that we should like to mention and to quote if only we had space. Mrs. Hegan Rice's work is so refreshing and true that it makes the usual, the average novel pale into insignificance beside it. Buy, beg, or borrow a copy of "Calvary Alley," for it is one of the most delightful books of the year.

THE PURPLE MARK.

By J. LESLIE. 3s. 6d. (Digby Long.)

Mr. Leslie's novel deals with an original, if somewhat gruesome theme. A clever young doctor, in the new happiness of married life, suddenly discovers that he is the victim of that dread disease leprosy, and is forced to go away for ever to the living tomb of a lepers' colony. His beautiful wife, heartbroken at first, later finds consolation and loves for a second time—but only to have the cup of joy dashed from her lips again. Those who enjoy books of this grim, unusual type should not miss reading "The Purple Mark." It will fascinate and thrill them.

From June
(*Methuen*).

"I MUST SAY, I WAS A LITTLE MITE SURPRISED TO FIND YOU WAY UP HERE ON THE MOUNTAIN."

THE CITY OF BEAUTIFUL NONSENSE.

By E. TEMPLE THURSTON. With Coloured Frontispiece by CHARLES A. BUCHEL, and 32 full-page Illustrations by EMILE VERPILLEUX. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

None of Mr. Temple Thurston's stories has taken a stronger hold on the public fancy than "The City of Beautiful Nonsense." It came out in 1909 and in its original form has already arrived at a fiftieth edition. Moreover, a two-shilling edition, published in 1912, was reprinted in 1913, and a shilling edition published in 1913 was reprinted in 1914, 1916 and 1917. The present edition, with M. Verpilleux' illustrations, first made its apearance in 1910. It has been out of print for some time and the continued demand has led to its being reprinted. It is not only Mr. Thurston's most successful story, it is also, in its sentiment and humour, the most charming one he has written and makes an ideal Christmas book.

From The City of Beautiful Nonsense (*Chapman & Hall*).

HIS HEAD WAS BURIED IN HER LAP.

THE OILSKIN PACKET.

By [REGINALD BERKELEY and JAMES DICKSON. 6s. net. (Duckworth.)

One is not accustomed to accept a publisher's reader's opinion as final, but in this case Messrs. Duckworth's reader has some justification in asserting that "The Oilskin Packet" is nearly as good as "Treasure Island." From beginning to end the story is absorbing, told in a breezy way that is most pleasing. There are the usual elements of adventurous fiction — a shipwrecked man on an island in the South Pacific—the oilskin packet which he consigns to the deep, and thus gets into touch with the outer world. A rescue party which meets with considerable adventure; fighting, treasure and the whole gamut of things about which a truly excellent story is woven. Now and again one imagines it is R. L. S. himself that is telling the story, than which there can be no greater praise. It is one of those few adventure books that appeal to no class in particular, but to all ages, from youth to the octogenarian.

From No Man's Land (*Hodder & Stoughton*).

REDUCED ILLUSTRATION FROM COLOUR WRAPPER.

Reviewed in a recent Number of THE BOOKMAN.

THE MESSAGE OF THE SOLDIERS.

By the VEN. E. E. HOLMES, B. D. Illustrated. 1s. 6d. net. and 2s. 6d. net. (Mowbray.)

The Archdeacon of London has given many addresses to soldiers and civilians, words making for courage and steadfastness and faith, and this little book is a gathering and expanding of notes for such addresses. It is in three parts, the Soldier's Sword, the Soldier's Sash, the Soldier's Salute, each theme forming the nucleus around which are grouped thoughts and monitions grave, sweet and elevating for both fighting men and others, as Dr. Holmes calls them, "our thoughtful Civilian-Soldiers: soldiers who are still civilians; civilians who are still soldiers. God hasten the day when they will cease to be soldiers and remain civilians—and all the better civilians for having been soldiers." Six fine drawings by Lilian Pocock, grave and harmonious, greatly increase the worth and fullness of the book.

GHOSTS.

By DRAYCOTT M. DELL. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrold.)

An able and interesting novel adapted from Ibsen's famous play of the same name.

STUDIA SACRA.

By J. H. Bernard, D.D., D.C.L. 6s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Some of these thirteen studies have already appeared in the form of magazine articles, but it is good to have them collected in an accessible volume. Dr. Bernard has made the early doctrine of baptism one of his special studies for years past, and the first three essays are devoted to early Christian baptism in various aspects, particularly in connection with the Descent to Hades. The fourth study, on Matthew xvi. 18, concludes that the Greek text is corrupt, and that it does not represent the Semitic original; for "gates of Hades" Dr. Bernard suggests "waters" or "storms." Two studies on the resurrection follow, the first on St. Paul's doctrine, the second on the evidence for the resurrection of Christ, where, as on the problem of the Virgin Birth, Dr. Bernard is conservative. The remainder of the papers are shorter and more exegetical. In dealing with the narrative of the death of Judas in Matthew xxvii. 1–9, Dr. Bernard admits that this cannot be reconciled with the story in Acts i. 18–19; he prefers the former. But in the nature of the case such essays cannot be adequately criticised in a review; each is a contribution to its special subject and falls to be weighed by experts. All that can be said here is that the papers are characterised by sober scholarship and candid judgment. Now and then the Archbishop compels his readers to reconsider a vexed problem; more than once he has a suggestion to offer, which will take its place in critical discussion. We would have welcomed more material on the Fourth Gospel, in view of the commentary which Dr. Bernard has been announced to have in preparation. It is to be hoped that his official duties will not prevent or delay the appearance of this edition. Meantime, this gathered volume of studies is most welcome to all who are interested in biblical criticism.

From **Under Cover** (*Jarrold*). **Cover Design** By Charles Norman.

From **Lord Tony's Wife** (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **Reduced Illustration from Colour Wrapper.**

Recently reviewed in The Bookman.

THE DWELLING-PLACE OF LIGHT.

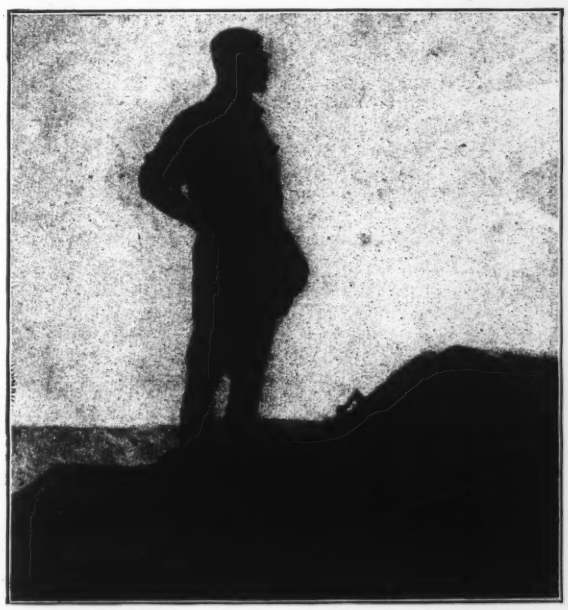
By Winston Churchill. 6s. net. (Macmillan.)

"Modern business," says Mr. Churchill, "by reason of the mingling of the sexes it involves, for the playwright and the novelist and the sociologist is full of interesting and dramatic situations, and in it may be studied, undoubtedly, one phase of the evolution tending to transform if not disintegrate certain institutions hitherto the cornerstone of society." This is a business novel. The scene is a large manufactory not far from Boston, and the heroine is an employee, the daughter of the time-keeper, a quiet old gentleman who has come down in the world. His daughters are intensely modern. One is empty and vain. But the older girl, Janet, has character, and the plot turns on the relations between her and her employer. Janet suffers like Mr. Hardy's Tess. But Mr. Churchill is more kind to his heroine than the English novelist was to his, for a wealthy, dreaming author marries her at the end, chivalrously ignoring the stain upon her life. No business novel would be complete without a strike, and it is the strike which helps to precipitate the crisis in this story. Mr. Churchill has not quite caught the reader's interest as he did in "The Inside of the Cup," but he writes with his customary breadth and insight. The fluctuating moods of Janet are studied with care, and the description of her home-life is most vivid. Apart from her, it must be confessed, the other characters in the story are somewhat conventional, and even Janet, first yielding to her lover and then suddenly siding against him, does not quite convince the reader. But the growth of the love-passion is sharply etched. The tale is not one of Mr. Churchill's best, but it is better than most other authors would have written on a similar theme.

IF A MAN DIE.

By Rev. J. D. Jones, D.D. 3s. 6d. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

These eight addresses on immortality, as viewed from the Christian standpoint, are charged with deep feeling. The dedication, "To the dear memory of my wife," tells its own story, and, as Dr. Jones more than once allows, the urgency of the war-situation has made the problem of immortality once more an acute and personal question for thousands of people. He declines to criticise the evidential value of a human document like "Raymond"; though he has no "great faith in the reliability of spiritual communications which profess to come through table-rapping and automatic writing," he is interested in the heart-hunger of the book, and sets himself to satisfy that craving from the evidence of the Christian revelation. This leads him to discuss several vexed problems of doctrine. But Dr. Jones handles these simply. He writes with moderation and self-restraint upon topics like Future Probation and Conditional Immortality. If the choice is between Annihilation and Universal Restoration, for example, he would prefer the latter. Yet he will not dogmatise. He writes from and for the Christian experience, and his pages contain wise and comfortable counsel, which is sure to find many hearts in the present day. The book is scriptural, in the sense that it is based upon the Bible, and especially upon the New Testament. At the same time it does not shut up difficulties by throwing down texts. It is not possible to read this book without feeling that the writer knows what it is to handle people who have suffered, and the result is a volume which will do its healing and uplifting work far and wide.



From The Major, By Ralph Connor (*Hodder & Stoughton*). REDUCED ILLUSTRATION FROM COLOUR WRAPPER.

A SPY OF THE HUNS.

By Sir Guilford Molesworth, K.C.I.E. 6s. (Robert Scott.)

There is plenty of incident and excitement in this vigorous war story. Sir Guilford expresses his opinions on divers political matters with considerable candour and forcefulness, but the tale's the thing, and a good readable, rousing tale it is. Melodramatic, if you like, and with an ending that should make even some of our professional melodramatists envious—but for the large public that like their stories hot, strong and full of lively happenings this is the story they are bound to enjoy.

From A Spy of the Huns (*Robert Scott*). APOSTLES OF "KULTUR."

From The Wolf Hunters (*Cassell*). WABI LEVELLED HIS GUN AND FIRED.

From **A Certain Star** (*Hodder & Stoughton*). **REDUCED ILLUSTRATION FROM COLOUR WRAPPER.**

ABERDEEN MAC.

By CHAS. R. JOHNS. 2s. 6d. net. (Jarrolds.)

This is the second story we have read this season in which a dog plays the principal rôle. Both stories are by dog-lovers and both are dedicated to the adorable "originals." In his "Jerry of the Islands," Jack London wrote about a dog's adventures in the Solomon Isles; the present story relates the adventures of an Aberdeen terrier in London. And strangely enough, though it is a far cry from the culture of London to the savagery of the Solomons, it is doubtful whether Jerry, tortured and maltreated as he was, would have preferred the London experiences of Mac, the hero of this story. For Mac passes, by way of a dog-thief and the Seven Dials, into the gentle hands of one Professor Lenitas, the World's Champion Dog Trainer, Sole Proprietor of Lenitas' Canine Marvels; and after enjoying this gentleman's "all trained by kindness" system, he receives a hearty welcome at an institution for experimenting on living animals. The story is to be read more for its propaganda than for its plot or characterisation. A piquant touch is given to it by making Mac the property of the Home Secretary.

LORD LYNMORE'S LIFE.

By IAN ROY. 5s. net. (Nisbet.)

Lord Lynmore is a distinguished politician, whose life is attempted in various ways. Suspicion falls on various people, on an Irishman who owed him a grudge, on his heir, and even on his wife. Mr. Roy has caught the knack of managing a theme like this; he does not give away the secret too soon, and he does not allow his amateur detective to succeed off-hand. Few readers will guess the secret till the proper moment designed by the author and that is a sign that the book should get full marks in its class. It is not giving away the secret to say that the mystery involves a double life on the part of the criminal. But the reviewer who has thoroughly enjoyed the story dare not go further. He can only assure others that there is love-making in the book, that the excitement is kept up to the end, and that the various characters are alive, even down to the servant in an hotel and the actors in an amateur drama. Altogether, it is the sort of story which, once begun, insists upon being finished. And when it is finished, it does not make the reader annoyed with himself or herself for having wasted time in seeing Lord Lynmore safe to the end. For though the sub-title is "The Story of a Strange Crime," and though there is a murder in it, that genial and stately peer is alive enough on the last page to transact an eminently satisfactory and paternal piece of business.

WOLF-LURE.

By AGNES and EGERTON CASTLE. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

The many who are charmed by the novels of these gifted writers will find occasion to rejoice over "Wolf-Lure." It has all the qualities we expect in a story by Agnes and Egerton Castle: a good plot, sound characterisation, plenty of adventure. The heroine—beautiful, courageous, resolute, and a hero—or rather in this case two heroes—stout-hearted and daring both, are worthy of the realms of high romance in which we move. The scene is laid in France, in the highlands of Guyenne, where in the year 1815 the wolf was still hunted; and it is in these highlands the young Englishman, Charles de Quercy, meets La Loucecelle the young She Wolf — Adrienne de Ruffeleu-Fézensac—formerly a fighting leader of the Royalist bands. Of course Charles falls in love—who, being a male human, could do otherwise?—but the heart of La Loucecelle is already given to another, a fiercer mate, Loup-Cervier. As for Adrienne's aged cousin Gontran, the Comte de Ruffeleu, of the pre-Revolution order, and his excellent major-domo Louradour, and the good doctor Roubilliac, and the wild and villainous clan of the Giscourts, and many other lesser lights—by no means omitting Adrienne's famous wolf-hound Brisco—the reader will meet them all in "Wolf-Lure" and follow to the end the story of strange happenings told by Charles de Quercy.

From **Aberdeen Mac** (*Jarrold*). **TO THE RESCUE**

BATTLEWRACK.

By F. Britten Austin. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

Many have tried to write stories about the war but not more than half a dozen have been able to do it successfully, and one of that half dozen is assuredly Mr. Britten Austin. The distinguishing quality of his work is its imaginative realism; his scenes and characters are bitten into the reader's consciousness as clearly as if they were drawn to the minutest detail with an etching needle, but he goes beyond this graphic pictorial art and gets atmosphere into his scenery and life into his characters. "The Battery," with its memorable study of the junior subaltern advancing through the fog with his men and going for the first time into action is remarkable alike for its matter-of-fact realistic effectiveness and the subtlety of its psychology. The narrative opens slowly, gathering speed as it proceeds till it reaches its dramatic crisis with the dash and sweeping vigour that the incident demands. There may be a touch of melodrama in "Pro Patria," with its three partly humorous, partly pitiful, partly heroic deserters who, when they are captured by the Germans, let themselves be shot as spies sooner than betray their hard-beset comrades, but it is good melodrama and in keeping with the characters of its protagonists. Two of the cleverest stories in the book are "The Magic of Muhammed Din," in which a rebellion is nipped in the bud, and one spurious wizard unmasked by another; and "Nach Verdun," a brilliant story of the tragic failure of one of Germany's greatest onslaughts. Their narrative skill and the strength and freshness of their interest should make these thirteen stories of "Battlewrack" as widely popular as any that the romance and terrors of war have given us.

From The Play Way (*Heinemann*). **The Three Murderers.** Reviewed in last month's Bookman.

From Slaves of the Padishah (*Jarrold*). **Cover Design** By Charles Norman.

THE ROAD TO MANDALAY.

By B. M. Croker. 6s. net. (Cassell.)

With her practised skill as a story-teller, and her special knowledge of the East, Mrs. Croker in this book is seen at her best. The story is a very pleasant diversion in days of stress. We do not encounter the war till the closing chapter, but throughout the novel a topical interest is cleverly maintained by some admirable portraiture of German life and manners in Burma. Deprived of his expected inheritance and goaded to despair by a selfish and indifferent mother, Douglas Shafto eagerly embraces the chance of a commercial appointment at Rangoon. His life there, and his "chummery" acquaintanceships are drawn with convincing skill, and a very revealing picture of Eastern life is unfolded before us as we accompany Shafto on his tours of sight-seeing. His friend, the police inspector, is a valuable cicerone, and in his company we visit cocaine dens which form a lucrative branch of German commerce in Burma. Sophy Leigh, with whom Shafto has fallen in love on the outward voyage, is companion to her aunt, the wife of a rich German trader, Krauss, who proves to be the cocaine king. A terrible nemesis befalls Krauss in his wife's addiction to the drug, and Shafto's interest in the criminal investigation is quickened by his love for the niece. Life in the German quarter is described with humorous insight, and there comes an amusing end to all the brag and bluster of the Hun traders. They are no sooner embarked to take their share in "Der Tag" than they are promptly arrested and interned. The novel stands out by reason of its characterisation and its knowledge.

From The Play Way (*Heinemann*). **The Witches and Hecate in "Macbeth."**

THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1917

PEASANT TALES OF RUSSIA.

By V. I. Nemirovitch-Dantchenko. Translated by Claud Field, M.A. 3s. 6d. net. (Robert Scott.)

These stories translated from the Russian give in simple yet graphic language a vivid picture of peasant life in Russia under its various aspects — sometimes joyous but more often tragic. They tell of life among the miners with its hardships and ever-present dangers, of encounters between Cossack and Turk in the Eastern theatre of war, of the tragic fate of an escaped convict in Siberia —all in the simplest fashion but with a poignancy that grips the heart. In these days of keen interest in Russian life and literature this volume should find many readers.

From **The Challenge to Sirius,** By Sheila Kaye-Smith (*Nisbet*). **Cover Design.**

LAND O' THE DAWNING.

By Lindsay Russell. 6s. (Cassell.)

Miss Lindsay Russell is making a good claim to the position of prime advocate for Australia. She possesses both the faults and the virtues of the born proselytiser; though her outlook is more than a little one-sided, her zeal and energy of style are infectious. In "Land o' the Dawning" we have an excellent description of the 1916 Sinn Fein rebellion in addition to a glimpse of the underworld, and several contrastingly sunlit pictures of Australia. David Carey, a broken-down journalist, imagines himself in love with Fiona Benson, who left the sordid luxuries among which she lived as a rich man's mistress, to nurse him in his bare lodging. On his recovery David goes out to edit a paper in Australia, and there he learns the real meaning of love, though Fiona has no part in his teaching. This book contains a good story, together with a real and human plea for those women whom circumstance sends out upon that "Road of Darkness" from which only one in a million can ever come back.

From **Peasant Tales of Russia** (*Robert Scott*). **The Deserted Mine.**

OVER THE HILL.

By E. Temple Thurston. 6s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

In this volume Mr. Temple Thurston offers a very varied menu, and the reader will be hard to please who does not find much that is congenial. The contents are highly diversified and range from dainty essays on love and war to a three-quarter length murder story. The latter, "The Mystery of J. H. Farrer," is an exciting story, capitally told, of the murder of a dipsomaniac husband by his wife's doctor. The deed was done in self-defence, but there was a coil of incriminating circumstances, and all the doctor's astuteness in covering his tracks would have availed nothing but for the desperate resolution of the widow who long had loved him and trusted him. The mystery is not much of a problem, but the description of the murder and the subsequent investigation are told with great dramatic skill. The sketch from which the book derives its name is described by the author as "A Futurist picture, all sudden and startling," but we found it more agreeable than this. It is a finely written and sympathetic study in the psychology of "growing up." "The Yellow Vase" is an amusing excursion into primitive æsthetics. While it was in his possession, it moved Jim Harris, the wife-beating butcher, to long-forgotten propriety of conduct, but no sooner did he sell it to his doctor than he lapsed more vehemently, got very drunk, and flogged Mrs. Harris within an inch of her life. "Servants of Youth" is an admirable little story on the old and poignant theme of the love-awakening that comes too late. The war is not forgotten in this entertaining miscellany. "The Offertory" is a pathetically humorous picture of maternal devotion, and a stronger humour is developed in "The Lark with the Broken Wing," the story of an airman's excitement on seeing his old machine borne along in a Lord Mayor's Show, and of his disgust at being mistaken by the crowd for a "slacker."

GWYNETH OF THE WELSH HILLS.

By Edith Nepean. 6s. (Stanley Paul.)

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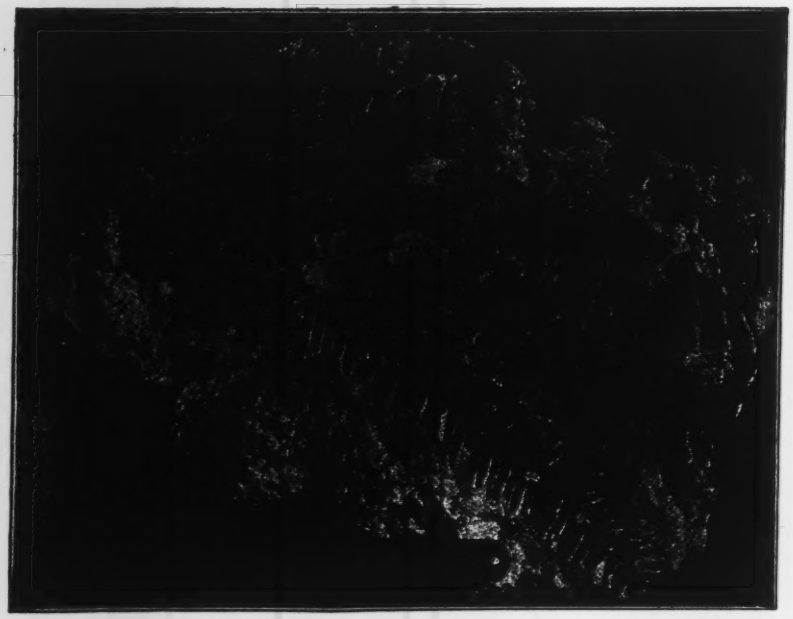

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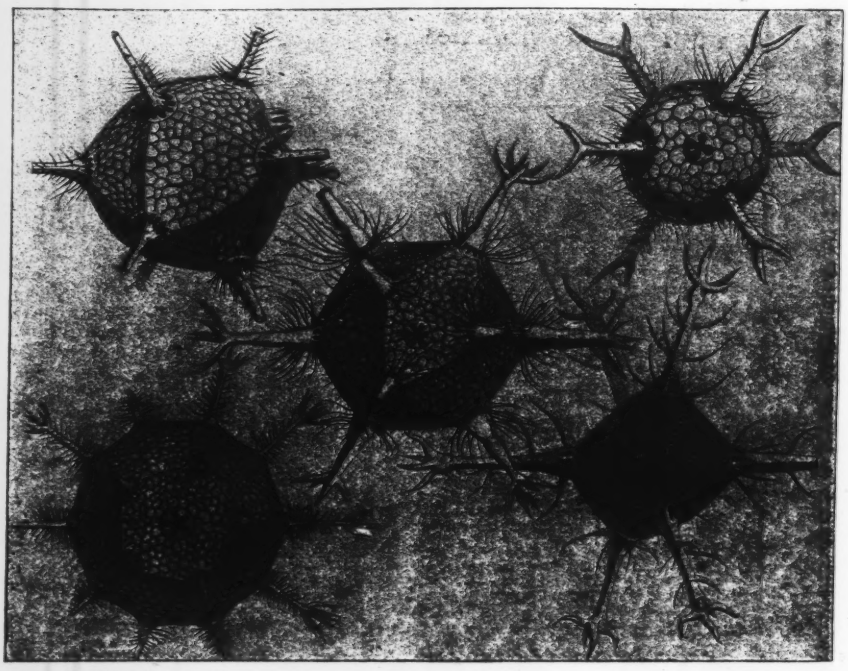

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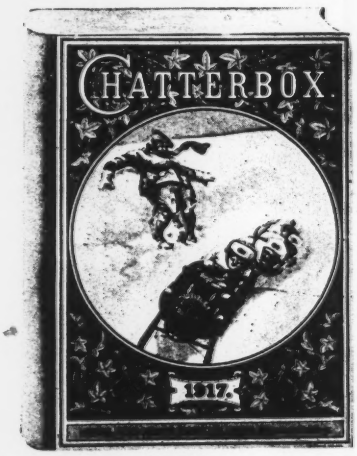

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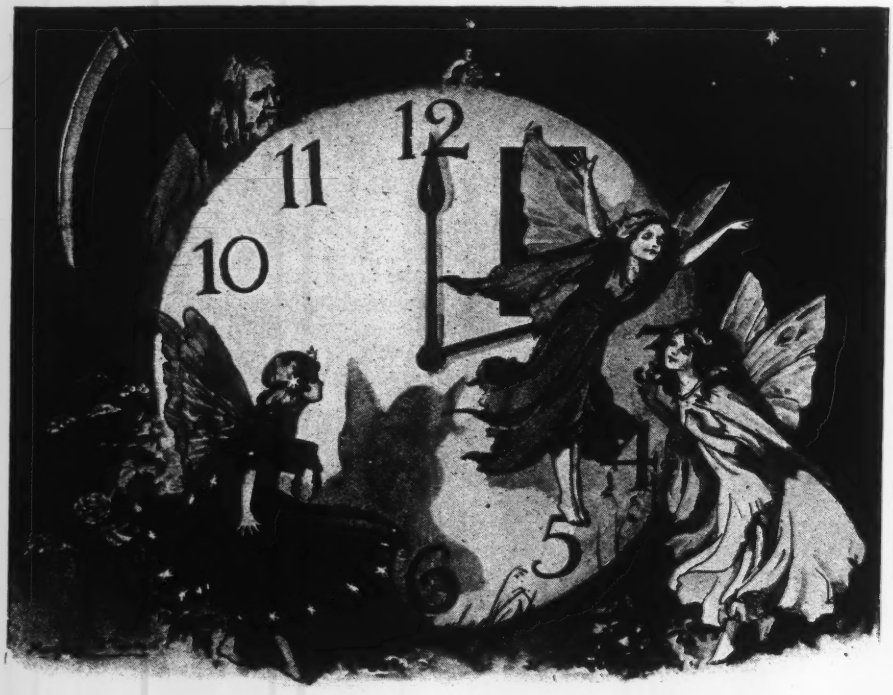

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TOMINA IN RETREAT.

By Amy Le Feuvre. 5s. net. (R.T.S.)

Tomina Gavin, a society belle, retires from the world of gaiety to mend her shattered nerves in the isolation of a sleepy little village miles from anywhere. Bored with everything and every one, herself in particular, she finds amusement in the doings and sayings of the villagers and in driving a carrier's van between the village and the nearest town. At last, through the guidance of a little child, she discovers her soul and comes to realise the joy of being of some use in the world instead of merely a butterfly. An old lover proves to be a close neighbour, but Tomina will have nothing to do with him, until, circumstances working consistently against her, the barrier of her stern resolution breaks down. The story blossoms into a sympathetically told romance, with a deep religious note in it which will bring help and consolation to many. Those who admire Miss Le Feuvre's work will enjoy reading of how Tomina, from being a carrier of people's burdens, came to be a carrier of a higher order—a carrier of good tidings.

From The Wonder Book (*Ward, Lock*).

THEY SEEMED THOROUGHLY HAPPY SAILING THEIR LITTLE BOAT.

ACTION!

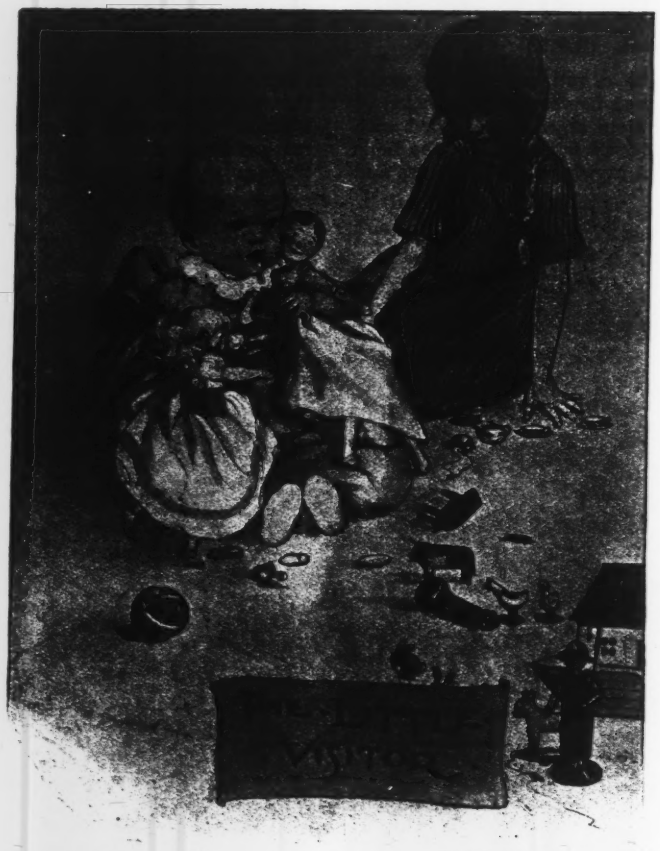
By John S. Margerison. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

As Mr. John S. Margerison has accustomed us to good popular books on the Navy, we take up with pleasure his latest volume of stories entitled "Action!" In it are exhibited the same careful observation and variety of incident which have been remarked in his earlier work. A boy who is nearing the age of eighteen and has thoughts of choosing the Sea Arm may here get a very good idea of the life as it is lived on a war-footing. The opening chapter is a cheerful account of a sailors' concert, for which the quarter-deck of the *Blusterer* is transformed into a theatre. What may be called the social atmosphere is marked in several other chapters, but all are redolent of the sea and instinct with the spirit of the resourceful British sailor man. Touching resource, the chapter called "The Inventors" is an amusing narrative of an able seaman on leave, who, while walking the City streets, saw at work a motor road-sweeper, which gave him the idea for a patent upper-deck scrubber. From this we pass to "A Night Attack," the description of how a destroyer patrol acts on a report from the Commander-in-Chief that an enemy squadron is at anchor in —— Bay. The twenty-third and last chapter gives the title to the volume—a vivid account of battle and the effects which follow when eight tons of metal strike one spot at the rate of about 200 miles an hour. One class is forgotten as a rule, says Mr. Margerison, by writers of naval history, namely, the torpedo-men. The terrible strain of battle is even more dreadful for them than for the engine-room man and the stoker. "There have been attempts to sing the praises of the men behind the tube, but up to the present each and every one of these efforts leaves a great deal to be desired." Mr Margerison repairs that omission in his admirable volume. It will delight every boy who has any inclination towards a life on the ocean wave, and every man who is interested in what our sailors are doing in war time.

THE HILL OF BROOM.

By E. E. COWPER. 3s. 6d. net. (Cassell.)

This is a charmingly told mystery tale of Guernsey. "The Hill of Broom," or "La Hougue ês Brinches" in the island patois, is a wild and lonely spot, many miles away from Peter Port, the one town of any size in the island. To an old house, situated far up on the cliff, comes a girl from London in answer to an advertisement, and the eerie mysteries which surround her on all sides, and their unravelling at last, make interesting reading. The psychic atmosphere is cleverly suggested, heightened by a strong character study of a fascinating Guernsey girl, who is soaked in the old superstitions and lore of the island. The rugged and beautiful scenery is described with a sure hand, and, peopled as it is with beings of the other world, it makes an appropriate setting for the man of mysteries. The action takes place in the early days of the war, in those far off days before the necessity for passports made the island all but inaccessible. The war does not play too big a part, although always there in the background, making the action possible. To attempt to give an outline of the story would spoil the reader's enjoyment of it, and that would be a thousand pities.



From **The Betty Book** (*Nelson*).

THE LITTLE VISITOR.

HANS ANDERSEN'S FAIRY TALES.

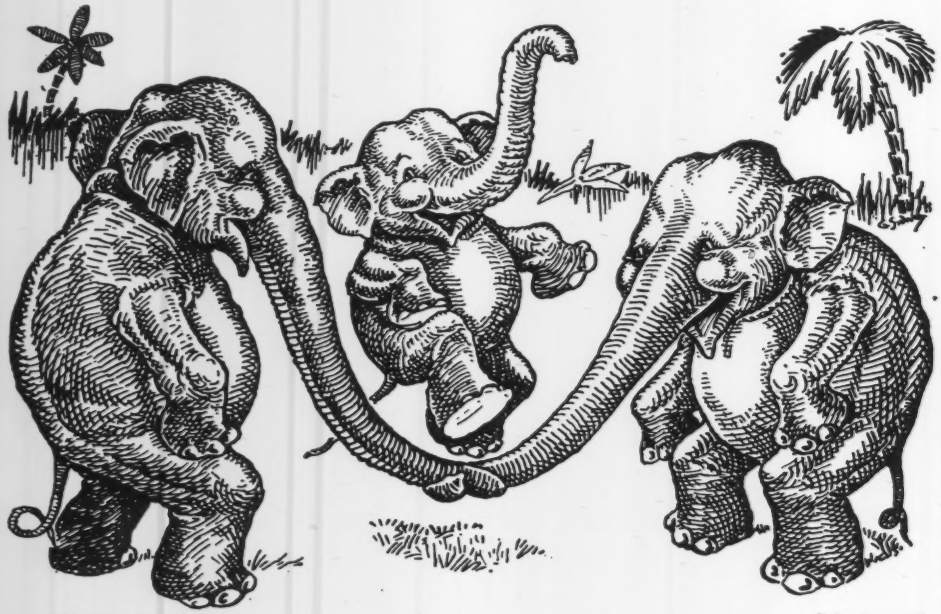
Edited by WILLIAM WOODBURN. Illustrations by GORDON ROBINSON. 7s. 6d. net. (Chambers.)

Every Christmas brings us at least one new edition of the immortal fairy-tales of the prince of fairy-tale tellers. In this handsome volume Mr. Woodburn has simplified the language of the stories so that small readers may have the joy of reading them for themselves, and need no one to interpret any hard words, and he has done his work carefully and well. With its twelve beautiful illustrations in colour and twenty in black-and-white, this should prove one of the most popular of gift-books with the children of the Christmas that is coming.

LEADING STRINGS.

2s. 6d. net. (Wells Gardner.)

A charming book for young children, and one specially suitable as a gift for a backward child. In the front, illustrated with appropriate drawings, are all the letters, which in themselves should be sufficient to make any little body want to learn the alphabet. The drawings which follow, though, would be an even greater incentive, and no small person could surely resist the temptation to master the letters in order to find out what fascinating stories lay hidden behind the perfectly delightful pictures. Then, too, the naturalist will be eager to become familiar with the names of the strange animals and birds that are so realistically shown in their natural surroundings, and the illustrated nursery rhymes will have an unbounded attraction for others. Truly something to satisfy the taste of all little folk here!



From **The Rosebud Annual** (*James Clarke*).

"SKIPPING."

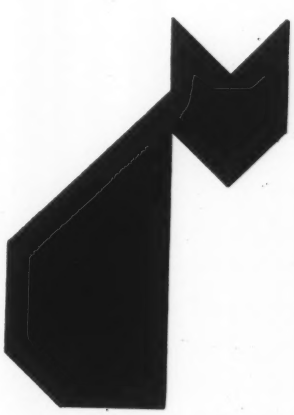
THE ADVENTURES OF MABEL.

By HARRY THURSTON PECK. Illustrated in Colour and Black-and-White by HARRY ROUNTREE. (Harrap.)

For any youngster who has never read "The Adventures of Mabel," here is a chance of reading them that ought not to be missed. It is one of those fascinating tales for children that strikes exactly the right note at the start—"Once upon a time there was a little girl named Mabel, who lived in a cottage with her grandma, and her brother Walter, and Jane the cook"—and keeps it up most alluringly right to the last line when you have forty men shouting: "Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah! Mabel!" There was the best of reasons for their enthusiasm, for it comes at the close of one of the most exciting episodes in the book. Mabel plays a part in all twelve of these stories, but Walter shares in her adventures, so does Towser the dog and Rex the horse, the Goat and the Grey Rat, Kitty-Cat, the little Pig, and others. The word delightful has been used in describing so many books that it is getting a little worn, but it is the one word that really does describe this book. "The Adventures of Mabel" are delightful adventures and the illustrations of Harry Rountree add to the delight of reading about them.

From Fairy Stories of Hans Andersen (*Ward, Lock*).

THE SNOW QUEEN CALLS FOR LITTLE KAY.



From The Jolly Book (*Nelson*).

REPRESENTATION OF DEPRESSED CAT.

THE MAGIC GATE.

By MAUD STEPNEY RAWSON. 6s. (Hutchinson.)

This is not a "war" novel but a "war-time" novel and shows how the war touches a small group of people in a typical English village. The striking thing about Miss Rawson's work is its faithful representation of rural society. At times the reader is apt to get lost in a perfect maze of conversation, but Miss Rawson cleverly saves the situation at the psychological moment, and the plot takes another leap forward. The central character, Jennet Woodrush, is really a splendid piece of work, and drawn with a delicacy of touch that few writers could improve upon. She is very typical of a million women of our day, feeling the war, suffering, yet nobly patient and hopeful. Never at any moment does the reader feel that the great issues at stake are not beating at her heart, that she is not fully conscious of what vast sacrifices are being made for her and for humanity in general. She is meant to be, and succeeds in being, typical of England, torn and bruised, yet glorious in her strength and ideals. Cumber too, the one-time pacifist, is drawn with infinite skill and care, and stands out in the book as a character to be reckoned with. A strong man drawn into the vortex because his ideals are genuine. A powerful volume, written with charm and fullness of expression, with a woman's touch on every page and a woman's heart in the midst of it.

MALVERY HOLD.

By J. S. FLETCHER. 5s. net. (Ward, Lock.)

A first rate mystery story, and one that keeps the reader enthralled until every clue has been followed up and the intricate plot unravelled, is "Malvery Hold," Mr. J. S. Fletcher's latest book. Richard Malvery, who was a bit of a rake in his youth and went to Canada under a cloud, comes back, a reformed character, to pay his debts and redeem his reputation, and, apparently, reaching the very doors of his old home, strangely disappears. Eight months later a friend of the name of Blake comes overseas to visit him, under the impression that he will find him at Malvery Hold, but he learns to his dismay that Richard never arrived there, although a telegram and post cards sent to Blake are sufficient evidence of his having been in the town on a certain date at the beginning of the year. Blake determines to fathom the

From The Jolly Book (*Nelson*).

THE GENTLEMAN TIRED OF LIFE.

mystery, and inch by inch he traces Richard's movements, offering fabulous rewards for any information that will lead to the young heir's recovery, alive or dead. His quest brings him many strange adventures, including the great adventure of falling in love, but whether he fails or succeeds readers must discover for themselves. They will find themselves involved in one of the most exciting and most skilfully constructed mystery tales it has ever been their fortune to strike. And not one of them is likely to get an inkling of the solution until, in his own good time, the author discloses it.

SOLDIER MEN.

By "Yeo." 3s. 6d. net. (John Lane.)

"Yeo's" soldier men are those thirsty, mosquito-bitten heroes who are wrestling with the Turk in the Eastern theatre of war. Of the seventeen short stories that comprise the book several have already appeared in various periodicals, but all are sufficiently good to merit their reproduction in this more permanent form. We hardly know how to take "Yeo," for though the stories are chiefly humorous, there is beneath most of them a strong vein of seriousness, not to say tragedy, and frequently beneath his humorous surface he succeeds in hammering home a moral. The book is immeasurably above most of the war volumes that have been published, for the author displays an unusual psychological power and the characters he presents are real—men who think and act rationally. Apart from revealing an insight to the war on the outskirts of Empire, there is in nearly all the stories a strong dramatic interest and an abundance of humour of the best quality. Of the seventeen stories we like "The Unsatisfactory Hero" and "The Magnet" best, chiefly because the themes employed are rather uncommon and the author writes with that precision which only comes from first-hand knowledge. A distinctly clever book and one which deserves permanent place in the literature to which the war has given birth. We have had many books of stories about the war in France, but very few so far that have dealt with what is seen of it by those in the remote East, and of those few none that excels "Soldier Men" in strong and varied interest or in picturesqueness.

From The Madonna of the Goldfinch (*Jack*).

"GRANDMOTHER WAS SITTING NEAR THE DOORWAY OF THE LITTLE HOUSE."

A SCHOOL CAMP FIRE.

By Elsie Oxenham. Illustrated. 4s. net. (Chambers.)

A capital story of the Girl Guides that will delight girl readers whether they are Guides themselves or not. The Girl Guide organisation has spread to America where the idea has been taken up with great enthusiasm, and Miss Oxenham adds to the interest of her story and gives it a topical touch by introducing some charming American members of the movement into her pages. As a gift-book for girls of from ten to seventeen "A School Camp Fire" would be hard to beat.

MOTHER GOOSE.

With 250 Pictures by F. Opper. 6s. net. (Lippincott.)

Nursery rhymes, long and short and old and new—surely every nursery rhyme that was ever written in English—will be found in this exhaustive collection which Mr. F. Opper has illustrated with exceptional skill and humour. Whether the drawings are in line or colour—and there are plenty of both varieties—they cannot fail to bring infinite pleasure to the happy children who are given the opportunity to pore over them. There is a picture on almost every page, and sometimes more than one, and they unquestionably give a new charm to the favourite old jingles of childhood, and make the volume an ideal Christmas present for youngsters of all ages.

NEWS OF BATTLE.

By Commander E. H. Currey, R.N. (Nelson.)

Boys will revel in this new collection of Commander Currey's breezy and entertaining tales of the sea. He has proved himself a born story-teller in many another book of such alive and picturesque yarns of the gallant sailormen he knows so well. Whether they are true, or how much of them is true, nobody but the Commander can say, but they read like truth, and are full of excitement and interest, and when one can say that of a book of this kind it is not necessary to say more. It is rather curious that a nation so much concerned with seafaring as our own has not produced more sea-story writers. So long as they are so good as Captain Currey we cannot have too many of them.

LIVINGSTONE: THE HERO OF AFRICA.

By R. B. Dawson.
2s. 6d. (Seeley, Service.)

When he was a boy, the author of this book knew Bishop Hannington, of Uganda. One day, when staying at the house of Mr. Dawson's father, the Bishop induced the small boy to put some African slave shackles on his hands and feet and, whilst he sat thus manacled, told him some stories of Livingstone and the slave-hunters. Later, he heard African stories from F. C. Selous and other African travellers and explorers, Stanley being one of them. Naturally, then, his thoughts have been drawn much towards the Dark Continent and especially towards the personality and the history of Livingstone, "the Path Clearer." There have been many books about Livingstone, but new facts are always coming to light and they find their place in this latest narrative. Moreover, this is the only biography of Livingstone, written since the great war, which has thrown new light on much of the past and has helped us to see the life of the pioneer missionary of South Africa more clearly. "Now," says Mr. Dawson, "we really understand what Livingstone fought for; if we did not understand before, we do now." It is an admirable biography, written with the full knowledge and the enthusiasm that must be brought to such work if it is to be done well. A deeply interesting and an inspiring story that carries with it the finest lessons for young and old, especially in such days as these.

From The Moon Baby (*Jarrold*).

"At the Castle."

TWENTY-TWO GOBLINS.

Translated from the Sanskrit by Arthur W. Ryder. With 20 Illustrations in Colour by Perham W. Nahl. 7s. 6d. net. (Dent.)

In a book with such a title you expect to find some of the oddest, queerest, most unusual of fairy tales, and you are not disappointed in that expectation. A king is charged by a monk to go and bring him a dead body hanging from a certain tree. The king, being

From The Little White Town of Never Weary (*Harrap*).

Faerie Man's House, the Sign-post and the Provost's House.

a brave man and under a debt of gratitude to the monk, goes. But when he gets the body down he finds it is inhabited by a goblin, and it plays all sorts of tricks on him, and continually escapes from him, but he stubbornly and boldly recaptures it every time and every time, to amuse him on the journey it tells him a story. In the end, the king, in one of the stories, learns the truth about the monk and slays him, and so sets the goblin free from the dead body and earns for himself a rich reward. The tales have a freshness and variety that make excellent reading — they are genuine fairy-tales of the real eerie, grotesque and fascinating quality. The colour illustrations are some of the most imaginative and artistically finished of any in the gift-books of this season.

From Fairy Tales from Foreign Lands (*Blackwell*).

THE MAIDEN KNOWS THE PRINCE AGAIN.

FAIRY TALES FROM FOREIGN LANDS.

By DRUID GRAYE. (Blackwell.)

These are fairy stories of the real, old-fashioned kind. Such tales as "The Dragon Slayer," "The Dove Maiden," "The Golden Fish," "The Clever Chicken"—to name no others—will give boundless delight to young readers of both sexes. They are simply and entertainingly written—the writer has a capital narrative touch, and in incident, character and atmosphere the book justifies in very delightful fashion the expectations aroused by the four verses of the Proem:

"On Earth's sweet breast
The old, old world of wonder
Starts unrepressed
Above, around and under:
The jays in flight
Haunt all the pleasant places
And elf and sprite
Have merrymakers' faces."

THE ROSEBUD ANNUAL.

With about 200 Illustrations. 3s. 6d. net. (Clarke & Co.)

As delightful a budget as ever for the dwellers in the nursery—a budget full to overflowing with stories, poems and pictures such as will keep the very youthful reader happily occupied for many hours, and on many days. "The Rosebud" has its assured place among the favourite annuals for children, and it is enough to say that this year's volume is everyway worthy of its high reputation.

From The Rosebud Annual (*James Clarke*).

"I SEE THE MOON."

BABES OF THE WILD.

By LILIAN GASK. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

Another of Miss Lilian Gask's charming stories of animals—of the baby elephant, "The Littlest One"; "Little Inquisitive," the seal; young "Otto the Bold," who was an otter; "Merry and Bright," the fox; "Little Eyes," the bear, and other such children of the wild. Stories and illustrations are alike admirable. We recommend the book unreservedly to any who are looking for Christmas gift-books for the small folk.

From Dandelion Clocks (*Erskine Macdonald*).

THE STORY OF WILLIAM CAXTON.

By SUSAN CUNNINGTON. With 9 Illustrations. 2s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

This is one of the new additions to Messrs. Harrap's deservedly popular Heroes of All Time series. The life-story of Caxton is alive with interest—even apart from the wonderful romance of his introducing printing into England—and Miss Cunnington has related it very interestingly and with the most careful historical accuracy. A book that has a real educational value which is increased by its entire and attractive readableness. Other new volumes just added to this series are "Cardinal Wolsey," by René Francis; and "Charles the First," by A. E. McKilliam. It is needless to say that, in each of these volumes, the illustrations are by artists of real capacity, and in the matter of print and binding they leave nothing to be desired—for Messrs. Harrap have a well-earned reputation for the production of beautiful books.

From Postman's Knock (*Oliphant*). THE WORRIED POSTMAN.

LITTLE MOTHER.

By RUTH BROWN MACARTHUR. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

A very charming tale for small children, all about some of themselves, and about a delightful girlish little mother with a mass of yellow hair and baby blue eyes. Older persons may read it with enjoyment, but the youngsters will simply revel in it. An ideal gift-book for boys and girls of six to twelve or so—for girls in particular.

From Czech Folk Tales (*Allen & Unwin*). "WHAT IS TO BE DONE?"

From **Pillow Dust Ditties**
(*Blackwell*).

MR. LONG OF LONDON.

PILLOW DUST DITTIES.

By DRUID GRAYL. Illustrated by HELEN C. METCALFE. (Oxford : Blackwell.)

"I lay in bed one Friday night,
The moon was shining on my face,
And lit the room with fairy light,
And made it quite a magic place :
A silver ladder seemed to go
From where I lay, to touch the skies—
Of course it really wasn't so,
The pillow-dust was in my eyes."

This is the opening verse of "Pillow Dust Ditties," an entertaining little book for children, full of whimsical fancies, and queer and amusing folk. Between the covers of this slim volume we come across all kinds of oddities, from the Pigeon-toed Pig to Theophilus Treefootle, who, we may learn :

". . . Had a most inventive mind,
He patented some novelties
Surprising of their kind" . . .

and the verses continue to tell us all about the nose-bag for horses that he made, and the tuneful nutmeg-grater ; his clock for sleepy servants, and his spring-soled bedroom slippers, and various other wonderful things. The quaint ideas in Mr. Grayl's verses should certainly appeal to children. At times his style is too "grown-up," and he uses long words and phrases that are too big for little folk ; words such as "emblematical," "ingenious," "incubation," "scientific surgery," "rorqual whales," "spasmodic"—to quote only a few. Otherwise, the book should be much appreciated by children, little and big.

From **Young England**
(*Sunday School Union*).

THE SCOUT.

YOUNG ENGLAND, 1917.

(Pilgrim Press.)

The thirty-eighth annual of this fine journal for boys is a handsome volume which any young Britisher would be

From **White Bruin**
(*Jarrold*).

AT BAY.

proud to possess. It is pervaded by a strong patriotic spirit and abounds with war articles and martial stories. But these do not comprise the whole of the contents, for variety is the key-note aimed at. The magnificent school-serial, "Against Heavy Odds," by F. L. Morgan, will be warmly appreciated, and the many instructive essays will appeal to all thoughtful minds. Almost every kind of taste has been adequately catered for, and *Young England* is sure to be a favourite Christmas present this year, as in all the previous years of its existence.

THE CHILD'S OWN MAGAZINE.

(Sunday School Union.)

A feast of lovely stories and bright articles is packed together between the gay covers of this popular annual, and will bring many happy hours to little folks this Christmas. There are pictures galore, including a charming frontispiece in colour, and the serial story, "The House of the Ogress," by W. E. Cule, is an exciting tale with a topical interest which makes it specially interesting. The pages are full of fun and laughter, and if Santa Claus would take a word of advice, he would put an extra large supply of *The Child's Own Magazine* in his bag on Christmas Eve, for it's a sure thing he won't find a more acceptable Christmas surprise for his many expectant young friends anywhere!

A GOOD CATCH.

From The Child's Own Magazine (*Sunday School Union*).

LITTLE FOLKS.

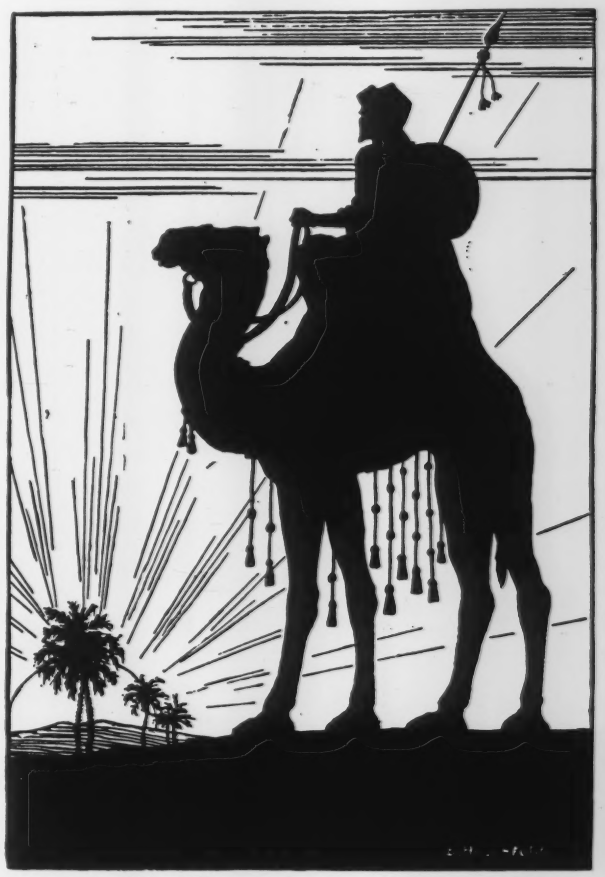
With hundreds of Colour and Black-and-White Illustrations. (Cassell.)

A magazine that has arrived at its eighty-sixth volume carries its own recommendation with it. No magazine could live so long and enjoy such popularity as *Little Folks* has won without possessing exceptional qualities of interest. This is particularly so with a publication for boys and girls, for the children go to a book of this kind for amusement and unless they are amused and interested they say so simply and frankly and make it clear that they do not want any more of it. A glance through *Little Folks* explains its success. Three capital serials run through the volume; there are a score of as capital short stories, a good supply of light verse, and articles on all manner of entertaining subjects. Add the pictures in colour and black-and-white, and what better in the way of a book could the heart of childhood desire?

JEWISH FAIRY TALES.

Selected and Translated by GERALD FRIEDLANDER. Illustrated by BEATRICE HIRSCHFELD. (Robert Scott.)

A most interesting little volume is this slender collection of Jewish fairy-tales gleaned from old Jewish writings. To the modern mind there is a suggestion of "The Arabian Nights" in their simple, direct style, which takes magic as an everyday matter, and does not gloss over tragedy. In few words evil is punished and virtue is rewarded, and shrewd sense mingles with supernatural happenings. The first story in the book is taken from "The Babylonian Talmud" and tells of King Solomon and the difficulty he met with in carrying out the sacred injunction that in the building of the Temple no instrument of iron should be employed; and goes on to tell of the way in which the Shamir, the wonderful worm, was found, which split the stones without trouble. The best story is a version of the "Le Corbean and Le Renard" fable. The clever illustrations are in keeping with tales, unusual, simple, and sure to appeal to children.



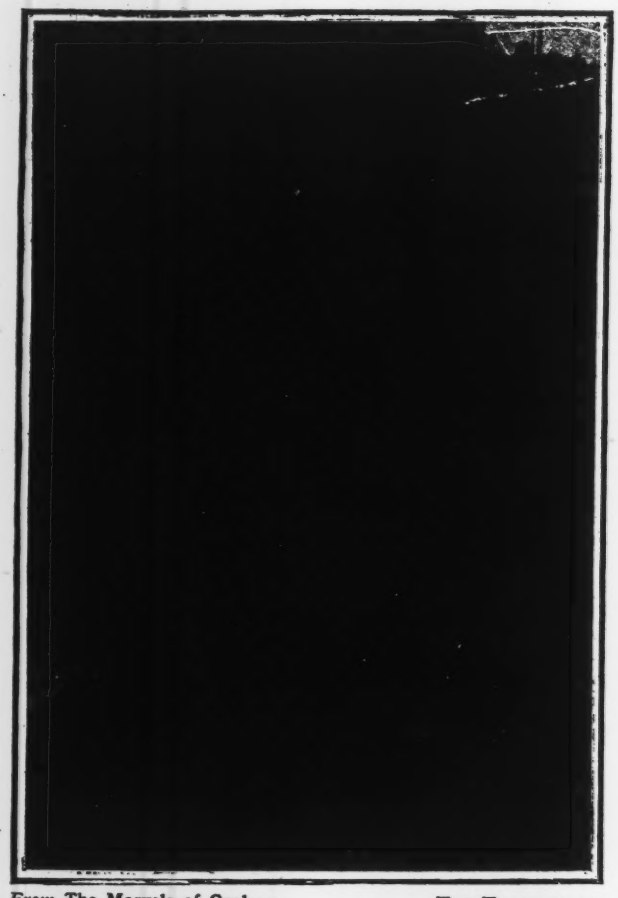
From Jewish Fairy Tales (*Robert Scott*).

BENAIAH SETTING OUT ON HIS JOURNEY.

WEST AFRICAN FOLK TALES.

By W. H. Barker, B.Sc., and Cecilia Sinclair. 7s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

The legends of West Africa are by no means new in folk-lore, but it is evidently one of those fields in which there is room for many. The present collection is an important contribution to our knowledge and Mr. Barker's introductory remarks have been written with great care and discrimination. Similar pains have been taken with the tales themselves by a comparative study of many versions, to eradicate what is "superfluous and spurious," meaning in the main that which European civilisation has brought in to modify and alloy the genuine Gold Coast folk-lore. The collection is equally divided into *Anansi* or Spider Tales and a group of miscellaneous lore. In the first series we are continually reminded of Old Brer Rabbit the Voodoo, and Mr. Barker draws special attention to the analogy between the non-familiar narrative of the lore-baby and the Anansi story which tells us "why spiders are always found in the corners of ceilings." Our friend Brer Rabbit is, however, a far more amiable personality than the selfish and greedy Spider, whose true nature is made to appear at all points of the lore concerning him. The miscellaneous tales are very curious and there is a strange charm in some of them. Mr. Barker was formerly principal of the Government Institution of Accra, so he writes with first-hand knowledge, while the twenty-four drawings of Cecilia Sinclair have been done on the spot also, and their realism is an admirable supplement to the realism which characterises the tales. Together they certainly help us, in the words quoted by Mr. Barker, to "get at the back of the black man's mind."



From The Marvels of Geology (*Seeley, Service*).

THE TRACK OF AN EARTH WAVE.

STORIES FROM CHINESE HISTORY.

By A. S. Roe. Illustrated. 1s. net. (Wells Gardner.)

Eleven capital little tales, beginning with one of "The Princess who would not Smile" and ending with one about "The Wise Mandarin." They are just the simple kind of tale that children love, with quaint touches of strange loveliness and of odd *naiveté* that give them a delightful freshness and piquancy.

From West African Folk Tales (*Harrap*).

OHIA CUT DOWN THE TREES AND PREPARED THEM.

PENROD AND SAM.

By Booth Tarkington. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

The inclusion of "Sam" in the title is probably due to no other cause than to differentiate the volume from an earlier in the series: for Penrod once again stands on a lonely pedestal of mischief. The delineation of this kind of engaging puerile depravity is almost an American monopoly, and Mr. Tarkington holds his own with many famous predecessors. Penrod's genius for wrongdoing (from his point of view his fatal facility for being misjudged) is not always of uniform brilliance, but at his best he is very good indeed. We like him best when he overreaches himself and finds to his inexpressible disgust that he has done a real service, as when he interrupts his sister's courtship and discovers too late that he has driven off an unwelcome suitor. The last episode of "The Party" is a glorious carnival of misrule, describing how Penrod wrecked a children's party without being himself the chief of sinners. His most meritorious deed was the making of a black snake out of stuffed stockings, the sight of which convinced his father's bibulous friend that it was not merely biliousness that he suffered from.

From Modern Whaling and Bear Hunting (*Seeley, Service*). A Polar Bear.

THE ROMANCE OF WAR INVENTIONS.

By T. W. Corbin. 5s. (Seeley, Service.)

Here is a book that will make an irresistible appeal to all boys. It tells of the romance of warships, guns, tanks, rifles, bombs, and oh, any amount of other fearsome things, and the interest is greatly enhanced by the very exciting illustrations. What boy could resist the illustration of the tank which forms the frontispiece? And then the chapter on aeroplanes, and how they are used to help our men at the front; and how they are constructed and why—will answer the many awkward questions with which boys are prone to bewilder their unfortunate grown-up relations. Yes, this is decidedly a book which every youngster of an inquiring disposition should possess.

From The Romance of War Inventions (*Seeley, Service*). A Tank.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS.

Retold from Chaucer by J. Walter McSpadden. With Illustrations in Colour. 5s. net. (Harrap.)

It may seem a bold thing to say, but we are disposed to say it—that this book is worthy to stand on the same shelf and not far away from Lamb's "Tales from Shakespeare." Grown-ups who are baffled by Chaucer's ancient English may read these prose versions of his tales with interest. But they are primarily intended for younger readers, and to them they should appeal prevailingly. "The Knight's Tale," "The Squire's Tale," —where can you have better tales of chivalry and high emprise? And the pathos and glamorous romance of "The Clerk's Tale" of patient Griselda—these are things that should never

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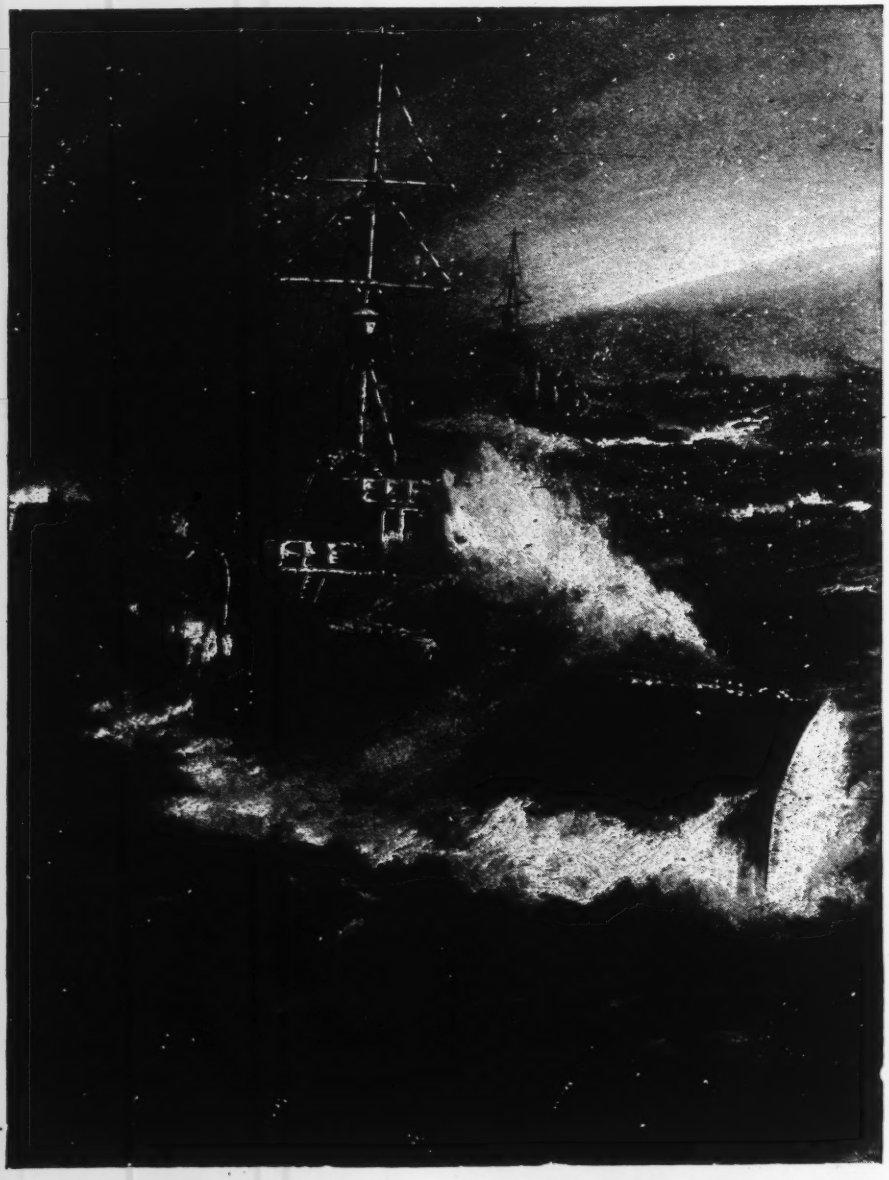

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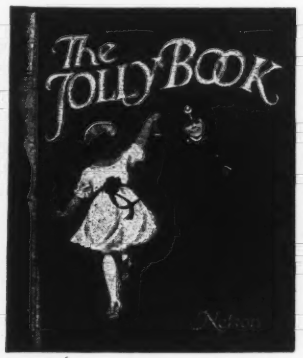

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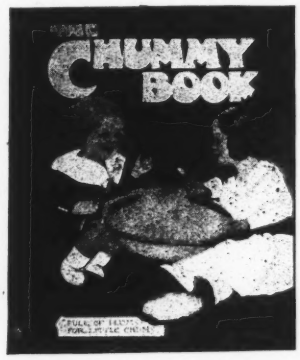

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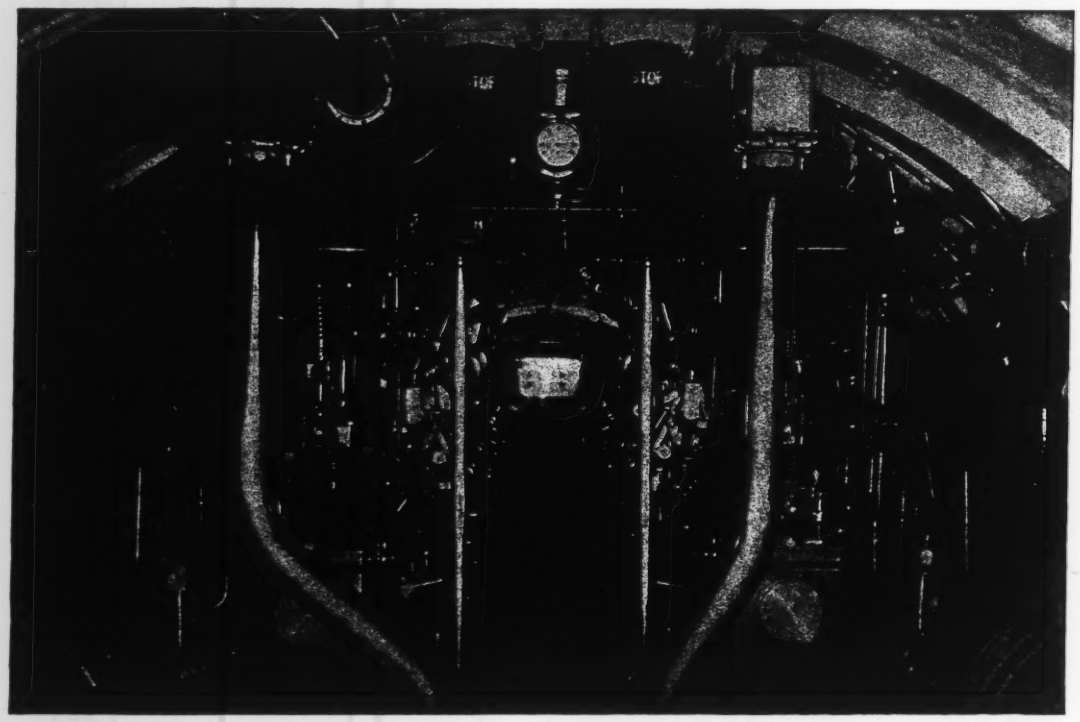

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To-night, after I had heard the children say their prayers—they always say them at the open window so as the wind will gather them up, and carry them over the seas to Daddie—and tucked them up, I sat down here to write a Xmas letter to Daddie. When I got to the words "Peace on Earth" my pen stopped, the words seemed to mock me so; I couldn't go on then, so I picked up one of your books, and there, as if in answer to my thoughts, I found "The Edict of the Sex!" Oh! you wonder-woman, how blessed you are, to have the power to send messages like that into the far corners of the earth. Etc., etc, etc., etc.

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Self-expression brings us to another facet of Pelmanism, and a very interesting one. Even a University education may fail to equip a man or woman to maintain himself or herself creditably in the social sense. How often the clever scholar is a social failure—a nonentity even in the circle of his intimates! His academic "honours" have done nothing to endow him with personal charm or conversational power. His consciousness of a rich store of knowledge does not compensate him for the discovery that he is deficient in the important art of self-expression.

Tact, discerning judgment, adaptability, conversational ability are not "gifts": they are qualities which can be developed by training. This is emphatically proven by the large number of letters received from Pelman students who have received almost unhoped-for assistance in this direction.

As a system, Pelmanism is distinguished by its inexhaustible adaptability. It is this which makes it of value to the University graduate equally with the salesman, to the woman of leisure, and to the busy financier, to the Army officer and to the commercial clerk. The Pelmanist is in no danger of becoming stereotyped in thought, speech or action: on the contrary, individuality becomes more pronounced. Greater diversity of "character" would be apparent amongst fifty Pelmanists than amongst any fifty people who had not studied the Course.

The system is, in fact, not a mental strait-jacket but an instrument: instead of attempting to impose universal ideals upon its students, it shows them how to give practical effect to their own ideals and aims. It completes man or woman in the mental sense, just as bodily training completes them in the physical sense.

There are many who adopt it as a means of regaining lost mental activities. Elderly men and women whose lives have been so fully occupied with business, social, or household matters that the intellectual side has been partly or wholly submerged: successful men in the commercial world whose enterprises have heretofore left them too little leisure to devote to self-culture: Army officers who find that the routine of a military life invites intellectual stagnation—these find that the Pelman Course offers them a stairway up to the higher things of life.

Here are two letters which emphasise this. The first is from an Army student, who says:

> The Course has prevented me becoming slack and stagnating during my Army life—this is a most virulent danger, I may add. It inculcates a clear, thorough, courageous method of playing the game of Life—admirably suited to the English temperament, and should prove *moral* salvation to many a business man. "Success," too, would follow—but I consider this as secondary.

The other letter is from a lady of independent means who felt that, at the age of fifty, her mind was becoming less active:

> Though leading a busy life, my income is inherited, not earned. My object in studying Pelman methods was not, therefore, in any way a professional one, but simply to improve my memory and mental capacity, which, at the age of fifty, were, I felt, becoming dull and rusty.
> I have found the Course not only most interesting in itself, but calculated to give a mental stimulus and keenness and alertness to one's mind, which is just what most people feel the need of at my age.

It would easily be possible to quote several hundred letters exhibiting different phases of the intellectual value of Pelmanism to men and women of all ages (up to seventy) and all stations.

Hardly a day passes at the Institute without at least one such letter being received.

In short, it is not merely the fleeting interest of a day that is served by the adoption of Pelmanism, but the interest of a lifetime. One may utilise the Course as a means of achieving some immediate purpose—financial, social, educational, or intellectual—but the advantages of the training will not end there. The investment of time will bear rich fruit throughout life, and, in addition to serving a present purpose, will enable many a yet-unformed ideal to be brought within the gates of Realisation.

Every reader of THE BOOKMAN—whatever his position and whatever his aims and interests—should read *Mind and Memory*, in which the Pelman Course is fully described and explained. A copy will be sent, gratis and post free, to any reader who sends a post card to The Pelman Institute, 20, Wenham House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.1; and he will thus be placed in possession of the simple facts of the case and be enabled to judge for himself the extent to which "Pelmanism" would forward his efficiency and ambition.

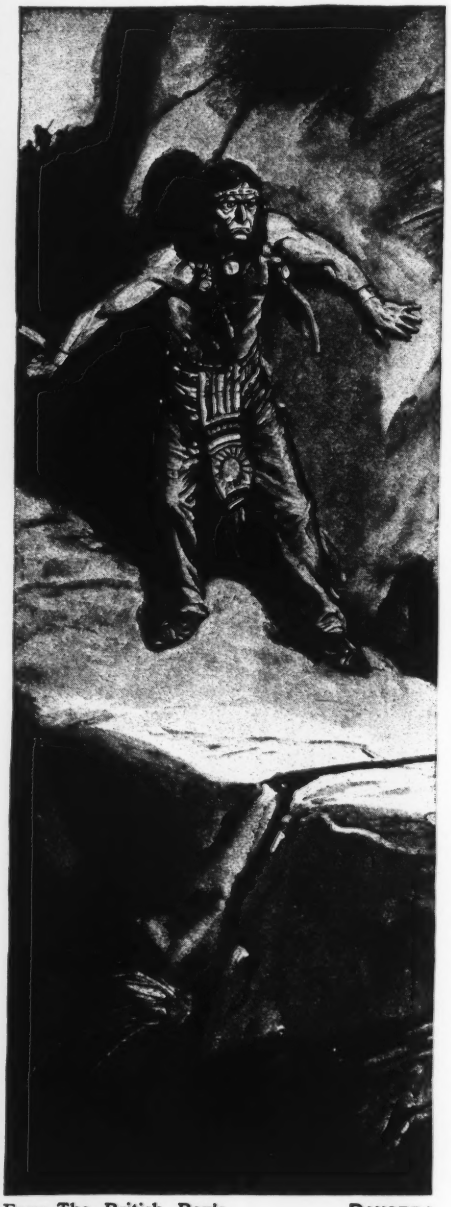
From The Sub
(*Hodder & Stoughton*).

"DOES THIS MAN BELONG TO YOU, MR. NICHOLS?"

war element prevails in many of the tales, though the school yarn retains its familiar position of honour, and Red Indians and gallant explorers contribute to the general interest and excitement. The *B. O. P.* can stand on its own reputation without any outside praise or recommendation, and to say that this year's "Annual" is the rattling good production every one expects it to be is to render a very accurate description of what it really is. The sight of it makes an old boy, who remembers what it was in old days, wish he were young again.

From The Secret Passage
(*Jack*).

THE SPY.



From The British Boy's Annual for 1918
(*Cassell*).

DANGER!

THE TRIUMPH OF JOHN KARS.

By RIDGWELL CULLUM. 6s. net. (Chapman and Hall.)

John Kars belongs to that magnificently virile band of adventurers so dear to the hearts of Mr. Cullum and his readers. At the time the story opens, Kars has made his pile in the Yukon country, but the wander fever still holds him and drives him forth out of the city back to the silent trail. The particular quest that sends Kars together with his philosophic friend Dr. Bill Brudenell on the trail to Bell River gorge is concerned with the murder of an obscure fur trader, and the mystery of the man's enormous wealth. The plot is deftly developed, and holds many surprises.

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CHRISTMAS TIMES are out of joint; but we may still have our memories and our hopes. Here's to the happiest Christmas of retrospect, and to the speedy advent of its counterpart.

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THE PRIZE FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, 1917.

2s. 6d. net. (Wells Gardner.)

The bound volume of "The Prize for 1917" will make a welcome gift for many a serious-minded child. It is full of interesting short stories, with one serial story about the friendship of two boys, which was begun under very inauspicious circumstances. Another interesting serial contribution is "The Green Man of the Countryside." These articles describe the many different herbs "the green man" was wont to go round collecting for medicinal purposes, and the illustrations make it possible for little readers to easily recognise them. Yet another interesting series is "Road Folk" and month by month there is a word picture of such interesting wayside characters as "The Flute Player," "The Romany Rye," etc. There are many dainty little poems scattered throughout the pages, some of them specially good.

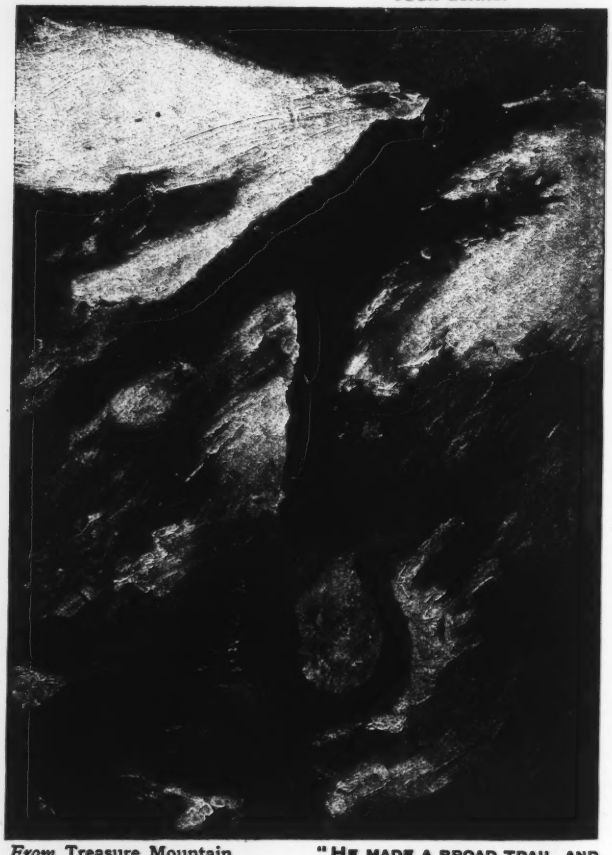
From The Adventure of Chippybobbie and his Friend, Mr. Fieldmouse (*Nelson*). FRONTISPIECE.

DEAR YESTERDAY.

By AMY J. BAKER. 6s. (John Long.)

A pleasant and well told story of South African life, by an authoress who has made a reputation with Colonial tales. The English circle at Kranzdorp and their Dutch neighbours are delightfully sketched, and the love story of Jan and Mareea is very tender, forming a centre round which the action revolves. One gains alluring glimpses of veld life, of Colonial hospitality and friendliness, and of the Boers, loyal and irreconcilable. Into this peaceful backwater comes the flood-tide of war, the men are swept away by it, and the women left to "carry on" and bear the hard burden of those who watch and wait. German intrigue penetrates to even this quiet spot, and Mareea's father falls a victim to the clever machinations of a German agent, who is working upon the discontented element amongst the Dutch population. But things straighten out in the end, and happiness comes to Jan and Mareea.

From The Stolen Grand Llama (*Religious Tract Society*). "BE NOT AFRAID, MY LORD, I AM THE CAPTAIN OF YOUR GUARD."



From Treasure Mountain (*Harrap*). "HE MADE A BROAD TRAIL, AND LANDED."

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THE BOOKMAN CHRISTMAS 1917

LEGENDS AND ROMANCES OF BRITTANY.

By Lewis Spence, F.R.A.I. 10s. 6d. net. (Harrap.)

To the Celtic mind the lure of faery is very real, and the folk tales of any Celtic people must needs be very attractive. Mr. Spence has done valuable service in rendering the little known Breton legends into English, and it is interesting to trace the connection with the legends of the Celtic people further West. Of considerable help to the reader is the short historical survey with which he has prefaced his book, for one is thus able to imbibe the necessary atmosphere for a full appreciation of the tales.

ÆSOP'S FABLES.

With Illustrations by W. Opper. 6s. net. (Lippincott.)

These quaint fables which have delighted so many children of the past are here revived again in this substantial volume and, illustrated by Mr. F. Opper, will serve to delight the children of the present generation. It is the kind of book they will treasure always. The quaint moralising and droll animal tales of Æsop will never grow old, and Mr. F. Opper's drawings—just the most laughable sketches imaginable—will do much to popularise this new edition with new circles of young readers. A remarkably good six-shillingsworth.

From Herbert Strang's Annual (*Frowde & Hodder*).

"He had misjudged it by a trifle."

From Legends and Romances of Brittany (*Harrap*).

The Finding of Silverstick.

PORTUGUESE PORTRAITS.

By Aubrey F. G. Bell. Illustrated. 5s. net. (Oxford: Blackwell.)

"Not seven, nor seventy, names exhaust the tale of Portugal's great men," says Mr. Bell; and the Portuguese "may be pardoned for declaring that their heroes' achievements outshone those of Greek and Roman." The stories of the seven pictured in this volume sufficiently justify that proud boast. Great adventurers such as "Prince Henry the Navigator" and Vasco da Gama would lend glory to the annals of the most glorious of nations. "Portuguese Portraits" makes excellent reading and should help those of us who are not learned in her history to a true appreciation of the spirit and enterprise that animated our oldest Ally in the past and survives in her still.

LITTLE BROTHER AND SISTER.

By the Brothers Grimm. Illustrated in colour and black-and-white by Arthur Rackham. 10s. 6d. net. (Constable.)

Here is an ideal conjunction of author and artist—the fairy and folk tales of the Brothers Grimm could not have a more fitting illustrator than Arthur Rackham, nor he more suitable authors to illustrate. The result is a really Christmassy Christmas book of the most desirable kind.

Tail piece from Little Brother and Sister (*Constable*).

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PASSING BY

There is a lady sweet and kind,
Was never face so pleased my mind;
I did but see her passing by,
And yet I love her till I die!

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XUM

IN A PROSPECT OF FLOWERS

Who can foretell for what high cause
This darling of the Gods was born?
Yet this is she whose chaster laws
The wanton love shall one day fear,
And, under her command severe,
See his bow broke, and ensigns torn.

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THE BAILIFF'S DAUGHTER OF ISLINGTON

"O farewell grief, and welcome joy,
Ten thousand times therefor;
For now I have found mine own true love,
Whom I thought I should never see more."

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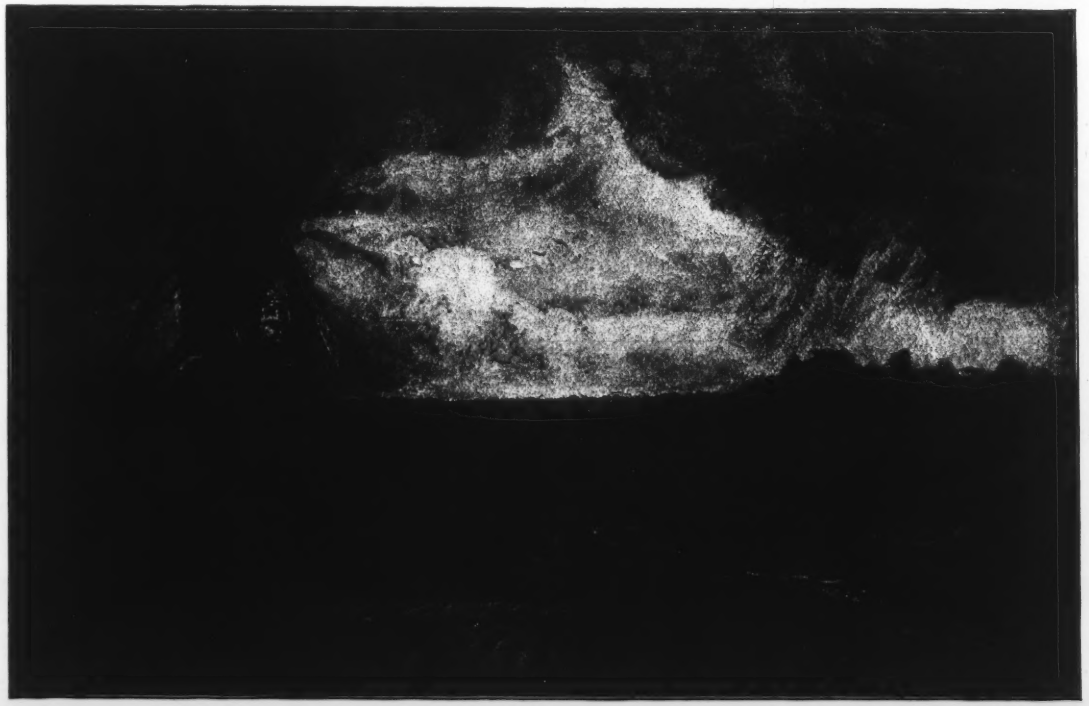

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